AP5 E83 x for Reserve

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Ottawa, Ont.
Feb. 19 3-6-47

Write me a letter if you want me to visit you. I announce myself on page 23

"Happy New Year, Everybody"

Lady Aberdeen and Canadian Women Discuss "Women's League of Nations" on Pages 12 and 13

JANUARY 1919

Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa,
Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

TWENTY CENTS

Canada Food Board License No. 11-268 Confectioners

NATIONAL LIBRARY
CANADA
BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE

601/c /125/1 - EVWO

NO MORE LENGTHY SERIALS!

Two and Three-Part Stories Will Replace Them

The first—"Make Ready the Wreaths," by Fannie Hurst—begins in February

WHEN "My Lady Caprice" terminates, in the February issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, this magazine will publish no more lengthy serials. Our readers have been enthusiastic over "My Lady Caprice." We know they will be doubly so over the two and three-part serials scheduled to appear in successive issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Consider the first:—"That night, with me three years old in her arms, she got us to the Russian border, dragging a pack of linens with her. My father's feet were bleeding in the snow when they took him—my brother's face, crushed in with a heel and spur. All night she cries in her sleep, begging to go back to find the graves. All day she sits—making wreaths—making wreaths."

This faded and pathetic old woman, living over the memories of a bitter past—memories that burn red with wrongs and suffering—while with age-dim eyes and trembling hands, she weaves immortal wreaths to place upon the graves, she knows not where, of her loved ones—this is the theme of the poignant and tenderly touching story, "Make Ready the Wreaths" by that unrivalled young author, Fannie Hurst, which will constitute the first two-part serial to begin in the February issue.

First Two-Part Serial One of the Best Obtainable

Don't miss it.

Febraary—The Fiction Number

ANOTHER gem, which will appear in the February issue, is "A Very Tired Girl" by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. The author of "The Sick-A-Bed Lady" and hundreds of other charming romances is too well known to require an eulogy on our part. Her chief characteristic is the "human-ness" of her stories. They are life—the life *you* live, the life *we* live. No incident in the course of a day's existence is too trivial to bear her comment, no circumstance in the history of life endeavour is too big to be treated by her as a small part in the Scheme of Things.

"A Very Tired Girl" is true to life. It delineates the existence of thousands of girls who must needs live in "fifth floor backs" in over crowded cities, and it proves, also, that even there, Romance is ever watching for an opportunity to distribute rose-coloured glasses. All in all, the February issue is, *par excellence*, a Fiction Number.

Germany's Secret Plans Exposed

WOULD it interest you to know what cards Germany had "up her sleeve" to play when, as she thought, she would win the war?

If you were told that she had systematically planned a scheme whereby she could control the trade of the whole world, would the telling be any benefit to *you*, as a Canadian, in your future social and business endeavours? We imagine it would!

We have in our possession a translation of a book by S. Herzog, one of the leading consulting engineers in the German Empire (that was!)—"The Future of German Industrial Exports" he called it. The author blandly admits that, "after the war," the entire world will regard the Germans with a hatred so bitter, that even the commercial treaties they expect to dictate and write in blood will not prevail to open a cordial channel for their industrial products. Hence he outlines his insidious, contemptible plan of action.

Read more of it in the February and March issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

Some of the Other Features of the February Issue

* * * *

"A Very Tired Girl," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott.

"Himself—Plus," by Ellis Parker Butler.

Second Installment of "My Four Years a Prisoner in Belgium," by Jeannette Beland-Mathieu.

Final Installment of "My Lady Caprice."

Planning Your Spring Garden While the Snow is on the Ground.

The Precocious Child—A Warning, by Dr. William Lee Howard.

The Original Valentines.

Early Spring Fashion and Make-Over Department, by Helen Cornelius.

Dishes for the Lenten Season, by Mrs. Elizabeth Atwood.

The Latest Word in Food Matters, by Katherine M. Caldwell, B.A.

Music, by Katherine Hale and Kathleen Elizabeth Steacy.

The New Children's Page.

The Care of Your Hands—Illustrated.

Movie Department—Some of the Very Best Bachelor Stars.

Success—A Chronicle of the Achievements of One Man that Reads Like a Fairy Tale, that is Almost Beyond Conception, yet Wholly True. Read it—no words can describe it!

Planning the Valentine Party.

Re-Making Human Faces—The Marvellous Achievements of a Canadian, Lieut. Walter R. Duff.

Anticipation

A DELIGHTFUL pile of manuscript for your enjoyment will appear throughout the year in succeeding issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. A galaxy of famous authors such as Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, Robert W. Chambers, Ellis Parker Butler, Eleanor Hallowell Abbott and others will appear regularly. You can anticipate what delightful fiction these gifted men and women will offer you.

We have sent our envoys out into the highways and byways of the feminine world to secure for you the *par excellence* of fashion frills, household hints, interior decorating, cooking, scientific management, in fact, everything that interests women and *everything* does interest her. Each issue will be an Open Sesame of interest, amusement and instruction. You cannot afford to miss a single number. The subscription price is incidental to the wealth of happiness and health that will accrue upon your investment.

Injured Soldiers Crave Romance Found in Books

IN a recent issue of Harper's Magazine, the following pertinent paragraphs were noted:

"The bodies of our soldiers are cared for by our Government; it is for us to cheer and comfort their spirits. As the early Celts and Britons listened between frays and battles to hymns and ballads of the bards, our men crave the romance of the past, the truth of the present and the whispers of the future—and find them in books.

If we had the fabled wealth of the Indies, we could not repay these soldiers for what they have lost, sacrificed and so gallantly offered. But we can help them forget their pain for an hour, we can bring a smile to their lips and a hope to their hearts. A book is not too heavy to hold in one hand, even though the other be crippled, and willing eyes will read to them "that sit in darkness."

EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB offers its members an unusual opportunity to secure books to send to the soldiers in hospital here and over there.

If you are not a member, join to-day—get your first club book and pass the "Cheero" spirit along.

Full particulars about the remarkable club are given on this page and elsewhere throughout the magazine.

You Are Invited to Join

Everywoman's Book and Music Club—No Expense Attached—Great Benefits to All Members

THE publishers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD have formed a Club for the exclusive benefit of their subscribers. This Club will be known as

"Everywoman's Book and Music Club"

Neither care nor expense will be spared to make it the most useful and beneficial club to which any woman can belong. The enthusiasm with which the readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD are greeting the idea ensures the fact that the Club will soon become what we intend to make it—the greatest boon Canadian women have ever had.

The object of EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB is to give its Members the opportunity of securing the latest books and best music without cost to themselves. Special books that every woman should read, as well as the best music for the home, are published by the Club. Each Member is given, on joining, a $1.00 selection of either books or music free of all cost. Furthermore, Members are given an opportunity of securing an additional $1.00's worth of the Club's books or music each month, also free of all cost or expense of any kind.

Then there is another great benefit which Club Members will enjoy. Any favourite book or loved song, if not listed by us, will be secured by the Club for Members at from 10 per cent. to 50 per cent. discount from the published price.

This special buying-privilege which is made possible through the co-operation of the Branch Offices of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD throughout Canada, the United States and England, is extended to Members absolutely free of cost.

All These Special Privileges for Members Only

WE desire to emphasize that membership in EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB is not for sale. The much sought-for books and music offered in the Club's catalogues cannot be bought. These books, as well as many other special privileges, are for Members only.

Membership in EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB is given at once to each new or renewing subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD whose subscription is mailed direct on one of the Club Coupons which appears throughout each issue.

By sending your subscription now, or your renewal, on the coupon on this page or on one of those which you will find elsewhere in this issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, you not only receive EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for a full year, but you are at once elected a Member of EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB, and may receive at once, postage paid, your own selection of $1.00's worth of any of the Club's publications, free of all cost. In addition, you are also given the opportunity of securing $1.00 of the Club's newest publications or music each month during the year. That is one of the finest features of the Club.

Turn now to the list of books offered this month, on page 48. Fill in the coupon, mark the books wanted by their number, then enclose it in an envelope with $2.00 to cover your subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, and mail it to us to-day.

Your membership and the books chosen will be sent to you by return mail.

Secretary of Everywoman's Book and Music Club,
259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Dear Madam:

I enclose $2.00. Please renew my subscription to Everywoman's World for a full year from present expiration date. This elects me a member of Everywoman's Book and Music Club and entitles me to a $1.00 selection of books free at once and a further opportunity of securing $1.00 worth of books free each month. Send me the following books (order by number):

.....

Name.....

Address.....c3

See page 48 for this month's List of Books. Complete Catalogue mailed on request.

Privilege to Your Friends—Benefit to Yourself

TO make EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB of greatest benefit to all, every Member should help to extend the scope of its influence and power for good just as far as possible. You have friends who will welcome this great opportunity. Please tell them all about EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and its great Club. Each new member you secure whose subscription is sent in on one of the Club's coupons, will receive her $1.00 selection of books and full membership in the Club at once, and in addition, you will receive an extra $1.00's worth of the Club's publications (your own choice) absolutely free of all cost.

You can easily think of two or three of your friends who will gladly join the Club at once. How easy and pleasant it will be for you to secure an extra $1.00's worth of books or music free for each one you send! And remember, each will also receive a selection of $1.00's worth of the Club's publications free.

Great Future Value in Membership

MEMBERSHIP in EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB is an unusual opportunity and privilege right now, but remember that the benefits to you will increase and multiply as the months go by. Many wonderful new books are now in the course of preparation and they will be offered to our Members as rapidly as they are ready.

Similarly, the Club's Music Department is busy on new compositions and securing the rights for some of the most famous standard and popular compositions to offer its Members. From time to time, as these new books and music are added, a catalogue will be sent to you so that you will have the fullest advantage of your opportunity of securing your $1.00's worth of books each month free.

If your subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has not yet expired, you should renew at once anyway, and receive your membership and books without delay. Your subscription will be continued a full year from date of expiration and you will receive all the Club advantages without further delay. Send in your renewal to-day.

Where to Find the Coupons

THROUGH this and other issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD are several of the Club's announcements. At the bottom of each announcement is the Club's Membership Coupon.

Look for these coupons and read carefully announcements made by the Club in each issue.

For any other particulars you may wish, please address:

THE SECRETARY,
EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB,
Continental Publishing Co., Ltd.,
259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

N.B.—Present members of the Home Library Association will automatically become members of EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB and will receive all its privileges.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is $2.00 a year, payable in advance, anywhere in Canada or the British Empire. Single copies, 20 cents. United States subscriptions, $2.25 a year; foreign subscriptions, $2.50 a year.

MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Dominion Express Money Order, or Cheque to which exchange has been added.

CAUTION—CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We shall change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

January, 1919 **Vol. X., No. 1.**

MARY M. MURPHY, Editor-in-Chief
Associate Editors { JEAN BLEWETT, KATHERINE M. CALDWELL (Food Dept.), HELEN CORNELIUS (Fashion Dept.)

Entered as second-class matter, at the post office, Toronto, Ont. Entered as second-class matter, Sept. 23, 1915, at the post office, Buffalo, N.Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Trade Mark Registered 1913, Department of Agriculture, at Ottawa, by Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario, Magazine and Book Publishers.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
Published the First of Each Month by Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada
Publishers also of "Everywoman's Storekeeper" and "Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion"

RENEWAL SUBSCRIPTIONS—Watch for renewal subscription blank which will be placed in your magazine when your subscription expires. By using this blank promptly you will avoid missing any issues. Back copies cannot be supplied.

BE CAREFUL to sign your name and give address plainly written when sending remittance.

Advertising Branch Offices

(For advertising business only. Subscriptions not received.)

Philadelphia, Metropolitan Building
Chicago, People's Gas Building
London, England, 16 Regent Street, S.W.
Montreal, Cartier Building

Children's Shoes WILL Wear Longer

WHY do the children need so many shoes? The question looms larger every year in the mind of every mother. If you could cut out one pair of shoes a year for each of the kiddies, what a saving it would mean.

After all, children's shoe-wear is largely a question of sole-wear. If the soles would wear longer and hold the uppers in shape, shoe bills would come down. *Neōlin Soles do these things.*

Every day thousands of mothers are proving it. Millions of grown-ups have proved it on their own shoes.

Neōlin was produced by science expressly for shoe-soles. Long wear was the first quality aimed at and attained. And in children's shoes Neōlin gives a greater margin of wear over old-style soles.

Other qualities there are that win mothers to Neōlin:
Neōlin Soles are flexible and help little feet to grow naturally.
Neōlin Soles are waterproof, protecting health on wet days.
Neōlin Soles are quiet and will not scratch floors or furniture.

For long wear, for the comfort of the kiddies and for the sake of your fine furniture, buy shoes with Neōlin Soles. You can get them in many styles at your regular shoe store. The repair man has full-soles and half-soles of Neōlin for the children's worn shoes.

Just to protect yourself, see that the name "Neōlin" is on the bottom of the sole.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

Neōlin Soles

'Tween You and Me

MY OWN PAGE

Whereon I will Discuss with You the Bits and Bobs of News that Drift in to Me from Everywhere

Jean Blewett

Mrs. Gurnett Says Conserve Still

FROM SOME OF THE Christmas letters which came from our women readers, we gather an idea prevails that after the long spell of conservation, a little extravagance in our kitchens is quite excusable. Not so. This is what Mrs. L. A. Gurnett, Secretary of the Women's Auxilliary to the Organization of Resources Committee (yes, a lengthy title, but the little lady carries it well) has to say on the matter and perhaps no other woman in Canada could speak with more authority:

"If the food problem was acute during the war it is not likely—according to information received—to be less so now that we have the neutral nations to feed. The restrictions on sugar and flour are practically unchanged. In fact, the War Measure Act will be in full operation for some time to come. In hotels two pounds of sugar are allowed for ninety meals. In the homes each person may have 1½ lbs. per month.

Important Meeting in Historical Old Kingston

THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE of the Council of Women which meets this month in Kingston promises to be one of the most interesting yet held. Also the most important. National problems will claim attention. Mothers' Pensions for one thing. At the last Local Council Meeting in Ottawa, presided over by Mrs. Adam Shortt, it was resolved that as the war had brought widowhood to hundreds of Canadian women, and the epidemic of influenza added to the list, there was no time like the present for pressing the question of Mothers' Pensions home to the Provincial Parliaments.

All along the line the Local Councils fell into step. The National Executive will likely deal effectually with this far-reaching item. The Women's Political Platform, the threatened withdrawal of the I.O.D.E. and other equally absorbing subjects will have place.

Judging from this resolution, carried unanimously at the December meeting of the Kingston Local Council—

"That this body expresses itself as strongly opposed to buying, selling or using any goods made by Germany or her Allies;" patriotism of a practical sort will be urged upon our Canadian women.

Happy New Year To All

AT THE DAWN of the most wonderful year, the world—our world—has known or will know, we desire to gather our readers together, like one big family and wish them A Happy New Year!

IT IS WORTH WHILE BEING ALIVE at any time; (though pessimists profess to think otherwise) it is doubly so when the making-over processes of world-old problems are in operation.

So, my readers, you bright, big-hearted women of the Dominion—A Happy New Year! In your grand homes and your humble ones—A Happy New Year! For the sympathy you have sought of us sometimes, for honest praise and honest fault-finding, (we have given up hopes of ever being perfect) we thank you truly.

God takes our yesterdays, dim and old,
Touched with sorrow and sinning,
And gives to us, with a grace untold,
The years' soft dew and the dawn of gold—
Gives us the fresh beginning.

To each and every one of you, A Happy Year!

The Chap Who Loved His Fellow Man

NEIGHBOUR IS A WORD beloved of Westerners. It means more to them perhaps than to other folks, at any rate, just to hear them say it warms your heart.

A grain man was telling me of one, Mr. Woods (plain Bert Woods to the grain man of course), a farmer living ten or twelve miles out of Saskatoon who had put the War Veterans in the way of securing the largest donation received up to date.

"When Bert's seeding was practically finished last spring," thus the grain man spoke, "we woke from a dream of peace like old What-do-you-call-him, the chap who loved his fellow man and all that, and Bert says, 'I find I've a bit of land ready that I don't need, so I'll give the other fellow a show. There's the returned soldier, he showed himself a friend of mine by fightin' while I farmed. It's his turn now.' So he calls up the Veterans Association and without any talk of giving favours asks how they'd like to sort of help a homesteader out by coming along at harvest time and stooking these areas, providing he plants it for their special benefit? Their answer was that they'd be there with bells on. And they were. If you could see the Association's bank-book you'd understand the big-feelingness, so to speak, of the members. You see, they have just deposited the biggest cheque that has come their way as a real donation up until now. It was paid them for the 206 bushels of No. 1 hard they raised on 'a bit of land' loaned them in a neighbourly way."

"Comparisons are Odious, Neighbor"

ANOTHER OCCASION, when the word rang out significantly was just as the Hon. Frank Carvell finished a fine address to a body of Calgary workmen who threatened a strike for higher pay. He had dwelt upon the fact that the soldiers in France away from home and family, subject to hardhsip and danger, had received but one dollar and ten cents per day, while they, the would-be strikers, etc., etc.

It was then a tall lean man, slightly grey, wearing a suit we more than suspect his wife not only made, but cut and fit—bless the bold heart of her—stepped up. By the hand-clapping which greeted him, you recognized him as one who had the confidence of his fellows.

"Neighbour," said he, and the word on his lips seemed to stand for man to man, "when I trudged to the old red schoolhouse back in New Brunswick, nigh forty years ago, I wrote in my blotted old copy book, "Comparisons are odious." They are. All the time you're making them there ain't a listener but ain't thinking deep down in his mind that your own wages—and they're some wages, neighbour, nigh onto fifty dollars per working day I take it—goes ambling right along."

The King's Gift

The New Year coming upon pinions fleet
Is the King's Gift, and all that in it lies
Will make our lives more rounded and complete;
It may be laughter, may be tear-filled eyes,
It may be gain of love or loss of love,
It may be thorns, or bloom and breath of flowers,
The full fruition of these hopes that move,
It may be what will break these hearts of ours.
What matter? 'Tis the great gift of the King.
We do not need to fear ought it may bring.

—JEAN BLEWETT.

The Mettle of Our Women

ONE THING THAT CANADA must forever include in the mercies she thanks high Heaven for is the mettle of her women. Past the doubting, they have established their claim to courage and steadfastness of purpose. Untrained, untempered, in a way unsought, they began their campaign without waving of banners or beat of drums, with nothing but a compelling desire for service urging them on, they beat (there is no other word for it) their way through their own selfishness. Shrinking through the unfaith of pessimists, through the world of heartbreak, throbbing in good-byes from marching men, the husbands, brothers, sons, whose task until then had been to shield and shelter them; beat their way through the littleness, jealousies, pettishness, engendered by long years of slothfulness and vain striving; through tears that blinded; work that gave no respite, weariness untold, straight to

The Hills of Courage
Whose high peaks reach to God.

Straight to the heart of the nation's need, a force unconquerable.

"Working Girls" is an Honourable Title.

THE PRETTIEST GIRLS of our city, and of most other cities and towns, are the working girls. If any of you doubt this, take a respectful glance at them as they hurry to their places of toil from home and boarding house, morning after morning, the year through.

"Oh, please don't use the term, 'working girls!'" protests one with soft brown hair and blue eyes. "We're sales ladies, office girls, stenographers, munition makers (or were, a lot of us), teachers, etc. Don't call us 'working girls,' it sounds too common."

Get that foolishness out of your head, my dear; "working girl" is a title. Honours go with it. We all love the ring of it, just as we do the young fairness and bloom that goes with it. We would count ourselves in if we dared, but though we are all workers, we are not, alas! all young and sweet and good to see.

Here is a true story of the war. Among the volunteer helpers at an English hospital for soldiers was a duchess. Nobody inquired as to her rank. "Can you scrub?" asked the superintendent. "I can try," she answered and fell to work upon the hall floor. Presently a young officer came picking his way over the damp floor. Would he please bring her a bucket of clean water? "You're speaking to an officer," he thundered. "And you're speaking to a duchess," she returned gently, "and to one more worthy of respect, a working woman." It proved a cure. So long as she continued to scrub the floors of that hospital, so long did the most bumptious officer in parade continue to carry all the water she used—and she used a lot.

There are only two kinds of girls—real girls—in the world of to-day—the girl who shirks and the girl who works. We are proud of the latter and do not care who knows it.

The First Requisite in Life-Partnership

IT IS ON THE observation car of the Imperial Limited. "Westward ho!" sings the wind, the wheels, and the heart in our bosom as the train flies fast from prairie tameness, sameness, flatness and fertility, hillward, ever hillward. It is so wonderful, you wonder how people can spend time discussing ordinary everyday subjects. They can though, hark!

"It would seem that men no longer count love the first requisite in life-partnership," the white-haired professor on the first holiday in ten long years is remarking to the company at large—his wife, (who pays so little attention, you know instinctively she has heard it all before), a bright-faced lad on his way to Squimalt Naval College, a little old lady who reads "Mountain Trails" religiously, Betty devoted to a disreputable doll—"a rag-and-buttons baby" she calls it, she herself being, as she explains, "a skin-and-curls-baby," Betty's mother who counts only because of the relationship, a young couple on their wedding trip and a few commonplace people like ourselves.

"Companionship between the sexes used to be unthought of," the Professor perseveres. "Men put a pretty face before a keen intellect or rich originality. You do not find them making that mistake to-day. They're grown sensible. When a man's eyes outgrow the mists of youth—love-blindness. the ancients called it—he sees clearer, and—"

An interruption comes from an unexpected quarter. "Humph!" cried the old lady of "Mountain Trails" bluntly. "When he gets that old he had best leave the partnership business to his juniors."

The bride and groom smile tolerantly. What do these prosy old folks know of the matter?

"Eternity is Made of Love."

THE HILLS HOLD US. Our first mountain sunset with its mist of gold and seas of flaming rose is on us. Dim yet, but drawing nearer with every pulse-beat of the engine, the great peaks come to meet us, bringing, or seeming to bring the topaz sky, the Gates of Pearl and the Sapphire Sea right with them. When the soul of us trembles and tries to hide, as it does, we pity it even to tears, apprehending the truth, that it is a flat-country soul and cannot bear at first the grandeur and beauty, the mystery and strength, the majesty and glory incomparable of this mountain world.

"The rainbow tipped and spilled the gold
That set the valley shining."

sings a sleepy Betty to her doll. "Bully sunset!" chirped the sailor boy and strolls away. Betty's mother carries the skin-and-curls-baby (who in turn hangs fast to the rag-and-buttons-one) off to bed. The Professor with his comfortable and, let us hope, companionable wife, leaves us. But we wait—and watch—until by and by the evening star flinging aside its ashes-of-roses altar robes comes out in its naked whiteness to hush the clamour of the world to sleep with its psalm of praise:

"In his hands are the deep places.
The strength of the hills are his also."

"If you don't mind, I'm coming over beside you," whispers the little old lady. "Eternity," with a wave of her hand, "always sobers me."

In their own corner the young pair are absorbed in each other. The scenery is absolutely wasted on them. In answer to a remark of his comes her laughter sweet and warm as the spring song in the throat of a wild bird.

"Even Eternity does not solemnize love, nay Eternity is made of it—I don't care how many learned persons to the contrary," smiles the little grey lady.

The perfect bloom
of a skin so fine, so soft in texture that it seems the outward sign of an exquisite personal fineness —Read below how by proper treatment you can gain this most appealing of all charms

The Magic of a fine, soft skin

ONLY BY THE PROPER CARE CAN YOU GAIN THIS CHARM

IT DOES not "just happen" that some girls retain the loveliness of a fine, soft complexion. Only by really caring, by finding out and faithfully using the right treatment for the skin, have the famous beauties kept this charm.

You, too, when you were a baby had a fresh, fair skin. Gradually, your skin has lost this magic beauty which rightly belongs to it.

It is exposure to cold winds and, most of all, to dust and dirt that makes the skin coarsen. By proper treatment you can offset these harmful influences; you can bring new life to your skin.

Your skin is changing every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. You can make this new skin what you will.

Examine your skin closely. Its pores should be hardly noticeable. If they already begin to show conspicuously, it is a sign that you have not been giving your skin the proper care for its needs.

Begin tonight this treatment for reducing enlarged pores and making the skin fine in texture. Use it persistently. Remember, only by faithfully taking care of your skin can you correct a condition which is the result of years of neglect.

To make your skin fine in texture

Dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with *a piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

You can feel the difference the very first time you use this treatment. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

For a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time a 25c cake is sufficient. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

For pale sallow skins

Do you lack the exquisite color that comes and goes? Write us for directions for the new steam treatment for pale, sallow skins. It will bring to your skin the fresh, glowing color for which you have longed

Conspicuous nose pores

You need not let the attractiveness of your face be marred by conspicuous nose pores. If this is your trouble, start at once the special treatment for it given in the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of special treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial-size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury treatment), together with the booklet of famous treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder

* * *

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 7501 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

MADE IN CANADA

Joe came in slowly. The two girls waited, in suspense, "I was in the crowd on Michigan Avenue watching the boys go by," he said.

The Gay Old Dog

By EDNA FERBER*

Illustrated by T. V. McCarthy

THOSE of you who have dwelt—or even lingered—in Chicago, Illinois (this is not a humorous story), are familiar with the region known as the Loop. For those others of you to whom Chicago is a transfer point between New York and San Francisco, there is presented this brief explanation:

The Loop is a clamorous, smoke-infested district embraced by the iron arms of the elevated tracks. In a city boasting fewer millions, it would be known familiarly as downtown. From Congress to Lake Street, from Wabash almost to the river, those thunderous tracks make a complete circle, or loop. Within it lie the retail shops, the commercial hotels, the theatres, the restaurants. It is the Fifth Avenue (diluted) and the Broadway (deleted) of Chicago. And he who frequents it by night in search of amusement and cheer is known, vulgarly, as a loop-hound.

Jo Hertz was a loop-hound. On the occasion of those sparse first nights granted the metropolis of the Middle West he was always present, third row, aisle, left. When a new loop cafe was opened, Jo's table always commanded an unobstructed view of anything worth viewing. On entering he was wont to say, "Hello, Gus," with careless cordiality to the head-waiter, the while his eye roved expertly from table to table as he removed his gloves. He ordered things under glass, so that his table, at midnight, or thereabouts, resembled a hot-bed that favours the bell system. The waiters fought for him. He was the kind of man who mixes his own salad dressing. He liked to call for a bowl, some cracked ice, lemon, garlic, paprika, salt, pepper, vinegar, and oil, and make a rite of it. People at near-by tables would lay down their knives and forks to watch, fascinated. The secret of it seemed to lie in using all the oil in sight and calling for more.

That was Jo—a plump and lonely bachelor of fifty. A plethoric, roving-eyed and kindly man, clutching vainly at the garments of a youth that had long slipped past him. Jo Hertz, in one of those pinch-waist belted suits and a trench coat, and a little green hat, walking up Michigan Avenue of a bright winter's afternoon, trying to take the curb with a jaunty youthfulness against which every one of his fat-encased muscles rebelled, was a sight for mirth or pity, depending on one's vision.

The gay-dog business was a late phase in the life of Jo Hertz. He had been a quite different sort of canine. The staid and harassed brother of three unwed and selfish sisters is an under dog. The tale of how Jo Hertz came to be a loop-hound should not be compressed within the limits of a short story. It should be told as are the photoplays, with frequent throw-backs and many cut-ins. To condense twenty-three years of a man's life into some five or six thousand words requires a verbal economy amounting to parsimony.

At twenty-seven Jo had been the dutiful hard-working son—in the wholesale harness business—of a widowed and gummidging mother, who called him Joey. If you had looked close you would have seen that now and then a double wrinkle would appear between Jo's eyes—a wrinkle that had no business there at twenty-seven. Then Jo's mother died, leaving him handicapped by a death-bed promise, the three sisters and a three-story-and-basement house on Calumet Avenue. Jo's wrinkle became a fixture.

Death-bed promises should be broken as lightly as they are seriously made. The dead have no right to lay their clammy fingers upon the living.

"Joey," she had said, in her high, thin voice, "take care of the girls."

"I will, Ma," Jo had choked.

"Joey," and the voice was weaker, "promise me you won't marry till the girls are all provided for." Then, as Jo had hesitated, appalled: "Joey, it's my dying wish. Promise!"

"I promise, Ma," he had said.

Whereupon his mother had died, comfortably, leaving him with a completely ruined life.

They were not bad-looking girls and they had a certain style, too. That is, Stell and Eva had. Carrie, the middle one, taught school over on the West Side. In those days it took her almost two hours each way. She said the kind of costume she required should have been corrugated steel. But all three knew what was being worn, and they wore it—or fairly faithful copies of it. Eva, the housekeeping sister, had a needle knack. She could skim the State Street windows and come away with a mental photograph of every separate tuck, hem, yoke, and ribbon. Heads of departments showed her the things they kept in drawers, and she went home and reproduced them with the aid of a two-dollar-a-day seamstress. Stell, the youngest, was the beauty. They called her Babe. She wasn't really a beauty, but some one had once told her that she looked like Janice Meredith (it was when that work of fiction was at the height of its popularity). For years afterward, whenever she went to parties, she affected a single, fat curl over her right shoulder, with a rose stuck through it.

Twenty-three years ago one's sisters did not strain at the household leash, nor crave a career. Carrie taught school and hated it. Eva kept house expertly and complainingly. Babe's profession was being the family beauty, and it took all her spare time. Eva always let her sleep until ten.

THIS was Jo's household, and he was the nominal head of it. But it was an empty title. The three women dominated his life. They weren't consciously selfish. If you had called them cruel they would have put you down as mad. When you are the lone brother of three sisters, it means that you must constantly be calling for, escorting, or dropping one of them somewhere. Most men of Jo's age were standing before their mirror of a Saturday night, whistling blithely and abstractedly while they discarded a blue polka-dot for a maroon tie, whipped off the maroon for a shot-silk, and at the last moment decided against the shot-silk in favour of a plain black-and-white, because she had once said she preferred quiet ties. Jo, when he should have been preening his feathers for conquest, was saying,

"Well, by gad, I *am* hurrying! Give a man time, can't you? I just got home. You girls have been laying around the house all day. No wonder you're ready."

He took a certain pride in seeing his sisters well dressed, at a time when he should have been revelling in fancy waistcoats and brilliant-hued socks, according to the style of that day and the inalienable right of any unwed male under thirty, in any day. On those rare occasions when his business necessitated an out-of-town trip, he would spend half a day floundering about the shops selecting handkerchiefs, or stockings, or feathers, or fans, or gloves for the girls. They always turned out to be the wrong kind, judging by their reception.

From Carrie, "What in the world do I want of a fan!"

"I thought you didn't have one," Jo would say.

"I haven't. I never go to dances."

Jo would pass a futile hand over the top of his head, as was his way when disturbed. "I just thought you'd like one. I thought every girl liked a fan. Just," feebly, "just to—to have."

"Oh, for pity's sake!"

And from Eva or Babe, "I've got silk stockings, Jo." Or, "You brought me handkerchiefs the last time."

There was something selfish in his giving, as there always is in any gift freely and joyfully made. They never suspected the exquisite pleasure it gave him to select these things; these fine, soft, silken things. There were many things about this slow-going, amiable brother of theirs that they never suspected. If you had told them he was a dreamer of dreams, for example, they would have been amused. Sometimes, dead-tired by nine o'clock, after a hard day downtown, he would doze over the evening paper. At intervals he would wake, red-eyed, to a snatch of conversation such as, "Yes, but if you get a blue you can wear it anywhere. It's dressy, and at the same time it's quiet, too." Eva, the expert, wrestling with Carrie over the problem of the new spring dress. They never guessed that the commonplace man in the frayed old smoking-jacket had banished them all from the room long ago; had banished himself, for that matter. In his place was a tall, debonnair, and rather dangerously handsome man to whom six o'clock spelled evening clothes. The kind of man who can lean up against a mantel, or propose a toast, or give an order to a man-servant, or whisper a gallant speech in a lady's ear with equal ease. The shabby old house on Calumet Avenue was transformed into a brocaded and chandeliered rendezvous for the brilliance of the city. Beauty was there, and wit. But none so beautiful and witty as She. Mrs.—er—Jo Hertz. There was wine, of course; but no vulgar display. There was music; the soft sheen of satin; laughter. And he the gracious, tactful host, king of his own domain—

"Joe, for heaven's sake, if you're going to snore, go to bed!"

"Why—did I fall asleep?"

"You haven't been doing anything else this evening. A person would think you were fifty instead of thirty."

And Jo Hertz was again just the dull, gray, commonplace brother of three well-meaning sisters.

Babe used to say petulantly, "Jo, why don't you ever bring home any of your men friends? A girl might as well not have any brother, all the good you do."

Jo, conscience-stricken, did his best to make amends. But a man who has been petticoat-ridden for years loses the knack, somehow, of comradeship with men. He acquires, too, a knowledge of women, and a distaste for them, equalled only, perhaps, by that of an elevator-starter in a department store.

WHICH brings us to one Sunday in May. Jo came home from a late Sunday afternoon walk to find company for supper. Carrie had often had in one of her school-teacher friends, or Babe one of her frivolous intimates, or even Eva a staid guest of the old-girl type. There was always a Sunday night supper of potato salad, and cold meat, and coffee, and perhaps a fresh cake. Jo rather enjoyed it, being a hospitable soul. But he regarded the guests with the undazzled eyes of a man to whom they were just so many petticoats, timid of the night streets and requiring escort home. If you had suggested to him that some of his sisters' popularity was due to his own presence, or if you had hinted that the more kittenish of these visitors were palpably making eyes he would have stared in amazement and unbelief.

This Sunday night it turned out to be one of Carrie's friends.

"Emily," said Carrie, "this is my brother, Jo."

Jo had learned what to expect in Carrie's friends. Drab-looking women in the late thirties, whose facial lines all slanted downward.

"Happy to meet you," said Jo, and looked down at a different sort altogether. A most surprisingly different sort, for one of Carrie's friends. This Emily person was very small, and fluffy, and blue-eyed, and sort of—well, crinkly looking. You know. The corners of her mouth when she smiled, and her eyes when she looked up at you, and her hair, which was brown, but had the miraculous effect, somehow, of being golden.

Jo shook hands with her. Her hand was incredibly small, and soft, so that you were afraid of crushing it, until you discovered she had (*Continued on page 16*)

*Courtesy "Best Short Stories of 1917."

A Pilgrim

In Which it is Proven that Disillusionment Often Paves the Way for Future Happiness

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrated by W. GOODE

THE servants had gathered in the front hall to inspect the new arrival—cook, kitchenmaid, butler, flanked on the right by parlormaids, on the left by a footman and a small Buttons.

The new arrival was a snow-white bull-terrier, alert, ardent, quivering in expectation of a welcome among these strangers, madly wagging his whiplike tail in passionate silence.

When the mistress of the house at last came down the great stone stairway, the servants fell back in a semi-circle, leaving her face to face with the white bull-terrier.

"So *that* is the dog!" she said, in faint astonishment. A respectful murmur of assent corroborated her conclusion.

The dog's eyes met hers; she turned to the servants with a perplexed gesture.

"Is the brougham at the door?" asked the young mistress of the house.

The footman signified that it was.

"Then tell Phelan to come here at once."

Phelan, the coachman, arrived—large, rosy, freshly shaven, admirably correct.

"Phelan," said the young mistress, "look at that dog."

The coachman promptly fixed his eyes on the wagging bull-terrier. In spite of his decorous gravity a smile of distinct pleasure slowly spread over his square, pink face, until it became a subdued simper.

"Is that a well-bred dog, Phelan?" demanded the young mistress.

"It is, ma'am," replied Phelan, promptly.

"Very well-bred?"

"Very, ma'am."

"Dangerous?"

"In a fight, ma'am." Stifled enthusiasm swelled the veins on the coachman's forehead. Triumphant pæans of praise for the bull-terrier trembled upon his lips; but he stood rigid, correct, a martyr to his perfect training.

"Say what you wish to say, Phelan," prompted the young mistress, with a hasty glance at the dog.

"Thanky, ma'am. . . . The bull is the finest I ever laid eyes on. . . . He hasn't a blemish, ma'am; and the three years of him doubled will leave him three years to his prime, ma'am. . . . And there's never another bull, nor a screw-tail, nor cross, be it mastiff or fox or whippet, ma'am, that can loose the holt o' thim twin jaws. . . . Beg pardon, ma'am, I know the dog."

"You mean that you have seen that dog before?"

"Yes, ma'am; he won his class from a pup at the Garden. That is 'His Highness,' ma'am, Mr. Langham's champion three-year."

She had already stooped to caress the silent, eager dog—timidly, because she had never before owned a dog—but at the mention of his master's name, she drew back sharply and stood erect.

"Never fear, ma'am," said the coachman, eagerly; "he won't bite, ma'am—"

"Mr. Langham's dog?" she repeated, coldly; and then, without another glance at either the dog or the coachman, she turned to the front door; Buttons swung it wide with infantile dignity; a moment later she was in her brougham, with Phelan on the box and the rigid footman expectant at the window.

They mounted the steps of her house. She turned and swept the dim avenue with a casual glance.

II.

SEATED in a corner of her brougham, she saw the world pass on flashing wheels along the asphalt; she saw the April sunshine slanting across brown-stone mansions and the glass-fronted facades of shops. . . . she looked without seeing.

So Langham had sent her his dog! In the first year of her widowhood she had first met Langham; she was then twenty-one. In the second year of her widowhood Langham had offered himself, and, with the declaration on his lips, had seen the utter hopelessness of his offer. They had not met since then. And now, in the third year of her widowhood, he offered her his dog!

She had at first intended to keep the dog. Knowing nothing of animals, discouraged from all sporting fads by a husband who himself was devoted to animals dedicated to Sport, she had quietly acquiesced in her husband's dictum that "horse-women and dog-women made a man ill!"—and so dismissed any idea she might have entertained towards the harbouring of the four-footed.

A miserable consciousness smote her; why had she allowed the memory of her husband to fade so amazingly in these last two months of early spring? Of late, when she wished to fix her thoughts upon her late husband and to conjure his face before her closed eyes, she found that the mental apparition came with more and more difficulty.

Sitting in a corner of her brougham, the sharp rhythm of her horses' hoofs tuning her thoughts, she quietly endeavoured to raise that cherished mental spectre, but could not, until by hazard she remembered the portrait of her husband hanging in the smoking-room.

But instantly she strove to put that away; the portrait was by Sargent, a portrait she had always disliked, because the great painter had painted an expression into her husband's face which she had never seen there. An aged and unbearable aunt of hers had declared that Sargent painted beneath the surface; she resented the suggestion, because what she read beneath the surface of her husband's portrait sent hot blood into her face.

Thinking of these things, she saw the spring sunshine gilding the gray branches of the park trees. Here and there elms spread tinted with green; chestnuts and maples were already in the full glory of new leaves; the leafless twisted tangles of wistaria hung thick with scented purple bloom; everywhere the scarlet blossoms of the Japanese quince glowed on naked shrubs, bedded in green lawns.

Her husband had loved the country. There was one spot in the world which he had loved above all others—the Sagamore Angling Club. She had never been there. But she meant to go. Probably to-morrow. And before she went she must send that dog back to Langham.

At the cathedral she signalled to stop, and sent the brougham back, saying she would walk home. And the first man she met was Langham.

III.

THERE was nothing extraordinary in it. His club was there on the corner, and it was exactly his hour for the club.

"It is so very fortunate . . . for me," he said. "I did want to see you. . . . I am going north to-morrow."

"Of course, it's about the dog," she said, pleasantly.

He laughed. "I am so glad that you will accept him—"

"But I can't," she said; "and thank you so much for asking me."

For a moment his expression touched her, but she could not permit expressions of men's faces to arouse her compunction, so she turned her eyes resolutely ahead towards the spire of the marble church.

He walked beside her in silence.

"I also am going north to-morrow," she said, politely.

He did not answer.

Every day since her widowhood, every day for three years, she had decided to make that pilgrimage—some time. And now, crossing Union Square on that lovely afternoon late in April, she knew that the time had come. Not that there was any reason for haste. At the vague thought her brown eyes rested a moment on the tall young man beside her. . .

Yes—she would go—to-morrow.

A vender of violets shuffled up beside them; Langham picked up a dewy bundle of blossoms, and their perfume seemed to saturate the air till it tasted on the tongue.

She shook her head. "No, no, please; the fragrance is too heavy."

"Won't you accept them?" he inquired, bluntly.

Again she shook her head; there was indecision in the smile, assent in the gesture. However, he perceived neither.

She took a short step forward. The wind whipped the fountain jet, and a fanlike cloud of spray drifted off across the asphalt. Then they moved on together.

Presently she said, quietly, "I believe I will carry a bunch of those violets"; and she waited for him to go back through the fountain spray, find the peddler, and rummage among the perfumed heaps in the basket. "Because," she added, cheerfully, as he returned with the flowers, "I am going to the East Tenth Street Mission, and I meant to take some flowers, anyway."

"If you would keep that cluster and let me send the whole basket to your mission—"he began.

But she had already started on across the wet pavement.

"I did not know you were going to give my flowers to those cripples," he said, keeping pace with her.

"Do you mind?" she asked, but she had not meant to say that, and she walked a little more quickly to escape the quick reply.

"I want to ask you something," he said, after a moment's brisk walking. "I wish—if you don't mind—I wish you would walk around the square with me—just once—"

"Certainly not," she said; "and now you will say good-bye—because you are going away, you say." She had stopped at the Fourth Avenue edge of the square. "So good-bye, and thank you for the beautiful dog, and for the violets."

"But you won't keep the dog, and you won't keep the violets," he said; "and, besides, if you are going north—"

"Good-bye," she repeated, smiling.

"—besides," he went on, "I would like to know where you are going."

"That," she said, "is what I do not wish to tell you—or anybody."

There was a brief silence; the charm of her bent head distracted him.

"If you won't go," she said, with caprice, "I will walk once around the square with you, but it is the silliest thing I have ever done in my entire life."

"Why won't you keep the bull-terrier?" he asked, humbly.

"Because I'm going north—for one reason."

"Couldn't you take His Highness?"

"No—that is, I could, but—I can't explain—he would distract me."

"Shall I take him back, then?"

"Why?" she demanded, surprised.

"I—only—I thought if you did not care for him—" he stammered. "You see, I love the dog."

SHE bit her lip and bent her eyes on the ground. Again he quickened his pace to keep step with her.

"You see," he said, searching about for the right phrase "I wanted you to have something that I could venture to offer you—er—something not valuable—er—I mean not—er—"

"Your dog is a very valuable champion; everybody knows that," she said, carelessly.

"Oh yes,—he's a corker in his line; out of Empress by Ameer, you know—"

"I might manage—to keep him—for a while," she observed, without enthusiasm. "At all events, I shall tie my violets to his collar."

He watched her; the roar of Broadway died out in his ears; in hers it grew, increasing, louder, louder. A dim scene rose unbidden before her eyes—the high gloom of a cathedral, the great organ's first unsteady throbbing—her wedding march! No, not that; for while she stood, coldly transfixed in centred self-absorption, she seemed to see a shapeless mass of wreaths piled in the twilight of an altar—the dreadful pomp and panoply and circumstance of death.

She raised her eyes to the man beside her; her whole being vibrated with the menace of a dirge, and in the roar of traffic around her she divined the imprisoned thunder of the organ pealing for her dead.

She turned her head sharply towards the west.

"What is it?" he asked, in the voice of a man who needs no answer to his question.

She kept her head steadily turned. Through Fifteenth Street the sun poured a red light that deepened as the mist rose from the docks. She heard the river whistles

blowing; an electric light broke out through the bay haze.

It was true she was thinking of her husband—thinking of him almost desperately, distressed that already he should have become to her nothing more vital than a memory.

Unconscious of the man beside her, she stood there in the red glow, straining eyes and memory to focus both on a past that receded and seemed to dwindle to a point of utter vacancy.

Then her husband's face grew out of vacancy, so real, so living, that she started—to find herself walking slowly past the fountain with Langham at her side.

After a moment she said: "Now we have walked all around the square. Now I am going to walk home; and thank you—for my walk, which was probably as wholesome a performance as I could have indulged in—and quite unconventional enough, even for you."

They faced about and traversed the square, crossed Broadway in silence, passed through the kindling shadows of the long cross-street, and then turned into Fifth Avenue.

"You are very silent," she said, sorry at once that she had said it, uncertain as to the trend his speech might follow, and withal curious.

"It was only about that dog," he said.

She wondered if it was exactly that, and decided it was not. It was not. He was thinking of her husband as he had known him—only by sight and by report. He remembered the florid gentleman perfectly; he had often seen him tooling his four; he had seen him at the traps in Monte Carlo, dividing with the best shot in Italy; he had seen him riding to hounds a few days before that fatal run of the Shadowbrook Hunt, where he had taken his last fence. Once, too, he had seen him at the Sagamore Angling Club up state.

"When are you going?" he said, suddenly.

"To-morrow."

"I am not to know where?"

"Why should you?" and then, a little quickly, "no, no. It is a pilgrimage."

"When you return—" he began, but she shook her head.

"No—no. I do not know where I may be."

In the April twilight the electric lamps along the avenue snapped alight. The air rang with the metallic chatter of sparrows.

They mounted the steps of her house; she turned and swept the dim avenue with a casual glance.

"So you, too, are going north?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Yes—to-night."

She gave him her hand. She felt the pressure of his hand on her gloved fingers after he had gone, although their hands had scarcely touched at all.

And so she went into the dimly lighted house, through the drawing-room, which was quite dark, into the music-room beyond; and there she sat down upon a chair by the piano—a little gilded chair that revolved as she pushed herself idly, now to the right, now to the left.

Yes—after all, she would go; she would make that pilgrimage to the spot on earth her husband loved best of all—the sweet waters of the Sagamore, where his beloved club lodge stood, and whither, for a month every year, he had repaired with some old friends to renew a bachelor's love for angling.

She had never accompanied him on these trips; she instinctively divined a man's desire for a ramble among old haunts with old friends, freed for a brief space from the happy burdens of domesticity.

The lodge on the Sagamore was now her shrine; there she would rest and think of him, follow his footsteps to his best-loved haunts, wander along the rivers where he had wandered, dream by the streams where he had dreamed.

She had married her husband out of awe, sheer awe for his wonderful personality. And he was wonderful; faultless in everything!—though not so faultless as to be in bad taste, she often told herself. His *entourage* also was faultless; and the general faultlessness of everything had made her married life very perfect.

As she sat thinking in the darkened music-room, something stirred in the hallway outside. She raised her eyes; the white bull-terrier stood in the lighted doorway, looking in at her.

A perfectly incomprehensible and resistless rush of loneliness swept her to her feet; in a moment she was down on the floor, on her silken knees, her arms around the dog, her head pressed tightly to his head.

"Oh," she said, choking, "I must go to-morrow—I must—I must. . . . And here are the violets . . . I will tie them to your collar . . . . Hold still! He loves you. . . . . but you shall not have them—do you hear? No, no, I shall wear them, . . . for I like their odour; . . . and, anyway . . . I am going away."

IV.

THE next day she began her pilgrimage; and His Highness went with her; and a maid from the British Isles.

She had telegraphed to the Sagamore Club for rooms, to make sure, but that was unnecessary, because there were at the moment only three members of the club at the lodge.

Now, although she herself could scarcely be considered a member of the Sagamore Angling Club, she still controlled her husband's shares in the concern, and she was duly and impressively welcomed by the steward. Two of the three members domiciled there came up to pay their respects when she alighted from the muddy buckboard sent to the railway to meet her; they were her husband's old friends, Colonel Hyssop, and Major Brent, white-haired, purple-faced, well-groomed gentlemen in the early fifties. The third member was out in the rain fishing somewhere down-stream.

"New man here, madam—a good fellow, but a bad rod—eh, Brent?"

"Bad rod," repeated Major Brent, wagging his fat head. "Uses ferrules to a six-ounce rod. We splice—eh, Colonel?"

"Certainly," said the Colonel.

She stood by the open fire in the centre of the hallway, holding her shapely hands out towards the blaze, while her maid relieved her of the wet rain-coat.

"Splice what, Colonel Hyssop, if you please?" she inquired, smiling.

"Splice our rods, madam—no creaky joints and ferrules for old hands like Major Brent and me, ma'am. Do you throw a fly?"

"Oh, no," she said, with a faint smile. "I—I do nothing."

"Except to remain the handsomest woman in the five boroughs!" said the Major, with a futile attempt to bend at the waist—utterly unsuccessful, yet impressive.

She dropped him a courtesy, then took the glass of sherry that the steward brought and sipped it, meditative eyes on the blazing logs. Presently she held out the empty wine-glass; the steward took it on his heavy silver salver; she raised her eyes. A half-length portrait of her husband stared at her from over the mantel, lighted an infernal red in the fire-glow.

A catch in her throat, a momentary twitch of the lips, then she gazed calmly up into the familiar face.

Under the frame of the picture was written his full hyphenated name; following that she read:

PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER
OF
THE SAGAMORE ANGLING CLUB
1880–1901

Major Brent and Colonel Hyssop observed her in decorously suppressed sympathy.

"I did not know he was president," she said, after a moment; "he never told me that."

"Those who knew him best understood his rare modesty," said Major Brent. "I knew him, madam; I honoured him; I honour his memory."

"He was not only president and founder" observed Colonel Hyssop, "but he owned three-quarters of the stock."

"Are the shares valuable?" she asked. "I have them; I should be glad to give them to the club, Colonel Hyssop—in his memory."

"Good gad! madam," said the Colonel, "the shares are worth five thousand apiece!"

"I am the happier to give them—if the club will accept," she said, flushing, embarrassed, fearful of posing as a Lady Bountiful before anybody. She added, hastily, "You must direct me in the matter, Colonel Hyssop; we can talk of it later."

AGAIN she looked up into her husband's face over the mantel.

Her bull-terrier came trotting into the hall, his polished nails and padded feet beating a patter across the hardwood floor.

"I shall dine in my own rooms this evening," she said, smiling vaguely at the approaching dog.

"We hoped to welcome you at the club table," cried the Major.

"There are only the Major and myself," added the Colonel, with courteous entreaty.

"And the other—the new man," corrected the Major, with a wry face.

"Oh yes—the bad rod. What's his name?"

"Langham," said the Major.

The English maid came down to conduct her mistress to her rooms; the two gentlemen bowed as their build permitted; the bull-terrier trotted behind his mistress up the polished stairs. Presently a door closed above.

"Devilish fine woman," said Major Brent.

Colonel Hyssop went to a mirror and examined himself with close attention.

"Good gad!" he said, irritably, "how thin my hair is!"

"Thin!" said Major Brent, with an unpleasant laugh; "thin as the hair on a Mexican poodle."

"You infernal ass!" hissed the Colonel, and waddled off to dress for dinner. At the door he paused. "Better have no hair than a complexion like a violet!"

"What's that?" cried the Major.

The Colonel slammed the door.

Upstairs the bull-terrier lay on a rug watching his mistress with tireless eyes. The maid brought tea, bread and butter, and trout fried crisp, for her mistress desired nothing else.

Left alone she leaned back, sipping her tea, listening to the million tiny voices of the night. The stillness of the country made her nervous after the clatter of town. Nervous? Was it the tranquil stillness of the night outside that stirred that growing apprehension in her breast till, of a sudden, her heart began a deadened throbbing?

Langham here? What was he doing here? He must have arrived this morning. So this was where he was going when he said he was going north!

After all, in what did it concern her? She had not run away from town to avoid him . . . indeed not, . . . her pilgrimage was her own affair. And Langham would very quickly divine her pious impulse in coming here. . . . And he would doubtless respect her for it. Perhaps have the subtle tact to pack up his traps and leave. . . But probably not. . . . She knew a little about Langham, . . . an obstinate and typical man, . . . doubtless selfish to the core—cheerfully, naively selfish.

She raised her troubled eyes. Over the door was printed in gilt letters:

THE PRESIDENT'S SUITE

Tears filled her eyes; truly they were kindly and thoughtful, these old friends of her husband.

And all night long she slept in the room of her late husband, the president of the Sagamore Angling Club, and dreamed till daybreak of—Langham.

V.

LANGHAM, clad in tweeds from head to foot, sat on the edge of his bed.

He had been sitting there since daybreak, and the expression on his ornamental face had varied between the blank and the idiotic. That the only woman in the world had miraculously appeared at Sagamore Lodge he had heard from Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent at dinner the evening before. (*Continued on page 44*)

"A PILGRIM" is the first of many stories by Robert W. Chambers to be used in Everywoman's World. Mr. Chambers will be in good company in these pages. His associates will include Fannie Hurst, Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, Ellis Parker Butler and many other celebrities.

Stories by these renowned writers will appear regularly in Everywoman's World beginning with the February issue. Don't miss a single number.

They faced each other in the hall. The dog emerged from behind and trotted out with the letter in his mouth.

"MY LADY CAPRICE"

By JEFFERY FARNOL
Illustrated by T.V. McCARTHY
[Copyright, Paget Newspaper Service New York]

New Readers Start Here

DICK Brent, in love with Lisbeth, is inveigled by Aunt Agatha into giving the girl six-months' respite. Aunt Agatha exiles her to Fane Court, in the hope of wedding her to Frank Selwyn, a richer man. Dick follows, meets Lisbeth, and wins the good-will of her small nephew, the Imp.

Selwyn going to an appointment to take Lisbeth rowing, is run into by Dick's boat, and Dick, aided by the Imp, togged out as a pirate, wins the custody of the fair passenger. But Selwyn overtakes them, tells his story, and Lisbeth transfers to his escort.

That evening, at a ball, Dick wins a kiss from Lisbeth in the moonlight and next day, while fishing, Dorothy brings him a message from the Imp.

Dick progresses further by rescuing Lisbeth from a boating accident due to the Imp, and is led by the latter to the lair of an escaped convict who is famishing.

Dick rescues the convict, quarrels with Lisbeth out of jealousy of Selwyn, and is about to leave in pique when a note from the Imp sends him at midnight to the gnarled oak tree.

DEAR little Imp, if it were only true!"

Once more the sound came to me, low and restrained, but a sob unmistakably.

On the other side of the giant tree I beheld a figure half sitting, half lying. The shadow was deep here, but as I stooped the kindly moon sent down a shaft of silver light, and I saw a lovely, startled face, with great, tear-dimmed eyes.

"Lisbeth!" I exclaimed; then, prompted by a sudden thought, I glanced hastily around.

"I am alone," she said, interpreting my thought aright.

"But—here—and—and at such an hour!" I stammered foolishly. She seemed to be upon her feet in one movement, fronting me with flashing eyes.

"I came to look for the Imp. I found this on his pillow. Perhaps you will explain?" and she handed me a crumpled paper.

"Dear Auntie Lisbath: (I read) Unkel dick is going away bekors he is in luv with you and you are angry with the Blarsted oke where I hid yore stockings if you want to kiss me and be kind to me again, come to me bekors I want someboddie to be nice to me now he is gone.

yore luving sorry IMP.

P.S.—He said he would like to hang himself in his sword-belt to the arm of yonder tree and hurl himself from yon topmost pinnakel, so I no he is in luv with you."

"Oh, blessed Imp!"

"And now where is he?" she demanded.

"Lisbeth, I don't know."

"You don't know! Then why are you here?"

For answer I held out the letter I had found, and watched while she read the words I could not believe.

Her hat was off, and the moon made wonderful lights in the coils of her black hair. She was wearing an indoor gown of some thin material that clung, boldly revealing the gracious lines of her supple figure, and in the magic of the moon she seemed some young goddess of the woods—tall and fair and strong, yet infinitely womanly.

Now, as she finished reading she turned suddenly away, yet not before I had seen the tell-tale colour glowing in her cheeks—a slow wave which surged over her from brow to chin, and chin to the round, white column of her throat.

"And she said, 'O Dick, I want you so!'" I read aloud.

"Oh," Lisbeth murmured.

"Lisbeth, is it true?"

She stood with her face averted, twisting the letter in her fingers.

"Lisbeth!" I said, and took a step nearer. Still she did not speak, but her hands came out to me with a swift, passionate gesture, and her eyes looked into mine; and surely none were ever more sweet, with the new shyness in their depths and the tears glistening on their lashes.

And in that moment Doubt and Fear were swallowed up in a great joy, and I forgot all things save that Lisbeth was before me and that I loved her.

The moon, risen now, had made a broad path of silver across the shadowy river to our very feet, and I remembered how the Imp had once told me that it was there for the moon fairies to come down by when they bring us happy dreams. Surely, the air was full of moon fairies to-night.

"O Imp, thrice blessed Imp!"

"But—but Selwyn?" I groaned at last.

"Well?"

"If you love him—"

"But I don't!"

"But if you are to marry him—"

"But I'm not! I was going to tell you so in the orchard yesterday, but you gave me no chance; you preferred to guess, and, of course, guessed wrong altogether. I knew it made you wretched, and I was glad of it and meant to keep you so a long, long time; but when I looked up and saw you standing there so very, very miserable, Dick, I couldn't keep it up any longer, because I was so dreadfully wretched myself, you know."

"Can you ever forgive me?"

"That depends, Dick."

"On what?"

LISBETH stooped, and picking up her hat, began to put it on.

"Depends on what?" I repeated.

Her hat was on now, but for a while she did not answer, her eyes upon the "fairy path." When at last she spoke her voice was very low and tender.

"'Not far from the village of Down, in Kent, there is a house,'" she began, "'a very old house, with pointed gables and panelled chambers, but empty to-night and desolate.' You see I remember it all," she broke off.

"Yes, you remember it all," I repeated, wondering.

"Dick—I—I want you to—take me there. I've thought of it all so often. Take me there, Dick."

"Lisbeth, do you meant it?"

"It has been the dream of my life for a long time now—to work for you there, to take care of you, Dick—you need such a deal, such a great deal of taking care of—to walk with you in the old rose garden; but I'm a beggar now, you know, though I sha'n't mind a bit if—if you want me, Dick."

"Want you!" I cried, and with the words I drew her close and kissed her.

NOW, from somewhere in the tree above came a sudden crack and mighty snapping of twigs.

"All right, Uncle Dick!" cried a voice; "it's only the branch. Don't worry."

"Imp!" I exclaimed.

"I'm coming, Uncle Dick," he answered, and with much exertion and heavy breathing he presently emerged into view and squirmed himself safely to earth. For a moment he stood looking from one to the other of us, then he turned to Lisbeth.

"Won't you forgive me, too, Auntie Lisbeth, please?" he said.

"Forgive you!" she cried, and falling on her knees, gathered him in her arms.

"I'm glad I didn't go to Persia, after all, Uncle Dick," he said over her shoulder.

"Persia!" repeated Lisbeth, wonderingly.

"Oh, yes; you were so angry with Uncle Dick an' me—so frightful angry, you know, that I was going to try to find the 'wonderful lamp' so I could wish everything all right again an' all of us 'live happy ever after'; but the blasted oak did just as well, an' was nicer, somehow, wasn't it?"

"Infinitely nicer," I answered.

"An, you will never be angry with Uncle Dick or me any more, will you, Auntie—that is, not frightful angry, you know?"

On the other side of the giant tree I beheld a figure.

"Never any more, dear."

"On your honour?"

"On my honour!"

"So help you Sam?"

"So help me Sam!" she repeated, smiling, but there were tears in her voice.

Very gravely the Imp drew his "trusty sword," which she, following his instructions, obediently kissed.

"And now," he cried, "we are all happy again, aren't we?"

"More happy than I ever hoped or dreamed to be," answered Lisbeth, still upon her knees; "and oh, Imp—dear little Imp, come and kiss me."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Land of Heart's Delight

SURELY there never was and never could be such another morning as this! Ever since the first peep of dawn a blackbird had been singing to me from the fragrant syringa-bush that blossomed just beneath my window. Each morning I had wakened to the joyous melody of his golden song. But to-day the order was reversed. I had sat there at my open casement, breathing the sweet purity of the morning, watching the eastern sky turn slowly from pearl-grey to saffron and from saffron to deepest crimson, until at last the new-risen sun had filled all the world with his glory. And then this blackbird of mine had begun—very hoarse at first, trying a note now and then in a tentative sort of fashion, as though still drowsy and not quite sure of himself, but little by little his notes had grown longer, richer, mellower, until here he was pouring out his soul in an ecstasy.

Ah! Surely there never was, there never could be, such another morning as this!

Out of the green twilight of the woods a gentle wind was blowing, laden with the scent of earth and hidden flowers. Dewdrops twinkled in the grass and hung glistening from every leaf and twig, and beyond all was the sheen of the murmurous river.

The blackbird was in full song now, and by degrees others joined in—thrush, and lark, and linnet, with the humbler voices of the farmyard—until the sunny air was vibrant with the chorus.

Presently a man in a sleeved waistcoat crossed the paddock, whistling lustily, and from somewhere below there rose a merry clatter of plates and dishes; and thus the old inn, which had seen so many mornings, woke up to yet another.

But there never was, there never could be, just such another morning as this!

And in a little while, having dressed with more than usual care, I went downstairs to find my breakfast awaiting me in the "Sanded Parlour," having ordered it for this early hour the night previously—ham and eggs and fragrant coffee, what mortal could wish for more?

And while I ate, waited on by the rosy-cheeked chambermaid, in came Master Amos Baggett, mine host, to pass the time of day, and likewise to assure me that my baggage should catch the early train; who when I rose, my meal at an end, paused to wipe his honest hand quite needlessly upon his snowy apron ere he wished me "Good-bye."

So having duly remembered the aforesaid rosy-cheeked chambermaid, the obsequious "Boots" and the grinning ostler, I sallied forth into the sunshine, and crossing the green, where stood the battered sign-post, I came to a flight of rough steps, at the foot of which my boat was moored. In I stepped, cast loose the painter, and shipping the sculls, shot out into the stream.

No, there never was, there never could be, just such another morning as this, for to-day I was to marry Lisbeth, and every stroke of the oar carried me nearer to her and happiness.

Gaily the alders bent and nodded to me; joyfully the birds piped and sang; merrily the water laughed and chattered against my prow as I rowed through the golden morning.

Long before the hour appointed I reached the water-stairs at Fane Court, and tying my skiff, lighted my pipe and watched the smoke rise slowly into the still air while I tried "to possess my soul in patience."

Sitting thus, I dreamed many a fair dream of the new life that was to be, and made many resolutions, as a man should upon his wedding morn.

And at last came Lisbeth herself, swiftly, lightly, as fair and sweet and fresh as the morning, who yet paused a while to lean upon the balustrade and look down at me beneath the brim of her hat. Up I rose and stretched out my hands to her, but she still stood there, and I saw her cheeks were still flushed and her eyes shy and tender.

So once more we stood on the old water-stairs, she on the top stair, I on the lower; and again I saw the little foot beneath her skirt come slowly towards me and hesitate.

DICK," she said, "you know that Aunt Agatha has cut me off—disinherited me altogether—you have had time to think it all over?"

"Yes."

"And you are quite—quite sure?"

"Quite! I think I have been so all my life."

"I'm penniless now, Dick, a beggar, with nothing in the world but the clothes I wear."

"Yes," I said, catching her hands in mine, "my beggar-maid; the loveliest, noblest, sweetest that ever stooped to bestow her love on man."

"Dick, how glorious everything is this morning—the earth, the sky, and the river!"

"It is our wedding morning!" said I.

"Our wedding day," she repeated in a whisper.

"And there never was just such a morning as this," said I.

"But, Dick, all days cannot be as this—there must come clouds and storm sometimes, and—and—O Dick! are you sure that you will never, never regret—"

"I love you, Lisbeth, in the shadow as well as the sunshine—love you ever and always." And so, the little foot hesitating no longer, Lisbeth came down to me.

Oh, never again could there be such another morning as this!

"Ahoy!"

I looked round with a start, and there, his cap cocked rakishly over one eye, his "murderous cutlass" at his hip and his arms folded across his chest, stood "Scarlet Sam, the Terror of the South Seas."

"Imp!" cried Lisbeth.

"Avast!" cried he in lusty tones. "Whereaway?"

I glanced helplessly at Lisbeth and she at me.

"Whereaway, shipmate?" he bellowed in nautical fashion, but before I could find a suitable answer Dorothy made her appearance with the fluffy kitten "Louise" cuddled under her arm as usual.

"How do you do?" she said demurely. "It is awfully nice to get up so early, isn't it? We heard Auntie creeping about on tippity-toes, you know, so we came, too. Reginald said she was pretending to be burglars, but I think she's going 'paddling.' Are you, Auntie?"

"No, dear; not this morning," answered Lisbeth, shaking her head.

"Then you are going for a row in Uncle Dick's boat. How fine!"

"An' you'll take us with you, won't you, Uncle Dick?" cried the Imp eagerly. "We'll be pirates. I'll be Scarlet Sam,' an' you can be 'Timothy Bone, the bo'sun,' like you were last time."

"Impossible, my Imp," I said firmly. He looked at me incredulously for a moment, then, seeing I meant it, his lip began to quiver.

"I didn't think 'T-Timothy B-Bone,' would ever desert me," he said, and turned away. (*Continued on page 48*)

My sisters and I, seeing that the conversation was assuming a violent tone, wanted to know what it was all about and crowded up behind our mother, the youngest peeking under her arm.

My Four Years A Prisoner in Belgium

Written Exclusively for Everywoman's World by Jeannette Beland-Mathieu from Her Personal Experiences There Under German Rule

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

SINCE my return to this country from which I was absent for four years, I have ascertained that much has been written concerning the events which have taken place in Belgium during the German occupation. Yet, I wonder if I might still interest readers by depicting to them certain happenings of which I was an eye-witness?

Belgium, at this moment of writing, is still exposed to the exigencies and inhumanities of its German invaders.* Many families with whom I am very closely concerned, are still in immediate contact with German officers and soldiers, so that, in submitting these few impressions, I must guard against making certain allusions and referring to certain details which might prove exceedingly trying to those who are still under the heel of the conqueror. You will pardon me, I am sure, for a certain reticence which, I think, under the circumstances, would be essentially prudent on my part to preserve. For, so long as Belgium remains under the yoke of her oppressors, so long as these oppressors are able to continue to enter the towns and villages of the tortured nation; so long as it will be impossible for any door to remain closed on their crimes and iniquitous demands, just that long will it be necessary to abstain from alluding to certain facts which might perchance tend to promote terrible reprisals on the part of the occupants, especially at this juncture when the Allied nations seem forced to establish their superiority in so incontestable a manner; at this time when the German and Austrian armies are beginning to yield, clearly in spite of themselves, to the forcible—what shall I say?—thunder-striking onset of General Foch, you may easily imagine that their anger will rise in direct proportion to their military reverses.

I desire, however, to mention at the beginning of this article that, inhabiting as I did, a chateau situated beyond the firing line, during all the military operations in Belgium, I have never had occasion to complain of any outrages committed upon either my honour or my dignity. I was under the protection of a very influential family, one which on all occasions displayed a reasonable hospitality towards the German officers and soldiers, who, conquerors for a space, came to demand shelter or other accommodation.

Cappellen, which I inhabited, is a village situated between the city of Antwerp and the Dutch frontier, exactly six miles to the north of the city, and within the radius of the powerful fortress which was the coveted object of German hopes during the first two months of the war, in 1914, and which finally fell on October 9th of that year, after a heroic resistance. Of the events which immediately preceded the fall of Antwerp, I have only a slight personal knowledge, seeing that, during those two weeks of the death-agony of the great fortress, we—and I speak for the women and young girls—were not permitted to approach the line of battle. My father left home every morning for the hospital at Antwerp, and was immediately surrounded on his return in the evening by my mother, my sisters and myself—eager, all of us, for details concerning the tragic events which were developing.

The Chateau at Cappellen, Belgium, where the writer resided

We Assisted Refugees

DURING the exodus of the civil population from the suburbs and city of Antwerp towards Holland, my mother, my sisters and myself hastened to lavish all possible attentions on the aged men and women and the little children and particularly during the last nights which preceded the fall of the city and while the fortified position trembled under the bombardment of the forts and of the city by the formidable artillery of attack and defence.

We did not leave Cappellen for Holland in accordance with the wishes of my parents who were anxious to remain on the scene of action where one could care for the wounded and sick and the other could render help to the poor. It was not until after the departure of my father for his long captivity in Germany that I assumed the *role* of "Petite Canadienne Soeur des Pauvres"—"The little Canadian Sister of the Poor," as they called me.

But before speaking of the organization which we established at Cappellen for the poor children and orphans, I should like to speak of my father's arrest—details of which my father has always been ignorant, up to the happy moment when I was able to discover him in May of this year, in Holland, after three years of separation.

***Readers, Take Notice!**

THIS first installment of the three-part chronicle, "My Four Years a Prisoner in Belgium," was written before the Germans had evacuated Belgium. Near relatives of the writer, friends, and the Belgian people generally, were, at the time, under close and continued observation by the German authorities. Naturally then, the writer withheld a great deal of interesting information, and the relation of outstanding incidents, so that the publication of same would not result in reprisals on the part of the invaders.

Now, since the Germans are no longer on Belgian soil, no further restraint is necessary. Consequently the second article by Jeannette Beland-Mathieu, to appear in the February issue of Everywoman's World, will be more explicit and more interesting.

—THE EDITORS.

My Father is Arrested

ONE day two soldiers appeared at the chateau and asked my father to accompany them to Antwerp. That was, if my memory serves me, May 15th, 1915. My father did not hesitate for a moment to set out with them, and they led him to the station, and from there conducted him to Antwerp. We spent the entire day in the greatest anxiety. My mother and I proceeded to the town hall to insist upon the Burgomaster intervening personally with the military authorities at Antwerp. He assured us that it was only a question of mere formality and that my father would return home that very evening. What he predicted came true and that evening towards eight o'clock he returned alone, bearing an identification card which entitled him to move freely within the limits of the township of Cappellen.

The safety which he enjoyed was only of short duration, for on the 3rd of June following, two soldiers appeared again, but as my little sister and I laboured under the impression that it was only the question of another trip to Antwerp, as it had been the first time, we ran out of the house ahead of the others to go and hide in a bush near the huge garden gate in order to tease my father a little when he should pass by escorted by the two Boches As he passed, he exchanged smiles with us and I never dreamed at that moment that I should not see him again until three years later in Holland. We waited for him in vain during that afternoon and the long evening which followed. Hours passed and night fell; yet he did not return. Darkness had already reigned for some hours when a messenger cycled up bearing a letter in my father's handwriting, announcing to us that he had been interned in a hotel at Antwerp. The next morning my mother went to see him, and remained with him. My two sisters and I resolved to go and visit him on the following day, but to our great regret, permission was refused us to go, as the hotel, it appeared, was a military station.

Sunday evening, June 6th, my poor mother returned, already overwhelmed with bitter grief. She told us that that day at noon my father had been forced from the hotel and dispatched to Germany. She went on to say that she had hazarded everything to prevent my father from being deported. A lawyer had been prevailed upon to represent the case to the military authorities by emphasizing in particular the fact that my father, who was a doctor, should not have been interned. By way of an answer, he was told that the orders were peremptory, that they had come from a higher authority than theirs, and that they must be obeyed. Mourning and sadness cast a shadow on the house and its inhabitants.

Incivility Repays Hospitality

FROM then on, we remained alone in the chateau. At that time no officer was billeted with us, but shortly, two arrived and it was not long before a third one appeared and quartered himself with us. During the time that we rendered this hospitality, we experienced untold horrors.

The fort situated nearest the chateau is Fort Erbrant. This was occupied by German troops, small detachments of whom we saw passing through the streets during the day at frequent intervals. Towards the end of one day when we were all assembled in a room, one of the servants came to warn us that three soldiers had entered the kitchen and were asking to see the cellars. You may easily imagine the commotion that followed that announcement. My mother alone retained her self-control, but we younger ones were overcome with intense fright, and when my mother directed her steps towards the kitchen we resolved to accompany her.

Once in the kitchen, it was easy to ascertain that the three soldiers who were there were not at all reassuring in their bearing. They stood there with their hats on, each carrying a rifle, and decidedly bold in aspect. They increased their effrontery and demanded wine. We had learned that such a request coming from these "gentlemen" was generally the first step towards committing acts of plunder.

This huge St. Bernard was "bodyguard" for the writer—a protector from Hun "Kultur."

Mother Uses Tact

MY mother did not lose her composure. She spoke German sufficiently well to be able to understand and to be understood.

She asked them in a tone of assurance what they wanted.

"Wine," they replied.

"How much do you want?" asked my mother.

"We wish to help ourselves," was the answer.

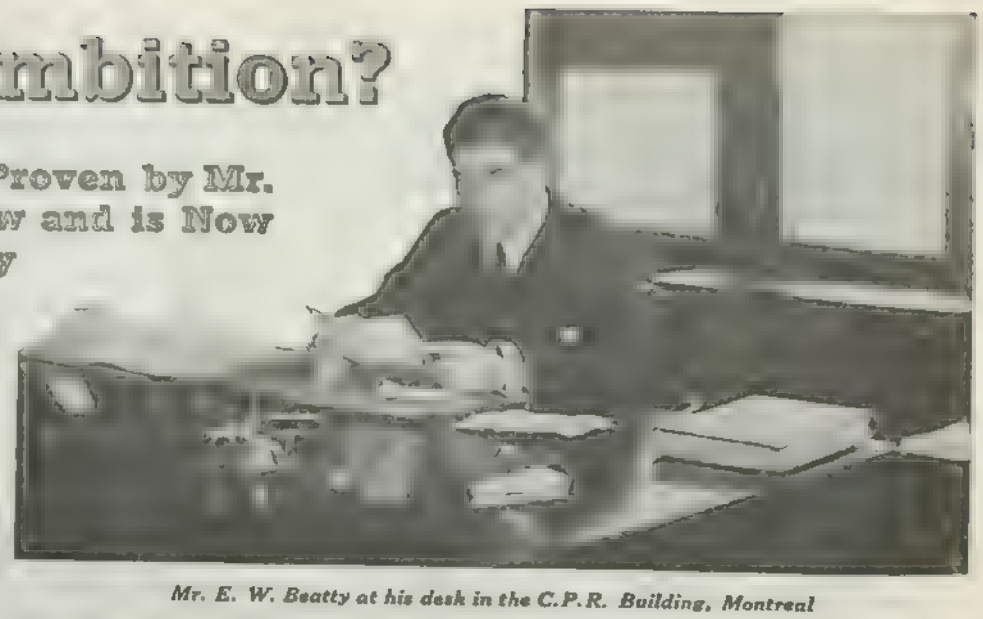
My sisters and I, seeing that the conversation was assuming a violent tone, wanted to know what it was all about. My mother related to us in French all that had just transpired. We begged her to let them enter the cellar, fully convinced that when they were surfeited with wine, they would withdraw. But my mother, doubtless recalling that one of the three German officers who were billeted with us was still in residence at the Chateau might enter at any moment, resolved upon a heroic course of action. She put the following question to the soldiers:

"Have you by chance received permission from your officers to come here for wine?"

They replied in the affirmative. Then my mother simply invited them to be seated for a few moments and to await the return of Captain X——, that she might consult him and find out if (*Continued on page 30*)

What is Your Son's Ambition?

Every Boy Has a Chance—This Has Been Proven by Mr. E. W. Beatty, who Made a Success of Law and is Now President of the C.P.R. at Forty



Mr. E. W. Beatty at his desk in the C.P.R. Building, Montreal

IN the good old days of Baron Shaughnessy, we are told, the brisk and business like boy who delivers our C. P. despatches used to march into the office with his natty blue cap set square across his noble brow.

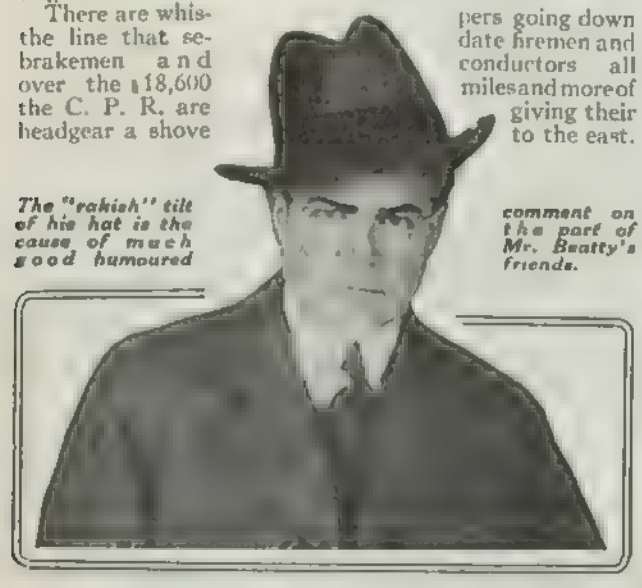
That cap was a fixture there. We got used to it. It seemed part of the established order of things. One could as easily imagine the boy pushing it to one side or the other, as one could imagine a breeze on the Nile upsetting the great Pyramid.

One day recently we got a shock. Into our office tripped the youngster with his cap tilted rakishly over one ear.

"What's the matter?" we enquired. "Getting the flu?" "Nope," and he brisked out again without troubling to explain. But we have just discovered the truth.

Baron Shaughnessy used to wear his hat square-set across his forehead. But the new president of the C. P. R.—its first Canadian-born president—Mr. E. W Beatty, invariably carries his chapeau tilted at a rakish angle.

There are whis- pers going down the line that se- date firemen and brakemen and conductors all over the 18,600 miles and more of the C. P. R. are giving their headgear a shove to the east.



The "rakish" tilt of his hat is the cause of much good humoured comment on the part of Mr. Beatty's friends.

A commercial traveller through the West, mentioned to us just this morning that he had seen bell-boys in the C. P. R hotels out there with their caps entirely off their heads and hanging from their ears, like pagan ornaments. He saw that in more than one of the C. P. R. hotels, and what the effect may be if the new practice is prevalent throughout the eighteen C. P. R. caravansaries, it is impossible to gauge.

Telegraph operators in the 15,000 offices of the C. P. R. Telegraphs have been widely affected by the new movement in hats and workmen in the Argus car shops at Montreal and in the C. P. R. shops at Winnipeg and Calgary, show, it is said, scarcely one piece of headgear that retains the old Shaughnessy level. The Beatty angle is the thing now.

It is even whispered that a few of the older locomotives with the wide-brimmed Stetson smokestacks of the vintage of 1889, have taken to wearing their battered crowns a bit to one side.

We asked the youngster about it this morning, when he came in wearing his cap at an even Beattyier angle than usual.

"Do you really expect to be president of the C. P. R. some day?"

"Every fellow's got a chance," he rejoined.

"But," we explained, "Mr. Beatty went to Toronto University and studied law and ..."

"That's just it," he said. "He was only a lawyer to start with, and look what he done—just through wearing his cap like this. Don't try to tell me I ain't got a chance—and here I'm starting at the bottom rung and working up."

He gave the corner of his cap a yank, and went out whistling.

"MENS Sana in Copore Sano" has always been Mr. Beatty's motto, or in the language of the day—"Keep the body fit and the mind will take care of itself." His success on the football field paved the way for greater achievements.

This incident did not happen in this office. We give all due credit to the Chatham *News* for the honour of discovering the interesting situation prevailing. But we have repeated it to prove one point—Mr. Beatty is (to use an "Irishism") contagious. He passes on to each and every person he meets, especially in business, a vestige of the dynamic force he keeps enclosed in his five-foot-ten or more of sturdy Canadian manhood. He is a worthy example of the type of Canadianism that knows no obstacle to success. Although too busy to be a lady's man, Mr. Beatty occupies a position of interest to most Canadian women—especially Canadian mothers. What he has done, other mothers' sons can do. How he did it, serves as an inspiration for them. To other women he represents the head of a huge organization that not only makes for their comfort and convenience, but acts, in the case of 2,500 of them at least, as a source of occupation For there are just that many women in the employ of the C. P. R.—not only as clerks and stenographers, telegraphers and station agents, but also as workers in the great shops at Montreal, Winnipeg and Calgary, on the C. P. R. steamers as stewardesses and in the hotels in various capacities.

Mr. Beatty has also made an innovation in the history of C. P. R. presidents by having a woman as his private secretary—a very capable one, too.

E. W. Beatty is the first (*Continued on page 13*)

The Hands of a Lady

Housework is Never an Excuse for Ill-Kept Hands

By LESLIE GORDON

DID you ever hear the expression, "She is a lady to her finger tips"? My grandmother used to say this of any well-bred woman of whom she especially approved. I also once heard her remark of a certain purse-proud friend, "Her hands are not those of a lady," her meaning being that they were coarse and red. Now grandmother was one of the most capable housewives that ever lived. There was, I believe, nothing pertaining to cooking or sewing that she could not do supremely well, and when it came to housecleaning (*Continued on page 33*)

Scrub the arms as well as the hands with a nail brush

A powder bath is always good for the hands

Push the cuticle down with an orange wood stick

Use beauty gloves while hands are chapped

Squeeze cold cream on to the back of the hand

My Lady of The Orient

NORMA TALMADGE:
Beautiful, Alluring and Quite Irresistible

She Is One of the "Originals" of Whom You Never Tire

NORMA TALMADGE has put into her characterization of "San San" all of the charm and romance which Western people have accorded things Oriental. Her acting is never tiring. It is well nigh perfect.

She is one of the very few photoplay stars who have never acted on the speaking stage. Miss Talmadge started as an extra girl at the Vitagraph studios several years ago—she's quite young yet, you know—and without an introduction of any kind. Norma now has her own company—under the management of her husband, Joseph Schenk—one of the few "her own" companies which have achieved success. As an actress she is one of the leading artistes the screen has to-day. Her beauty and finesse places her far above the mediocrity.

TIME and energy seemed limitless when "The Forbidden City"—Miss Talmadge's Chinese offering—was produced, so correct in every detail and so gorgeous are the scenes therein. Three Chinese experts are responsible for their accuracy.

The Inner Court of the Emperor's palace was worked out from travellers' descriptions and old plates. The costumes in this scene represented a vast amount of research and care in the making, as they followed exactly the descriptions of those who had attended the Chinese Court in the days of the Empire.

SAN SAN, daughter of a Chinese mandarin, secretly marries an attache of the American Embassy. Although their marriage ends in tragedy, proving the old adage, "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet," her American-Chinese daughter, Toy, marries a Lieutenant in the American Army in the Phillipines and finds happiness and a long-lost father.

Perhaps time has changed this old philosophy too.

In the picture above is San San and her baby daughter Toy, with the baby looking across at at her own grown-up self.

The Women's League of Nations

The International Council of Women Has Acted as Such for Thirty Years—Can It Continue?—The Outlook for the Future

By The MARCHIONESS OF ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR

See Also—"Shall We Affiliate Ourselves Again With German Women?" on next page.

IN these days, when on every platform and in every newspaper discussion is being carried on as to how to form an effective League of Nations to watch over the welfare of the world, and to protect future generations from the danger of being again overwhelmed by a cataclysm such as that through which our times have been wrecked, it is well to remember that a Women's League of Nations has existed for thirty years. True, its international work is of necessity suspended during the war, but in a large number of countries the National Councils of Women, which are the units of which the International Council of Women is composed, are proving that their organization in times of peace, for the purpose of promoting unity and mutual understanding between all associations of women working for the common welfare of the community, has enabled them to become centres through which both associations, and individual women desiring to do patriotic work have found guidance and help which has enabled them to discover their truest and most effective vocation and to carry it out in concert with others.

One of the greatest stumbling blocks in the path of older women workers was a tendency to individualism in their work, and a shrinking from associating themselves fully and frankly with other workers. The ideal in old days was to carry out works of charity and philanthropy so unobtrusively that no one would ever hear of them, and hence there was a natural suspicion of committees and all kinds of organized effort. And when these prejudices were overcome, and church and missionary societies proved the value of combination, the next difficulty was to persuade the adherents of one church or section to associate themselves with those of another, even for a national cause. It was in this direction that National Councils of Women were so efficacious in bringing together women of all classes and creeds, not only in their individual, but in their collective capacity. The very basis of their constitution recognized that there were vast differences of opinion and belief amongst the societies they invited to federate, and many various methods of work, and yet they did not seek to interfere with any of them, but rather endeavoured to make use of the diversity of ideal and operation in building up a nation-wide organization, strong in a common faith and love to work for the best welfare of each country.

I remember very well the President of the United States National Council of Women, Dr. Kate Waller Barrett, telling us at the meeting of the International Council of Women in Canada in 1909 how she had grown up in a Southern State and had carried on various activities in her southern home as the wife of a clergyman, and with an intense love for Dixieland, and yet always felt a craving for some wider life which would bring her into touch with other parts of the country north of the Mississippi and in the great West, and how the National Council of Women came to realise her wishes and enabled her to find sisters in workers for great common causes, which brought together these who had thought themselves separated by crucial differences. The differences were still there, but a great inspiration proved a bond sufficient to weld them together in the national crusades against vice, intemperance and all enemies of the health and happiness of their homes and children.

Ant then she told how through this realization of national life which came to her through the National Council of the United States, she came to understand the international movement underlying the International Council of Women, and how in her different visits to Europe she learnt to realize the strength of these forces which could unite women of many various races and of widely different upbringing and surroundings, in a compact to work together for the welfare, not only of their individual countries, but of the world.

Lady Aberdeen as Canadians knew her during her residence in Canada

Isobel Aberdeen

Last Meeting of 1914

THOSE who were present at the last meeting of the International Council of Women at Rome in May, 1914, when the leading representatives of twenty national councils of women met in conference knew how strong the tie between the workers of different countries had become.

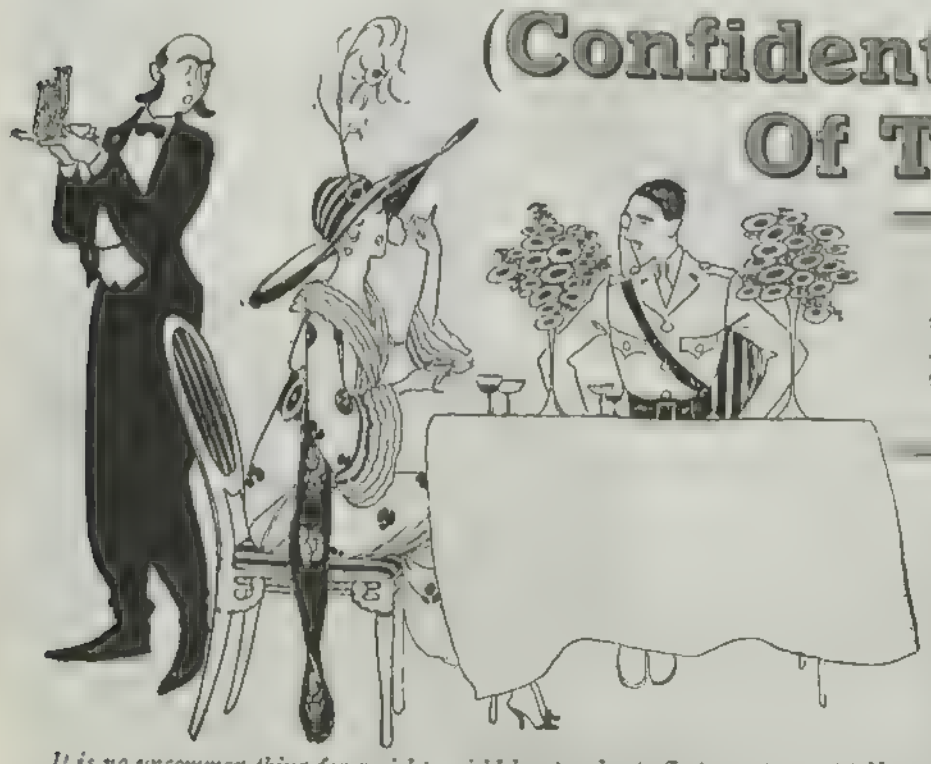
These International Council delegates did not merely represent their countries, but various phases of social work, educational reform, political emancipation, public health work, industrial development, etc., and each of these movements had their followers in each country.

These workers for common causes, had corresponded and had visited each other and they had gathered knowledge and experience and a deep regard for one another, and also an understanding of how movements may vary in different countries and how unsuspected difficulties may lie in the way of workers who may have been unjustly deemed apathetic, but who in reality need special consideration and help. This international understanding was not (*Continued on page 17*)

(Confidentially) Do You Approve Of The Powder-Puff?

THERE are folks these days who are staunch defenders of the powder-puff. Still others regard it and its adjuncts as a menace to public morals, and imply that camouflage and chastity cannot go hand in hand. The following sprightly article discusses the question of make-up in all its bearings, and, while urging moderation, makes out a very good case for the defence.

—THE EDITORS.



It is no uncommon thing for a girl to wield her powder-puff at a restaurant table and touch up her complexion under the very nose of her escort.

CAMOUFLAGE has undoubtedly caught on. Introduced to the public by His Majesty's Forces, it has not by any means remained their proud prerogative, for the camouflaged complexion is now the order of the day.

It must be acknowledged that in many cases the judicious use of a little make-up will transform a merely passable-looking girl into a pretty one. And in these days the temptation to effect that transformation must indeed be great, for with the gold braid of the Navy and the glittering trappings of the Army still dazzling our vision on either hand, the girl who is not moved by a desire to appear decorative is more than human.

In the case of Amarilla, it was simply the desire to look her best in most inauspicious circumstances that accounted for her lapse in the direction of camouflage. Though otherwise a charming girl, Amarilla was addicted to bilious attacks of the most virulent order. This may sound a feat impossible of achievement in these days of plain fare, but Amarilla achieved the impossible with deadly ease. It was while deep in the throes of one of these unfortunate episodes that she received a wire from Reggie (sub-loot. R.N., and the only boy in the world at the moment) announcing that leave was his, and to-morrow would see them together, and much more of a like nature—ninepences are as nothing to those who love.

Tears of anguish rolled down Amarilla's cheeks as she sobbed forth the news to Esmeralda, her dearest friend. For when in the full bloom of health Amarilla boasted a complexion which Reggie was wont to compare with strawberries and cream and other unobtainable things. This was the cause of her grief.

"He's *such* a dear, and I s-simply can't face him looking like this!" she wailed. "He'll probably *h-hate* me!"

And, regarding the "yellow-with-a-tendency-to-green" complexion before her, Esmeralda thought it extremely likely, for man is a heartless brute. "Never mind, darling!" she crooned. "*I'll* help you!"

Esmeralda was as good as her word, and when Reggie arrived, it was a somewhat pensive-eyed but adorably pink-cheeked Amarilla who awaited him beside the teapot and war-buns. Reggie put the pensiveness down to months of anxiety on his account, and "Darling" he babbled, "how perfectly *topping* you're looking!"

And Amarilla —inaudibly—sniggered.

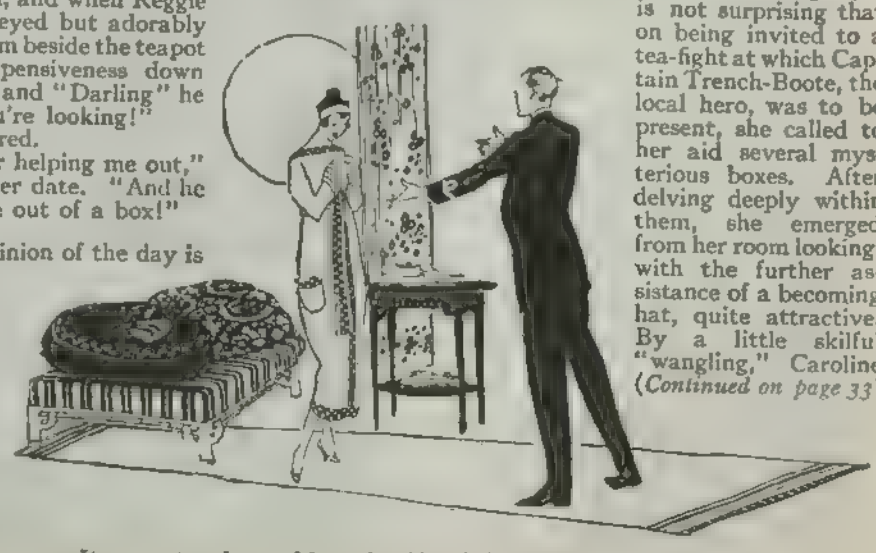
"I can never thank you enough for helping me out," she murmured to Esmeralda at a later date. "And he never guessed my lovely colour came out of a box!"

USED in strict moderation, the opinion of the day is that "make-up" is permissable. But there *should* be moderation in all things, and it is as well to remember that the hues of a Turner sunset do not improve the human countenance. Neither is there anything to be said in favour of the application of make-up in public. Nowadays it is no uncommon thing for a girl to produce not only her powder-puff, but other intricacies of the toilet while seated at a restaurant table, and wield these articles with an airy unconcern that would have made our grandmothers swoon away.

It seems incredible that those blessed with a pretty, natural complexion should make misguided attempts to improve on nature by a heavy-handed application of rouge and powder, yet, curiously enough, these fortunate people are frequently the most addicted to the make-up habit. Every day we meet dozens of silly girls who, not content with its natural beauty, must needs paint the lily—and more often than not spoil it in the painting.

The greatest drawback to the use of make-up is that having once commenced the practice, it must be continued with unfailing regularity, otherwise the sharp eyes of friends and relatives will observe the fluctuating complexion, and will not refrain from commenting on the phenomenon. Even worse, erratic use of the transforming element may give rise to severe disillusionment, as was the case with the luckless Caroline.

Caroline was undeniably homely, and this being so, it is not surprising that on being invited to a tea-fight at which Captain Trench-Boote, the local hero, was to be present, she called to her aid several mysterious boxes. After delving deeply within them, she emerged from her room looking, with the further assistance of a becoming hat, quite attractive. By a little skilful "wangling," Caroline (*Continued on page 33*)



It was a pensive-eyed but adorably pink-cheeked Amarilla who awaited him beside the teapot.

Shall We Affiliate Ourselves Again with German Women?

Lady Aberdeen (on opposite page) Discusses the International Council of Women—Will We Allow German Women To Sit In It?

THE whole world at the time of writing is discussing the "League of Nations.' Opinion is divided upon it. Women, as well as men, have their attention focussed upon it.

The women of Canada have before them a huge consideration—their own International League—the International Council of Women.

Lady Aberdeen, President of the International Council has explained and discussed the organization at length in her article on the opposite page. The purpose of these few words is merely to ask the women of Canada one question—

"Shall we affiliate ourselves AGAIN with German women?"

The question is handed to Canadian Women as food for serious thought. Do we want the women of Germany to have a voice in the laws that affect *us*, our homes, our children, our future? They would, indirectly, through their influence in the International Council, which, in turn, has a direct bearing upon the affairs of all nations, represented therein. Will we be satisfied to witness, politely, their *Kultur?* We would be obliged to, if we consented to their presence as fellow councillors. Would we countenance their holding of office?

These are all questions that are worth considering.

There is, as well, the other side:

In what measure were the women of Germany responsible for the horrors of the past four years? Did they not suffer as much, during the war, as we did? Did they not love fathers, husbands, sons, brothers? How can we expect to maintain a world peace if we extend not to the conquered an opportunity to remedy his mistakes?

And again, there is the compromise:

Why not refuse German women admittance into the Women's League of Nations for five years, until their country has satisfied the world of its intention to keep Peace, and *then* admit them?

Mrs. Huestis of the Toronto Local Council, has stated briefly but most emphatically:

"*While the terms of the armistice exist and before peace terms which would be acceptable to us and our Allies have been signed, I, for my part, would not be willing to sit under any German secretary on any International Council.*"

It is to be hoped that other women with the courage of their convictions will come forward, with expressions of their stand.

The February issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will be in the hands of readers on February 1st. We invite all members of the National and Local Councils of Women to send in their opinions between now and January 12th. Even if action is taken meanwhile by the Allied Powers, it will not be too late to put on record the decisions of the women of Canada on the question:

"Shall we affiliate ourselves AGAIN with German women?"

Address all communications to—Women's League of Nations Department, Everywoman's World, Toronto, Canada.

—THE EDITORS.

Mrs. Adam Shortt, President of the Ottawa Council Says:

"WAR between the Allies and the Entente brought the machinery of the International Council of Women to a standstill, and made it inoperative; consequently the controversy about the Canadian Council's affiliation with the I.C.W. has seemed mostly a multiplicity of words. Since Germany showed the world her lack of moral standing, any anti-German shibboleth colored by high-sounding words, if repeated often enough, could be made into a hue and cry.

The results of this particular volume of repetition has done more to hinder patriotic work among women, than add to cohesion and force At present the question seems to be whether, the Canadian Council, deeming itself competent, shall point the way to Britain, France, Italy, Serbia, etc., by withdrawing from the I C.W. as long as Councils of the Entente are not excluded; or whether this is a time when the Councils of the Allies need us most to support them and the Councils of the neutral countries in the readjustment of the I.C.W. at the meeting due in 1919.

At the same time, we must consider if there is no sacrifice of principle in withdrawing from the I C.W. for a time, whether the gain to our own country in bringing about greater federation of our women's work in this urgent time of reconstruction, would be sufficient warrant for our doing it."

ELIZABETH SHORTT,
A long-time Member of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

What is Your Son's Ambition?

(*Continued from page 10*)

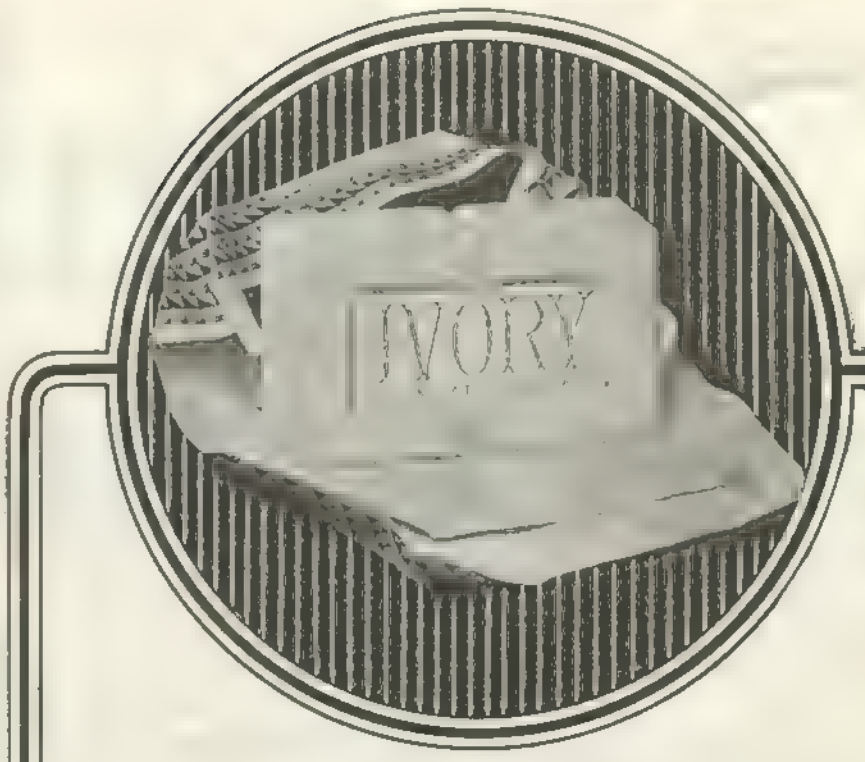
Canadian-born president of the C. P. R., and though his father came from the North of Ireland, his mother was Canadian born, Harriet Powell by name. Some one very truly said that all successful Canadian men were made successful by their mothers—a tribute to the home life and influences which are so characteristic of the best Canadian families. The woman therefore, naturally thinks of the problems and experiences of Mrs. Beatty in training her son. Judging from his school records, the problem of clothes must have been considerable, for his chief passion was football, and we can imagine the muddy boots and torn clothes that required to be cleaned and mended. Then the hat which would not sit straight on the head, but always slipped to the side—that must have been quite a trial. His school record, however, was good, and on two occasions he won the Governor-General's medal at the Model School on Church Street, Toronto, to which city his family had migrated from Thorold. From this school Edward Beatty went to Harbord Collegiate, then to Upper Canada College and on to Toronto University. Here he chose political science as his special subject, though his heart was still on the football field and in his third year he captained the "Molecules" who won the Canadian Junior Championship. He played quarter-back on the second University Team, which won the Dominion Championship.

But every boy's college days must end, so Edward Beatty entered a law office. Here under the tutelage of Mr. A. R. Creeland he gained a practical knowledge of commercial law which afterwards proved invaluable. In 1901, at Mr. Creeland's instigation, he went to Montreal as an assistant in the law department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and became assistant solicitor in 1904. This was an important year both for the railways and for Mr. Beatty, for the Dominion Railway Commission was appointed to adjust disputes between the railways and the communities and interests which they touched. Before this commission, Mr. Beatty had to plead the case of almost every department of the C.P.R. and in this way gained in a few years a working knowledge of this great and complex organization which otherwise he could only have obtained in the course of three of four lifetimes. For the Counsel has to master his brief very often at short notice, and the heads of the departments are by the nature of the case forced to teach him their business as quickly as possible so that he may convince their judges that they are in the right.

While immersed in the legal work of the railway, Mr. Beatty still retained his love of outdoors, and although football had become only a memory he still could rough it in the woods of the Laurentian Mountains, just a few hours' run from Montreal. "Mens Sana in Corpore Sano" was his motto—keep the body fit and the mind will take care of itself.

Mr. Beatty's sound common-sense and fair minded attitude towards the opposing case did so much to win the favour not only of the Railway Commissioners, but also of the public which the railway serves, that he rapidly earned the confidence of the president Lord Shaughnessy and of the directors of the C.P.R.

He became *persona grata* at Ottawa, and in those days Ottawa meant a great deal. He won the confidence of the employees by fair and courteous dealings with the leaders of the brotherhoods in adjustment of wage schedules; so that when with advancing years, Lord Shaughnessy began to look for a successor, his search did not take him far.



Only Cleans

IN washing dishes, as in all personal and household cleaning, Ivory Soap does nothing but clean. It can not injure your hands because there is nothing in it that can do harm. It is pure, high grade soap in the strictest sense of the term.

IVORY SOAP

IVORY SOAP
IT FLOATS

99 44/100 % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

PROCTER & GAMBLE
STANDARD PRODUCTS

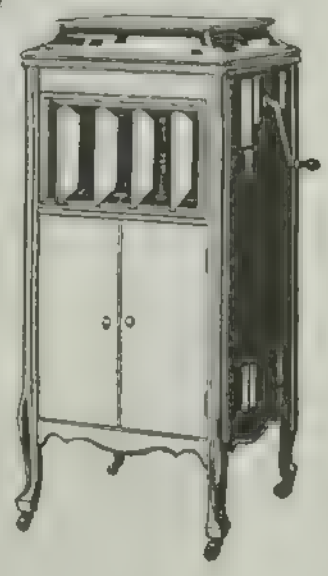
Columbia Records

Buy Some Records For Your Children

Columbia Records give children their own fairy tales, their own songs and dances, and the quaint animal recitations they adore.

It is no wonder the little folks love the Grafonola so. He can keep them happy all day long; he's never tired or cross—he's mother's best friend on a rainy day.

Buy some Children's Records for YOUR kiddies today. We have a wonderful selection — fairy tales that amuse; folk songs and merry dances; wild animal records; records that will entertain and instruct young minds in the way they should go.



Here's a typical Columbia Children's List— Your dealer would gladly play them for you

"Ginger Bread Boy" and **"Golden Cobwebs,"** clever recitations by George Faulkner. A5883. 12-inch, $1.50.

"Old Dan Tucker" and **"Nigger Love a Watermelon, Ha, Ha, Ha,"** Harry C. Browne. Baritone, Banjo accompt. A1999, 10-inch, 90c.

"Raggedy Man," (James Whitcombe Riley) and **"A Visit from St. Nicholas,"** (Moore) by Harry E. Humphrey. A1605. 10-inch, 90c.

"The Joy of the Beautiful Pine" and **"Johnny Chuck Finds the Best Thing in the World,"** chimes and orchestra, Thornton Burgess. A7524. 12-inch, $1.50.

"Lullaby" (Brahms) and **"Mighty Lak a Rose"** (Nevin), Columbia Ladies' Quartette. A1753. 10-inch, 90c.

"Children's Songs and Games," 16 old nursery numbers, Columbia Quartette. A2369. 10-inch, 90c.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, TORONTO, CANADA

In the Realm of Books

What's What in the Newest Literature

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

The War Eagle
By W. J. Dawson
J. M. Dent & Sons
Price $1.50

THOSE who have, in the past, found in Mr. Dawson's work a sense of style unusual in most of the younger generation of authors, will receive his latest work, "The War Eagle," with pleasure. And they will not be disappointed. The tale is a record of the first year of the war, of the attitude of America and her growing sense of the challenge. The characters are well conceived and firmly executed and the story culminates in the emotions roused by the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

The Inferno
By Henri Barbusse
The Musson Book Co.
Price $1.50

IN this volume Henri Barbusse, the well-known auther of "Under Fire", perhaps our most vivid war book, has turned to fiction and has endeavoured to depict for us something of that other human struggle, the war between the sexes. In the words of Barbusse himself, this book is the study of a "succession of human beings being caught just as they are" by a man who, through a cranny of the wall in his boarding-house apartment, can see all that is happening in the next room.

Before the Wind
By Janet Laing
J. M. Dent & Sons
Price $1.50

AN amusing and original tale of English life in war-time, with a strong detective interest. Anne Charteris, companion to the two Miss Bartons, finds herself, by a curious complication of circumstances, entangled in a web of mystery. How the tale works out to a happy ending must be left to the reader to discover. Suffice it to say that the characters are drawn with a touch of whimsical humour and that many will rejoice in the high spirits and romance of the story.

How to be Good Stories
By Edith Cushing Derbyshire
J. M. Dent & Sons
Price $1.50

AMUSING tales of childish faults and how the fairies intervened to cure them. Here is a whole army of naughty children, strangely like the ones we know and love. The book is well illustrated and will be a highly appreciated Christmas gift to any normal child, for all children love to read of the fairies. In spite of its riot of laughter and sunshine, it demonstrates the dire results of misbehaviour.

The Children of France and The Red Cross
By June Richardson Lucas
Frederick D. Goodchild. $1.50

THIS book is made up of the daily journal-letters of Mrs. Lucas during her ten months' service with the American Red Cross Children's Bureau, of which her husband was head. Her work consisted mainly in saving the children who had been in captivity in Germany and had been returned through Switzerland, and she gives to us many intimate and touching pictures of the devastated lives of these little ones and of the tragic isolation of many a tiny tot whose family had vanished in the welter of warfare, during the interval of their imprisonment. There are numerous illustrations and the book depicts a side of Red Cross work which is less known than it deserves to be.

Billy Possum
By J. Carter Beard
J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. $1.00

IN this gay little picture book for children, J. Carter Beard chronicles the many exciting adventures and discoveries of Billy Possum, the quaint little animal from the sunny south, and of his friends and relatives. While not pretending to give the real history of any one possum's life, Mr. Beard has not attributed to his hero anything impossible to the species, and the tales of "Billy's" friendships and enmities, of his many escapades and his final finding a comfortable home in the Zoological Gardens, are most diverting and will while away many an hour for the little ones, who will follow them with breathless attention. The book is well illustrated in colours and black and white by Culmer Barnes.

(*Continued on page 38*)

Music

Hush-a-bye Land

Through the Portals of the Land of Nod into the Land o' Dreams

By KATHLEEN ELIZABETH STEACY

SOFT and low, hush-a-bye-so, into the Land of Balow, now must my baby go.

And quietly the sunset fades, and the velvety darkness falls soft as an angel's wing.

Only the swing, to and fro, to and fro, of her low rocker sounds in with the crooning of the mother's voice; only her soothing pat, pat, on a tiny dimpled shoulder and her reassuring "there, there", mark the rhythmic flow of her lullaby-song.

'Tis only the Hush-a-bye-baby melodies that are known wherever they are heard. 'Tis only the lullaby-song that breathes the same spirit and sings the same song in all lands and in all climes, in all ages and in all tongues; for wherever there are mothers and wherever there are babies there the lullaby-song is heard. It may be that each country and sometimes each province and even each district has its own special dialect and its own special rendering, but the object is the same—to lull a baby to sleep—the words are more or less alike, while the slow, soft, long-drawn-out notes are the chief mark, the universal characteristic of this sleep-suggesting music.

The lullaby is old, old past the memory of man, losing its beginning far back in the dim mists of antiquity; and it has gathered on its way adown the ages all the poetry of the human race, all the pent-up love and heritage of every child, the dawn of an appreciation of all that is beautiful in nature and art, the first unfolding peep at the mysteries of life, and the earliest awakening of imagination—all these things that make life yield up of its abundant treasure and enable man to develop to the utmost His powers of mental and spiritual happiness and usefulness. Perhaps Mother feels this in a vague undefined way—the baby, *he* knows—and when she sings she handles him more gently and the worry lines on her dear face smooth themselves out, and together they dream golden dreams of his future. For, be it noticed, that the successful man, be he engineer or poet, architect or preacher, farmer or musician, must dream a dream, and see a vision of the thing he is to create before that thing has either form or shape.

AND it is the baby who teaches the mother to sing.

Take up any one of the few books of lullabies and we read again and again that this or that beautiful lullaby-song was "culled from the lips of the singer" and usually when the singer thought that she and her babe were alone. It is as though something of the sweetness of of the song and much of the sacredness of the "between me and thee" would be lost were they—the true lullaby-songs—committed to cold, hard type. They live only on the lips of the mother, because, you see, the baby plays his part in the singing and without him the lullaby-song loses its soul—it becomes merely a song with the lullaby left out.

True, many beautiful lullabies have been written but they lack the subtle something of the real lullaby-song—*that* is heard only as a mother rocks her little one to sleep. They are too perfect—these "made" lullabies—the rhymes are too absolutely correct, the metre is too absolutely right, the rhythm flows too absolutely even—no little break, here and there, when the mother kisses a fluffy head; no little pause, here and there, when she smooths a satin cheek—and these little breaks are part of the true lullaby-song.

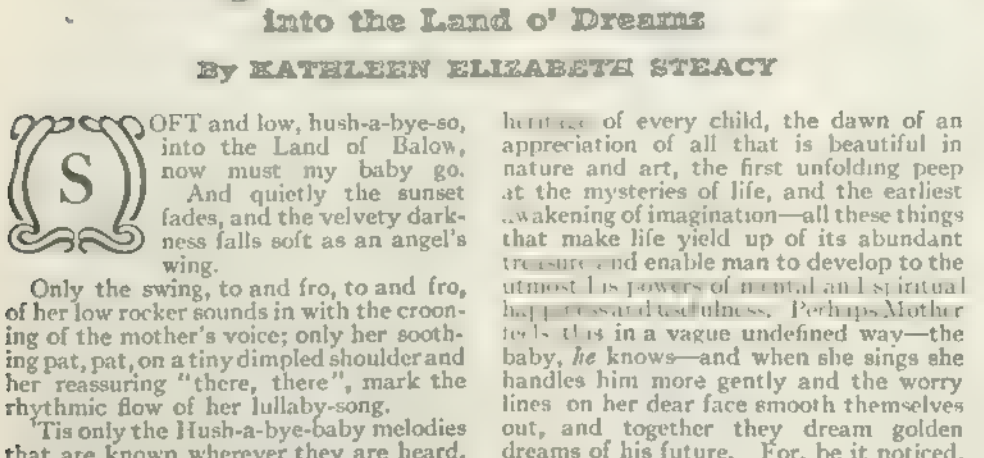
IN sunny Italy, the darkness comes suddenly and swift; no lingering twilight heralds the coming night, no changing after-glow delights the eye, no softening of the brilliant west—the curtain of night drops quickly and almost without warning; and a great peace descends upon the earth, a brooding stillness envelopes the land and the sound of children's laughter ceases; then gradually, throughout its length and breadth, from stately palace and humble cottage, steals the sound of rocking cradles and the voices of mothers singing the beautiful melodies of the Ninne-Nanne—the cradle-songs of Italy. Even in Dante's time these songs were known by the name of Ninne-Nanne, but in our day the name has become corrupted until it means, broadly speaking, any love song. The word itself is probably of Oriental origin, since in Japan, these slumber-songs are still called Nenne.

It comes naturally to every mother to sing her baby to sleep, but to the Italian mother it is as much a part of the usual routine as the nursing or the feeding; and the tiny, dark-eyed *bambino* drops into slumber-land to these beautiful lines sung

(*Continued on page 23*)

The Christ-Child's Lullaby

Lento


Hey ioy, my love, my ain-ling Thou! My trea-sure new, my rap-ture
Thou! my coms by beau-teous bab-ie Thou, Un-wor-thy I to
tend to Thee Ha le lu i a Ha. lu....
lu i a Ha. le. lu i a Ha. lu i
a

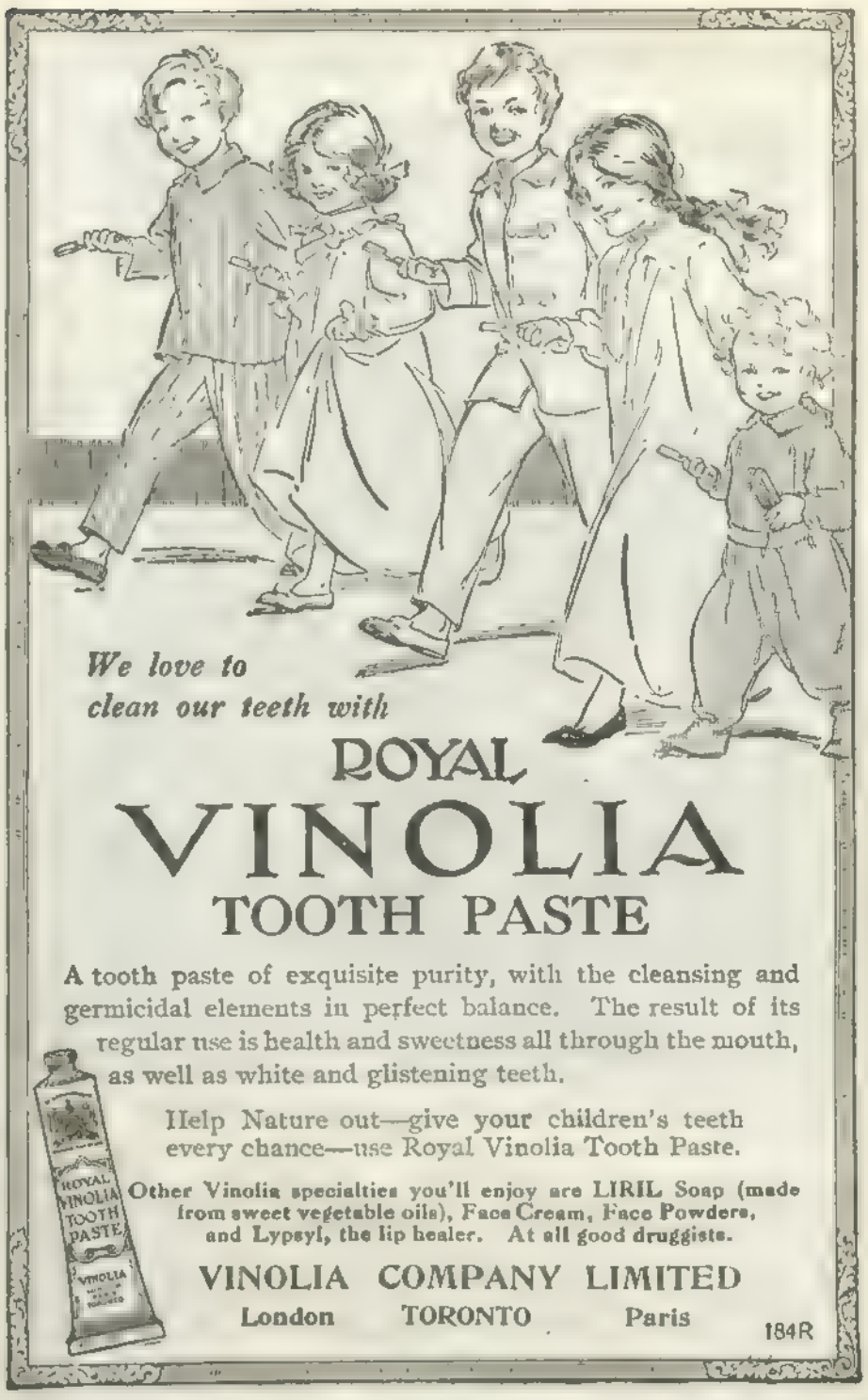
Copyright, 1909, by Marjory Kenneth Fraser.

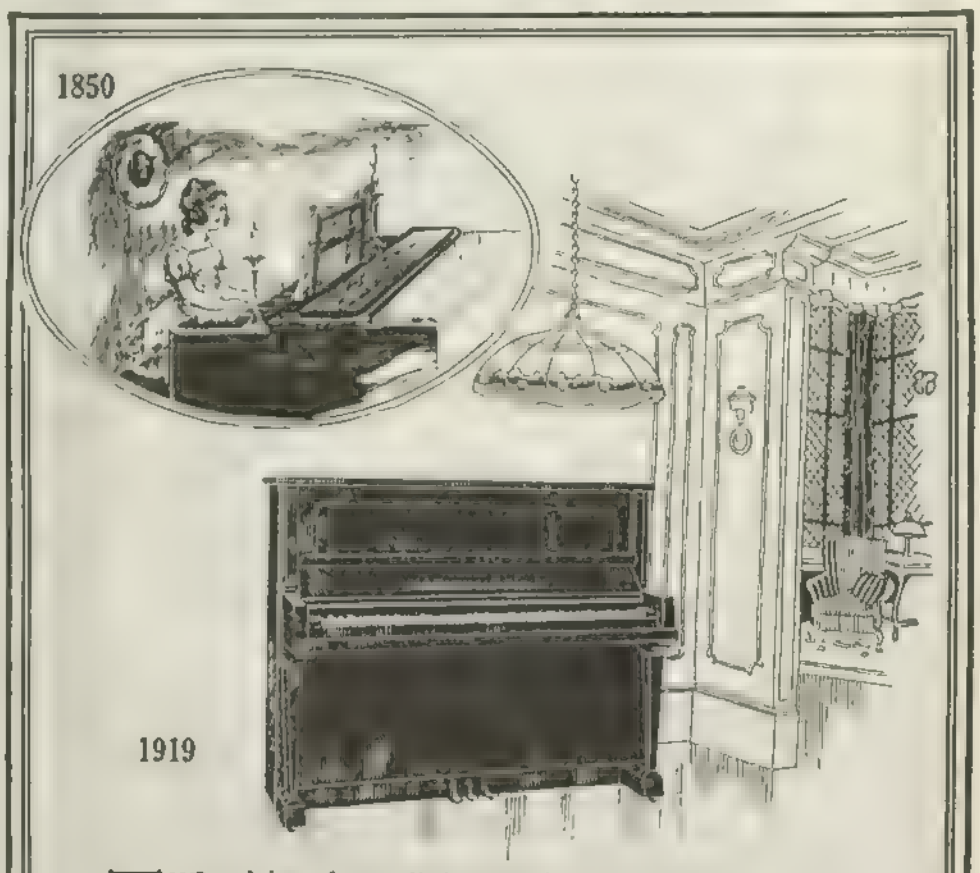
THIS ancient Scotch melody was noted in Eriskay, one of the islands of the Outer Hebrides, from the singing of Mrs. John MacInnes, and is probably part of a Northern Sailor's Folk Song. The little lullaby-strain appears in Chopin's Nocturne, Opus 37, No. 2, and possesses a haunting charm that is difficult to describe.

worship of millions of mother-hearts, all their patience and endurance, all their self-abnegation and devotion; and all that is best and sweetest in the human heart, all that is noblest in human life, all that is greatest in human love, centres around and is drawn into these little slumber-songs that lull a tiny baby into the Land o' Dreams.

The hush-a-bye song is never taught and is never learned—it springs of itself from mother-love and mother-understanding—the baby knows why, and the baby knows how. He brings these little crooning songs with him when he comes "out of the somewhere into the here"—and it is all the luggage he *does* bring.

And it is not any hap-hazard bringing when the baby brings these lullaby-songs with him. He is a good traveller and carries only the important things—the things he knows he will need. His luggage of Dear-my-soul songs is not accident: he knows that he will be supplied with food and clothes and a place whereon to lay his head, but these stupid grown-ups into whose country he is coming, never think about laying the foundation of his future happiness and usefulness. He knows that he can't get busy on this foundation any too soon. He comes from the Land o' Dreams—and Mother sings him back there for a visit when she hushes him to sleep—where soft, sweet sounds and harmonies have not prepared him for the rude voices, the rough jolts, and harsh noises of this work-a-day world. And this tiny philosopher expects some day to go back to the Land where golden harps and angels' voices make sweet melody for ever and for ever more. But he doesn't propose to lose the memory of these sweet sounds, and he doesn't intend to do without an outlet for the emotions that are developing within his baby soul, and so he brings them with him—these baby songs—because, you see, he knows that they are the tiny beginning of an understanding of all that wealth of music and poetry that is the rightful


We love to
clean our teeth with
ROYAL
VINOLIA
TOOTH PASTE
A tooth paste of exquisite purity, with the cleansing and germicidal elements in perfect balance. The result of its regular use is health and sweetness all through the mouth, as well as white and glistening teeth.
Help Nature out—give your children's teeth every chance—use Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste.
ROYAL VINOLIA TOOTH PASTE
VINOLIA
Other Vinolia specialties you'll enjoy are LIRIL Soap (made from sweet vegetable oils), Face Cream, Face Powders, and Lypsyl, the lip healer. At all good druggists.
VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED
London TORONTO Paris
184R


1850
1919
THE training of your little ones should be guided by an instrument of the highest merits. No lesser instrument than the Nordheimer is good enough for your child's musical education.
The purchase of a Nordheimer Piano is not a speculation; it is a sound investment. Nordheimer's 79 years of leadership—supplying the best pianos to the best families of Canada—provide your sure guarantee of satisfaction.
The NORDHEIMER
MINIATURE UPRIGHT
"A Large Piano in a Small Case"
This wonderful little instrument possesses a tone so rich and beautiful that all who hear it, marvel to find such musical quality in so compact a case.
Write for Design Book "E," containing full particulars of this, and the several other popular Nordheimer models.
NORDHEIMER PIANO & MUSIC CO., LIMITED
Cor. ALBERT and YONGE STS., TORONTO

A Bargain in Tires

THE Goodyear Cord Tire is what every woman quickly recognizes—a bargain.

A bargain not in price, but in value.

You pay a higher price for this new type of tire. But the many extra miles of service you receive not merely warrant the extra price, but mean a surprising economy.

Double the mileage of ordinary tires is not unusual for the Goodyear Cord Tire. So the final cost-per-mile—the right basis on which to judge tires—actually represents bargain value.

The remarkable service yielded by this tire comes from its better construction. It is built—layer upon layer—of strong cords, each embedded in a cushion of rubber.

In addition to long life, this construction brings other qualities you will welcome.

It makes the Goodyear Cord Tire a more flexible and supple tire—a tire that smooths out the road, gives greater riding comfort—a tire that helps get more miles from a gallon of gasoline—a tire that lessens depreciation of the car.

So, Goodyear Cord Tires bring all-round economy. They also bring distinction—add style—with their smart, All-Weather Tread. They are standard equipment on many of America's finest cars.

The Goodyear "Heavy Tourist" Tube is extra thick and extra good—a better tube for any tire and a fitting mate for the Goodyear Cord Tire.

Both are easy to get—from Goodyear Service Stations everywhere.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA
CORD TIRES

The Gay Old Dog

(*Continued from page 5*)

a firm little grip all her own. It surprised and amused you, that grip, as does a baby's unexpected clutch on your patronizing forefinger. As Jo felt it in his own big clasp, the strangest thing happened to him. Something inside Jo Hertz stopped working for a moment, then lurched sickeningly, then thumped like mad. It was his heart. He stood staring down at her, and she up at him, until the others laughed. Then their hands fell apart, lingeringly.

"Are you a school-teacher, Emily?" he said.

"Kindergarten. It's my first year. And don't call me Emily, please."

"Why not? It's your name. I think it's the prettiest name in the world." Which he hadn't meant to say at all. In fact, he was perfectly aghast to find himself saying it. But he meant it.

At supper he passed her things, and stared, until everybody laughed again, and Eva said acidly, "Why don't you feed her?"

It wasn't that Emily had an air of helplessness. She just made you feel you wanted her to be helpless, so that you could help her.

Jo took her home, and from that Sunday night he began to strain at the leash. He took his sisters out, dutifully, but he would suggest, with a carelessness that deceived no one, "Don't you want one of your girl friends to come along? That little What's-her-name—Emily, or something. So long's I've got three of you, I might as well have a full squad."

For a long time he didn't know what was the matter with him. He only knew he was miserable, and yet happy. Sometimes his heart seemed to ache with an actual physical ache. He realized that he wanted to do things for Emily. He wanted to buy things for Emily—useless, pretty, expensive things that he couldn't afford. He wanted to buy everything that Emily needed, and everything that Emily desired. He wanted to marry Emily. That was it. He discovered that one day, with a shock, in the midst of a transaction in the harness business. He stared at the man with whom he was dealing until that startled person grew uncomfortable.

"What's the matter, Hertz?"

"Matter?"

"You look as if you'd seen a ghost or found a gold mine. I don't know which."

"Gold mine," said Jo. And then, "No. Ghost."

For he remembered that high, thin voice, and his promise. And the harness business was slithering down-hill with dreadful rapidity, as the automobile business began its amazing climb. Jo tried to stop it. But he was not that kind of business man. It never occurred to him to jump out of the down-going vehicle and catch the up-going one. He stayed on, vainly applying brakes that refused to work.

"You know, Emily, I couldn't support two households now. Not the way things are. But if you'll wait. If you'll only wait. The girls might—that is, Babe and Carrie—"

She was a sensible little thing, Emily. "Of course I'll wait. But we mustn't just sit back and let the years go by. We've got to help."

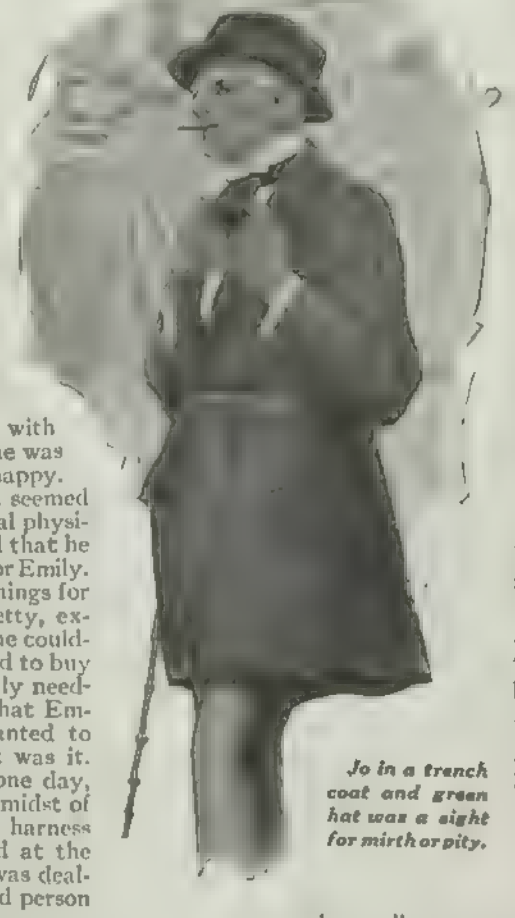
She went about it as if she were already a little match-making matron. She corraled all the men she had ever known and introduced them to Babe, Carrie, and Eva separately, in pairs, and *en masse*. She arranged parties at which Babe could display the curl. She got up picnics. She stayed home while Jo took the three about. When she was present she tried to look as plain and obscure as possible, so that the sisters should show up to advantage. She schemed, and planned, and contrived, and hoped; and smiled into Jo's despairing eyes.

AND three years went by. Three precious years. Carrie still taught school, and hated it. Eva kept house more and more complainingly as prices advanced and allowance retreated. Stell was still Babe, the family beauty; but even she knew that the time was past for curls. Emily's hair, somehow lost its glint and began to look just plain brown. Her cringilness began to iron out.

"Now, look here!" Jo argued, desperately, one night. "We could be happy, anyway. There's plenty of room at the house. Lots of people begin that way. Of course, I couldn't give you all I'd like to at first. But may be after a while—"

No dreams of salons, and brocade, and velvet-footed servitors, and satin damask now. Just two rooms, all their own, all alone, and Emily to work for. That was his dream. But it seemed less possible than that other absurd one had been.

You know that Emily was as practical a little thing as she looked fluffy. She knew women. Especially did she know Eva, and Carrie, and Babe. She tried to imagine herself taking the household and the housekeeping pocketbook out of Eva's expert hands. Eva had once displayed to her a sheaf of aigrettes she had bought with what she saved out of the housekeeping money. So then she tried to picture herself allowing the reins of Jo's house to remain in Eva's hands. And everything feminine and normal in her rebelled. Emily knew she'd want to put away her own freshly laundered linen, and smooth it, and pat it. She was that kind of woman. She knew she'd want to do her own delightful haggling with butcher and vegetable peddler. She knew she'd want to muss Jo's hair and sit on his knee, and even quarrel with him, if necessary, without the awareness of three ever-present pairs of maiden eyes and ears.



Jo in a trench coat and green hat was a sight for mirth or pity.

"No! No! We'd only be miserable. I know. Even if they didn't object. And they would, Jo. Wouldn't they?"

His silence was miserable assent. Then, "But you do love me, don't you, Emily?"

"I do, Jo. I love you—and love you—and love you. But Jo, I—can't."

"I know it, dear. I knew it all the time, really. I just thought, maybe, somehow—"

The two sat staring for a moment into space, their hands clasped. Then they both shut their eyes, with a little shudder, as though what they saw was terrible to look upon. Emily's hand, the tiny hand that was so unexpectedly firm, tightened its hold on his, and his crushed the absurd fingers until she winced with pain.

That was the beginning of the end, and they knew it.

Emily wasn't the kind of girl who would be left to pine. There are too many Jo's in the world whose hearts are prone to lurch and then thump at the feel of a soft, fluttering, incredibly small hand in their grip. One year later Emily was married to a young man whose father owned a large, pie-shaped slice of the prosperous state of Michigan.

That being safely accomplished, there was something grimly humorous in the trend taken by affairs in the old house on Calumet. For Eva married. Of all people, Eva! Married well, too, though he was a great deal older than she. She went off in a hat she had copied from a French model at Field's, and a suit she had contrived with a home dressmaker, aided by pressing on the part of the little tailor in the basement over on Thirty-first Street. It was the last of that, though. The next time they saw her, she had on a hat that even she would have despaired of copying, and a suit that sort of melted into your gaze. She moved to the North Side (trust Eva for that), and Babe assumed the management of the household on Calumet Avenue. It was rather a pinched little household now, for the harness business shrank and shrank.

"I don't see how you can expect me to keep house decently on this!" Babe would say contemptuously. Babe's nose, always a little inclined to sharpness, had whittled down to a point of late. "If you knew what Ben gives Eva." (*Contd. on page 41*)

The Women's League of Nations

(Continued from page 12)

the work of a day, but the result of successive conferences and of private communications; but its strength and potentiality were unmistakably felt, and the compact then made to work for causes which make for peace and righteousness, and the highest happiness of the race, has not been forgotten, and will yet be kept in days to come which may seem as a dream to us at present, but which will surely dawn, and when progress which we deemed impossible in our day may have become a reality.

A watchword of the International Council of Women has been "The only difference between what is difficult and what is impossible is that what is difficult can be performed to-day, what is impossible to-morrow."

And so we must believe regarding the future work of the International Council of Women. It was to have held its next quinquennial meeting in Norway in 1919, but it is manifestly clear that as a year is required for the preparations for such a meeting, that it cannot now be held, and that its whole future usefulness depends on all its members observing strictly the law of silence, which its constitution imposes during a war, as discussion on "political and religious questions of a controversial nature affecting the interrelationship of two or more countries" is wisely prohibited.

Meanwhile its power for good in the future is being silently but surely increased day by day through the activity and constantly increasing influence of many of its affiliated National Councils.

The position of the National Council of Women of Canada is too well known for it to be necessary for me to speak of it.

Only the other day I heard from South Africa that they had had a successful conference in June at Johannesburg, with delegates from the four provinces of the Union of South Africa, when they finally passed their constitution for the National Council of Women of South Africa and parted full of confidence in the great possibilities of usefulness through their organization.

The French National Council is strongly supporting a Bill for the extension of the Suffrage to Women, and is also much occupied with the campaign now being carried on in France against tuberculosis and alcoholism, and for the welfare of mothers and children, which the American Red Cross is so effectually promoting, as also the care and the rehabilitation of the refugees from the devastated districts.

The Danish National Council writes that nine women were returned to their Rigsdag at the election last May, the first occasion on which women took part as voters.

As no regular reports are asked for from any National Council during the war, it is only through private or informal letters that news is received.

National Council of Great Britain

I CAN, therefore, best illustrate the powers that National Councils of Women have for influence and helpfulness during the war by giving some idea of the work carried on during the last four years by the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland, under the presidency of Mrs. Creighton, and during the last year, of Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon D.Sc., Ph.D., so well known to all members of the International Council, and who was its Hon. Secretary at the International Council meeting in Canada in 1909.

At the outbreak of the war a Consultative Committee was formed, which met very frequently during the first few months, and to which any members of the Council or other workers seeking advice were made welcome. This Committee was able to act as a centre of information and advice to both associations and individuals seeking to serve, and has proved a channel of infinite usefulness, preventing much overlapping, and able, through knowledge accumulated from all manner of sources to put enquirers in touch with the most effective opening for training and work.

Local Unions or Councils in populous centres were advised to form similar Consultative Committees for the convenience and assistance of their members and others, and each of these Local Unions, being a federation of all the local societies, is in a position to direct and concentrate patriotic activity in a most efficient and helpful manner, without interfering in any way with the internal organization of any association.

Twice at least during these four years the National Council has been able to give a swift and decisive denial to calumnies directed against British women, which doubtless owed their origin to German propaganda. During the first months of the war, a wide-spread rumour got abroad that a vast number of illegitimate births were to be expected, especially in the vicinity of training camps and barracks when men recruits were billeted.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York requested the National Council to make an investigation on the subject, and through the facilities at its disposal, very full enquiries were rapidly set on foot in every part of the United Kingdom, which enabled an authoritative denial to be given to the malicious rumour, and which denial was fully borne out by the figures subsequently published by the Registrars-General of Great Britain and Ireland in their annual reports.

A couple of years later, another report got about as to the immense increase of drinking amongst women, and the wives of our soldiers and sailors left at home were especially calumniated. Again the same procedure was adopted with an equally satisfactory result. It was shown that certain women addicted to drink drank more because they had more money at their command, but that there was no reason to accuse the brave mothers and wives of our soldiers and sailors of abusing their liberty, and that as a matter of fact, there was a large decrease of drunkenness amongst women, as indicated by the decrease in arrests made.

Protective Measures

BUT the first of the investigations above mentioned convinced the enquirers that whilst there was no truth in the allegations made, yet there was urgent need to take measures to protect the young girls of the country, who, excited by the war fever and intensely patriotic in their feelings, had become restless, and as they poured out of the factories and shops, were apt to frequent the public thoroughfares and the vicinity of barracks in a way most dangerous both for themselves and for the young soldiers in training. With the direct approval of Lord Kitchener, the movement for training Women Patrols was then started, with the object of sending out wise sympathetic women in couples to patrol the districts where the young girls and soldiers were likely to meet, and by tactful "mothering" to warn them of their danger, and then to create new interests by inviting them to clubs and recreation rooms, where they could both amuse themselves and learn how to work for the soldiers and for the country.

Clubs were also formed where the girls and the soldiers could meet, and have a good time under proper supervision.

These Voluntary Women Patrols have accomplished a great work, and now a number of them are regularly employed and paid by the Commissioners of Police and Chief Constables, and side by side with the Patrols, the movement for training and appointing regular police women has developed in a way which shows that a very real need is being met, and that the police woman has come to stay.

Active Standing Committees watching closely all legislation affecting women, proposals for reconstruction and housing schemes after the war, and industrial developments, are educating women all over the country in these matters, and the care and protection of unmarried mothers and their children and of adopted children is engaging the attention of the Public Service Committee.

The Nationality of Married Women, which has been a subject which the International Council has requested the affiliated National Councils to bear in mind ever since 1904, with a view of promoting some agreed international action, has been very much before the public owing to the difficult position occupied by women marrying aliens.

The National Council of Women of Great Britain, supported by many organizations both in the United Kingdom and in the overseas dominions, strongly desire that there should be legislation enabling a British woman to retain her nationality on marriage with an alien all over the Empire, a right enjoyed by women in the United Kingdom until 1870.

There are doubtless difficulties in the way of one country acting independently of others in this matter, and it is suggested that at the International Conference after the war, the British Government

(Continued on page 22)

All the skill and care used in making the original high quality PURITY FLOUR is maintained in milling

"More Bread and Better Bread and Better Pastry"

Canada Food Board License Nos., Cereal 2-009 Flour 15, 16, 17, 18

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Ltd.
HEAD OFFICE
Toronto, Ont.

PURITY FLOUR

(Government Standard)
REMEMBER THE NAME
Purity Oats are given the same exacting care

The "New" MacLean's

Starting with the January issue, MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE comes out in a new size—11 x 14¼—same size as *The Saturday Evening Post.* This change will enable us to give readers more entertaining articles and stories and a very much enlarged "Review of Reviews" Section. You will find this January issue of MACLEAN'S more pleasing and instructive than the great majority of magazines you find displayed on news-stands—

and—*contents are carefully censored—no sex stories—you can take it into your home with the utmost confidence.*

A Word About the Contents—

"WHY LAURIER WILL WAIT"

In discussing the policy of the Liberal leader during the coming session of Parliament, J. K. Munro predicts, in January MACLEAN'S, that Laurier will allow Union Government a free hand. In this policy of inactivity he sees the way open to the accomplishment of all his purposes. "If he is half the politician his friends believe he is, he will sit and smile and wait—yet a little longer."

A Few of the Other "Head-liners" in this Issue:

Bolsheviks at Work in Canada

A sensational article on activities in subterranean circles. There are foreigners in Canada ready to wave the red flag.

Achievements of the Canadian Army

Since the Canadian Division was formed, they have not retired a foot nor lost a gun—a marvellous record. An inside story of how this great army was handled and controlled is told by H. F. Gadsby, who spent a month at Headquarters during the last great offensive.

The Grave Danger of Peace

An article by Agnes C. Laut on the insidious new propaganda being launched by the Germans to split the Allies.

Jock in a Juggernaut

The most interesting war article in a long while, because it is new—it deals with experiences in the tanks.

AND THESE AS WELL:

The Dance Halls of Dawson . . . . . By E. WARD SMITH
My Hour . . . . . By ROBERT W. SERVICE
The Strange Adventure of a Rialto Rainstorm . By ARTHUR STRINGER
Old Times in Canada . . . . . By WALT MASON
The Minx Goes to the Front . . . . By C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON
The Three Sapphires . . . . . By W. A. FRASER
Mr. Craighouse, of New York, Satirist . By ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER
The Intercepting Spark . . . . . By MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

Over 65,000 Canadian Families Buy

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

20c. PER COPY. $2.00 PER YEAR.

A TRIAL!—6 Months for $1.00

MACLEAN'S sells for $2.00 a year—should be more. We want you to get acquainted with MACLEAN'S, for we know that after we once introduce you to "Canada's National Magazine," you two are going to be friends for life. So, to make you known to each other, we will accept your subscription now for only six months to start off with. In other words, we want you to "try out" MACLEAN'S and see for yourself just how good it is! Don't miss this unusual opportunity. Simply sign the coupon, pin a postal note to it and mail it to us

TO-DAY!

TEAR OFF HERE AND MAIL

The MacLean Publishing Company,
143 University Ave., Toronto, Ontario

I accept your offer. I am enclosing $1.00 to pay for MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE for six full months. Please start me off with the big January issue.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

EWW

Have You An Accumulation of Wheat Substitutes?

Our Thrift and Patriotism Deny | **Recipes That Will Help You** | **Them the Privilege of Uselessness**

BARLEY flour, potato flour, rice and rye flour; corn meal, and oat meal—they *did* seem to come in such quantities for a while! And in many a household, box has been added to bag on the "One-of-these-days shelf,"—for the cook's newly acquired knowledge of their use has not been broad enough to keep pace with the incoming substitutes that accompanied every package of wheat flour. Here are some recipes that will help you to use up the surplus cereals—for every bit of food in the world is too precious to-day to let one grain escape. And they make delicious things, these new-old flours of ours—so good that they will stay with us even after restrictions and food-orders have become part of the history of the Great War.

By Katherine M Caldwell.

Boston Brown Bread

ONE pint corn meal, 1 pint Graham flour, 1 pint sour milk, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix meal and flour. Mash soda and salt before measuring. Sift, and mix thoroughly with the flour.Add

Cocoanut Muffins are attractive

milk and molasses, and beat well. If not moist enough, add a little warm water (it should be like drop-batter).

Pour into well-greased mould, filling only two-thirds full. Put on a tightly-fitting cover, which is also well-greased. Steam three hours in a steamer or boil mould three hours in a kettle of boiling water, replenishing as it evaporates with *boiling water.*

Bran Loaf

SIFT 1 quart flour level, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 rounded teaspoon baking soda, 2 tablespoons sugar. Wet with sour milk or butter-milk to the consistency of a stiff batter. Bake in a well-greased pan until a straw brings away no moisture. Brush the top with milk and cover with a cloth until cool.

Sultana Muffins

SIX ounces butter or margarine, 2 oz. fine sugar, ½ lb. corn flour, 2 eggs, 1 small teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup currants and sultana raisins.

Cream the butter well, work in the sugar and corn flour, and moisten with the well-beaten eggs. Beat all together very well, then add the baking powder and drop about a teaspoonful into small patty-pans. Bake about 20 minutes. This amount will make about 25 little cakes.

Cocoa Patty Cakes

THREE-QUARTERS cup barley meal, ¾ cup flour, ¼ cup cocoa, ¾ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 egg, 1¼ cups sour milk or butter-milk, 2 tablespoons shortening.

Mix dry materials. Add the milk, the egg, well beaten and the softened shortening. Beat for several minutes until very well blended and bake in small pans.

Nut Brown Bread

TWO cups flour, 2 cups Graham flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ cup molasses, 1½ cups sweet milk.

Mix in order and bake in a loaf tin or in baking powder tins, about ½ to ¾ hour.

Cereal Muffins Cocoanut Iced

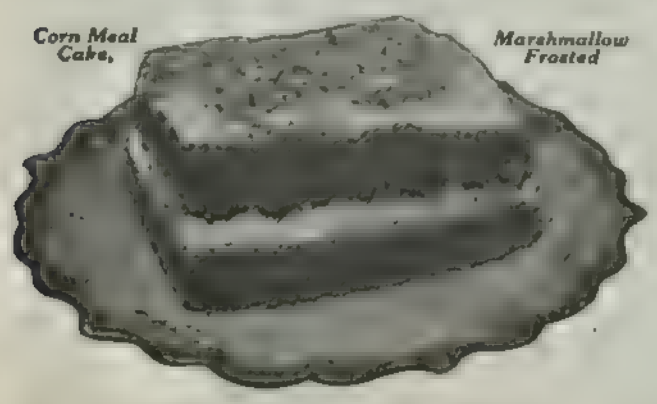
ONE cup flour, ½ cup cooked cereal (oatmeal, hominy or rice), ½ cup corn meal, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons shortening, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 4 teaspoons baking powder.

Beat together the cereal, salt, melted shortening, beaten egg and milk. Sift in together the flour, cornmeal and baking powder. Beat well, and bake in greased muffin pans, about half an hour. Spread with a little thin frosting and sprinkle plenty of cocoanut on it, pressing it so it will stick. These should be served while fresh.

Corn Meal Cake Marshmallow Frosted

THREE-QUARTERS cup butter or substitute, 1 scant cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup flour, 1 cup corn meal,

Corn Meal Cake, *Marshmallow Frosted*



2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup milk, vanilla.

Cream shortening and sugar thoroughly. Add the yolks of eggs, flour (with the baking powder sifted in it), and the milk, adding them alternately. Beat in a teaspoonful of vanilla and lastly fold in the well-beaten whites of eggs. Bake in jelly tins or in a flat cake that may be cut in half and placed together with a thick layer of marshmallow frosting

Marshmallow Frosting

THREE-QUARTERS cup brown sugar, ¾ cup white sugar, water to moisten, ½ lb. marshmallows, 1 egg white, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

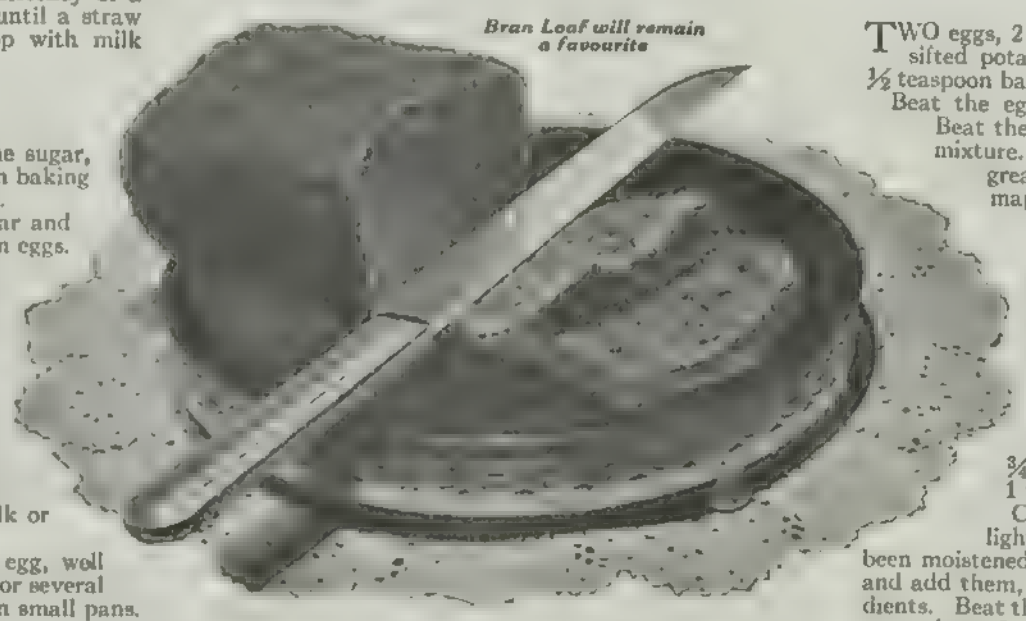
Boil the sugar and water untill a thread forms off the spoon. Melt the marshmallows in a double boiler. Whip the egg-white very stiff and pour the syrup over it, beating steadily.

Add the melted marshmallows, the flavouring, and beat until the right consistency to spread on the cake. If desired, the frosting may be coloured with a dash of cochineal, or vegetable colouring, and a few chopped nuts or candied cherries make a very desirable addition.

Devil Food Cake

THIS cake is made in two separate mixtures. For the first one, cream ½ cup butter or substitute with 1 cup white sugar. When light, add 1 cup sweet milk and two well-beaten eggs. Beat these ingredients together thoroughly and add the second mixture.

Bran Loaf will remain a favourite



Mixture 2—Put in a saucepan, 1 cup grated chocolate or cocoa, ½ cup sweet milk, 2/3 cup sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Place over fire and cook until of a creamy consistency.

When this mixture has been added to the first one, stir in 1 cup flour, 1 cup barley flour and 3 teaspoons baking powder sifted together. Bake in a shallow pan, cover with white frosting and cut into cubes. Or cut in two, placing together as layers, with chocolate icing and ice the top.

Cocoanut Pudding

ONE cup flour, 1 cup corn meal, 1 cup barley flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, ¾ cup syrup or

Saltana and Cocoa Patty-cakes

honey, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1 pint sour milk or butter-milk, 1 cup cocoanut, 1 cup chopped dates.

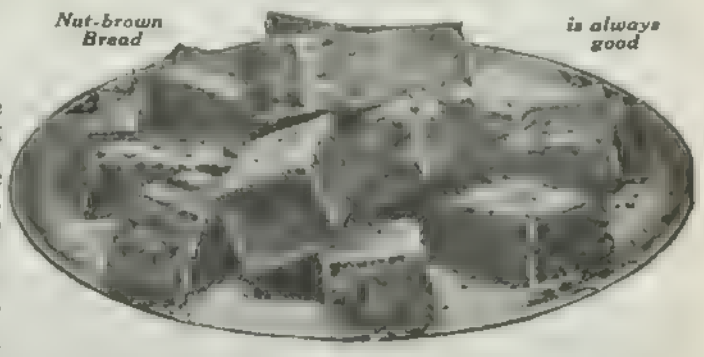
Sift the soda and salt with the flour and meal. Add sweetening, shortening, milk, cocoanut and dates(stoned and halved). Grease a mould well, pour in the pudding, cover with a floured cloth tied tightly, and steam for four hours. Turn out, and serve with a sweet pudding sauce.

Large Chocolate Almond Cake

ONE cup butter or substitute, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups rice flour, 1 cup flour, 1 cup milk, 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon, 2 heaping teaspoons baking-powder, 1 level teaspoon salt, ½ lb. blanched almonds

Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs well beaten, and the milk alternating with the sifted flour which has the salt, spices and baking pwder in it. Have boiling together 4 squares chocolate, 1 cup milk and 1 cup sugar.

Nut-brown Bread *is always good*



Pour half of this into the cake mixture, retaining the rest for icing. Spread the cake out level in a large oblong pan; stick blanched almonds thickly over the top, drawing spatula or spoon lightly over the cake so as to just cover them with the dough. After baking the cake, spread the rest of the chocolate icing (which must be boiled until it thickens) over the cake.

Potato Flour Waffles

TWO eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, a pinch of salt, 1 cup sifted potato flour, 1 cup sour milk or butter-milk, ½ teaspoon baking soda.

Beat the eggs light, add the sugar, salt and flour. Beat the soda into the sour milk, and add to the mixture. Cook to a delicate brown on a well-greased waffle iron and serve very hot with maple syrup, honey or mixed sugar and cinnamon sprinkled on buttered waffles.

Cocoa Cake

THREE-QUARTERS cup butter or margarine, 2 cups brown sugar, ½ cup cocoa, 1 cup mashed potatoes, 2 eggs, ¾ cup milk, 1½ cups rye flour, 1 cup wheat flour, 5 level teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¾ teaspoon allspice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Cream shortening and sugar until very light, add potatoes, and the cocoa, which has been moistened with a little cold water. Beat the eggs, and add them, with the milk. Sift in all the dry ingredients. Beat thoroughly and bake in a rather deep, well-greased pan for about an hour.

Hermits

ONE-half cup butter or substitute, ¼ cup sugar, ¾ cup honey (or one whole cup sugar), 2 eggs, 1¼ cups oat flour, 1¼ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 6 level teaspoons baking powder 1 teaspoon, cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, ¼ cup hot water (½ cup if all sugar and no honey is used), 1½ cups chopped dates, 1 cup broken walnuts or other nut-meats.

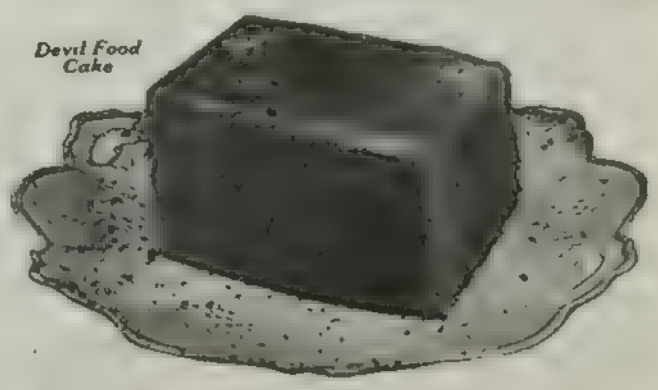
Cream shortening, add the sweetening and beaten egg. Add part of the dry ingredients, sifted together, and then some of the water, alternate until all are in. Add the floured fruit and nuts. Drop by spoonfuls in greased paper-lined tins and bake in a quick oven. This makes quite a large quantity, and these little cakes, if put in a tin box, will keep some time.

Barley Sponge Cake

ONE cup sugar, 4 eggs, 1 scant cup barley flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 pinch salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Beat the yolks of eggs steadily for four or five minutes. Add the sugar, little by little, still using the egg-beater to mix it with the egg. Sift in the flour, with the baking powder and salt in it. Have the whites of the eggs ready, beaten very stiff, with the lemon juice. Fold in,

Devil Food Cake



and bake in a sponge cake pan with a funnel-centre. Give it about three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT **Edited by KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.**

An Apple a Day
Keeps the Doctor Away

An Apple a Night
Keeps the Dentist Bill Light

Baked Pork Chops with Apples

DUST pork chops lightly with salt, pepper, dry bread crumbs and sage. Place in a baking dish, put on each a halved cored apple containing a bit of butter, and cook in a moderate oven till tender, about 45 minutes. When the crumbs are brown, add a little water.

Apple Trifle

TAKE 1 dozen large good cooking apples. Pare and core them. Stew cores and parings in ½ pint of water, keeping as many of the pips in them as possible. Add to the liquor thus produced the grated rind and juice of 2 lemons, and a teacupful of brown sugar. Now add the apples and stew in the syrup, taking care it does not burn. Cut three thick slices of plain loaf cake Place a slice in a deep glass dish and pour over it a wineglassful of brandy. Spread thickly over it a layer of the pulped apples. Repeat the process until the two remaining slices are used, leaving the top one without any apples. Arrange the rest of apples around the base of the cake. Now beat thoroughly the yolk of 2 eggs, to which add ½ pint of milk and ½ pint of cream. Sweeten with white sugar and put it over the fire, stirring it until just about to boil. Now pour it over the apples. Chop 2 oz. of sweet almonds. Strew over the custard, and l[illegible] over all a fine whip of cream, made some hours previously. Arrange spoonful of red currant jelly round the base of the trifle, dye with cochineal a little white sugar, strew over the top and serve.

Apple, chopped fruits, celery and whipped cream.

Apple Tarts

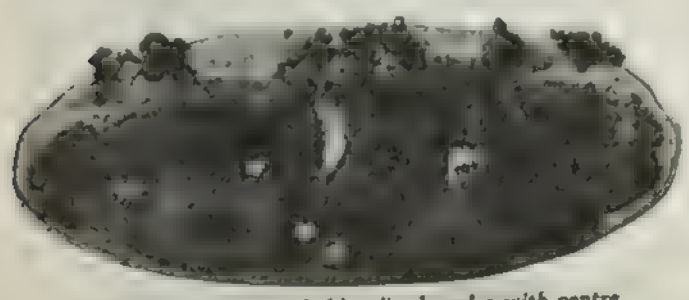
TAKE 3 large oranges, peel very finely, and boil the peel until it becomes soft. Then chop it well. Pare and core 4 dozen small apples. Boil with only enough water to cover them. When nearly done add 1½ lbs. of brown sugar, the chopped peel and juice of the oranges. Boil all together till smooth and allow it to cool. Line patty pans with thin paste and fill up each with the fruit. Bake from 10 to 15 minutes in a brisk oven. These are equally good cold or hot.

Apple Pudding (Open Faced Apple Pie)

PEEL, core and cut into quarters ½ dozen large apples. Steam or bake them in a covered dish until quite soft. Mash to a pulp and add the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Beat up the yolks of four and whites of 2 eggs. Add ¼ lb. of butter just melted over the fire. Mix the whole smoothly together, line a dish with a light puff paste. Bake 20 minutes and serve.

Apple Marmalade

PEEL some apples core and cut in very thin slices. Put in an earthenware or stone jar. Place the jar in a saucepan of boiling water. To every pound of



Fried sausages surrounded by sliced apples with centre cut out and fried

apples add ¾ lb. of loaf sugar, and a small ½ teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon. Put the saucepan over a moderate fire, frequently shake the contents of the jar, but do not touch with a spoon. When the marmalade looks smooth and clear put into pots, when cool tie down tightly.

Pommes a la Duchesse

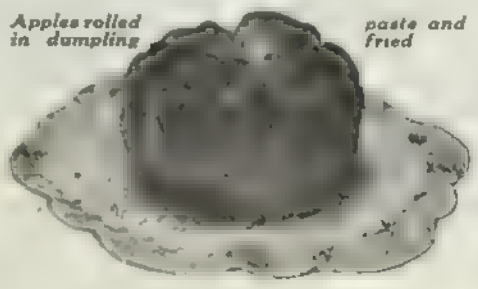
PEEL, core and steam 1 dozen small apples until soft. Mash to a pulp and mix smoothly with 2 well-beaten eggs, ¼ pint of cream, some powdered white sugar, and bread crumbs enough to form them into little cakes. Lay them in a pan of boiling water until nicely browned. As soon as they are cold, squeeze some lemon juice over them and lay on each a spoonful of thick cream. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve.

Apple and Ginger Jam

WASH, peel, core and cut up 12 lbs. cooking apples, put them in a preserving pan with 5 lbs. sugar, 2½ lbs. glucose or corn syrup, rind and juice of 3 lemons, 1½ pints water and 2 teaspoonfuls ground ginger. Bring slowly to the boil and cook until it is reduced to a pulp but be sure to stir frequently while cooking. Then put the jam into jars, cover and tie them down and store in a cool place.

Apple Chutney

PEEL, core and cut up 6 lbs. large sour unripe apples, peel also ½ lb. onions and chop them finely. Pound 2 oz. garlic, 2½ oz. ground ginger, 3 oz. chillies, and 3 oz. mustard seed in a mortar. Cook the apples and onions in 3 qts. vinegar till tender. Add 2 lbs. sugar, cool, then add 4 oz. salt, 1¼ lbs. stoned raisins or sultanas and pounded mixture. Mix well, put the chutney into bottles or jars, tie cover or cork, and store in a cool place.



Apples rolled in dumpling paste and fried

Brown Betty Pudding

BUTTER a baking dish. Place 3 cups chopped apples in two layers. Put 2 cups bread crumbs on bottom of dish, in the middle and on top, keeping greatest part for the top. Sprinkle ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon and 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg all through the pudding. Mix the rind of 1 lemon ,¼ cup water and 2 tablespoon-

Baked apples with almonds stuck on top

fuls lemon juice and pour over the top layer of apples. Bake in a moderate oven 1 hour. Cover for 45 minutes to prevent burning. Serve with cream and sugar or pudding sauce.

Apple Charlotte

CUT some slices of stale bread about a quarter of an inch thick and cut them out into small rounds; fry them in hot butter to a light brown colour, then line a plain buttered mould with the rounds of bread. Peel and core 1½ lbs. of apples, stew them with half a cupful of sugar, ½ teaspoonful cinnamon and 2 cloves, remove from the fire when soft and stir in the yolks of 2 eggs; pour into the prepared mould and cover with a round of bread fried and cut just the size of the top mould. Bake in a moderate oven for 40 minutes. This is delicious served with cream.

Apple Cup

WASH and core six apples; then cut them into thin slices without paring. Put them in a porcelain-lined or granite kettle with a cup of raisins, 2 bay leaves, a 2-inch stick of cinnamon and the grated yellow rind of 2 lemons. Add 2 qts. cold water, bring to a boil; add 2 more qts. cold water, bring to a boil; add 2 more qts. of cold water, cover the kettle and boil slowly for 30 minutes; strain through a muslin bag. When cold add the juice of 3 lemons. At serving-time add a little shaved ice or chill it by putting it in contact with ice.

Apple Butter (Sugarless)

HEAT 2 qts of new sweet cider in a porcelain-lined kettle, and boil down to half the quantity. Put into the kettle. Wash, pare, quarter and core 1 peck apples; add to the boiling cider and when soft beat with a wooden spoon until smooth. The butter must cook until it is thick. Add 1 tablespoonful of ground cinnamon and 1 teaspoonful grated nutmeg before putting in jars. No sugar is used and any kind of apples will do. Pour into glasses and cover with paraffin.

Apple Bread Pudding (Eggless)

CUT a stale small loaf in halves crosswise, remove soft part and crumb by rubbing through a colander. Melt ¼ cup of butter and add to apples, stirring lightly, using a fork. Wipe, pare, core and slice apples. There should be 4 cupfuls. Mix ¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon of grated nutmeg, and the grated rind and juice of ½ lemon. Put 1/3 of bread in buttered pudding dish, spread over one half apples and sprinkle with ½ sugar mixture, repeat. Cover with remaining crumbs and bake forty minutes in a moderate oven. Cover the first 15 minutes of baking to prevent crumbs from browning too rapidly. Serve hot with sugar and thin cream.

Apple Muffins

ONE egg, 1 cup milk, ¼ cup water (omit water if pastry flour is used), 2 tablespoonfuls melted shortening, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 cup finely chopped apples.

Separate egg and beat yolk thoroughly. Add milk, and water, then the shortening. Sift together the dry ingredients and add the liquid together with apples. Beat thoroughly, then fold in well-beaten white of egg, put in muffin tins and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven.

Pudding a la Rachel

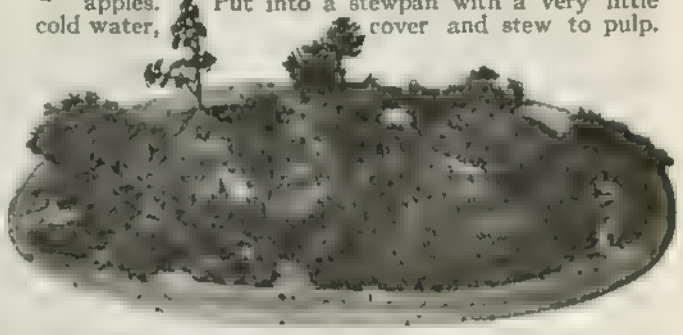
TAKE 1 lb. bread crumbs, 1 lb. finely chopped mutton suet, 1 lb. currants, 1 flat teaspoonful powdered cinnamon or nutmeg, 4 eggs well beaten, rind of 1 lemon and juice of 2. Mix all together put it into a buttered pudding mould. Place some well-buttered cooking paper on the top and set in boiling water for 4 hours. Care must be taken that the water does not boil into it and that the saucepan be kept well covered. Serve with sauce.

Apple Dumplings

PASTE the same as for apple pudding, divide into as many pieces as dumplings are required, peel and core the apples, roll out your paste large enough; put in the apples, close the dumplings, tie them in cloths very tight. Boil them one hour; when you take them up, dip them quickly in cold water and put them in a cup while you untie them; they will turn out without breaking.

Apple Custard

PARE, co[illegible]re and cut in slices six or eight large apples. Put into a stewpan with a very little cold water, [illegible] cover and stew to pulp.



Pork chops with half a baked apple on top of each

Add a tablespoonful of preserved quince or a teaspoon of grated lemon-rind and sugar to taste. Let the mixture get cold; pour over it a pint of custard, grate nutmeg on the top and bake in a gentle oven. When custard sets it is done. This is better cold than hot.

Apple Fritters

TAKE some apples and peel; cut in rather thin slices across the core and cut the core out of each slice so that it forms a ring. Take a little sugar, and rub a few lumps on the outside of a lemon; then crush and pound. Press each ring of apple on this sugar on each side; dip it into some stiff batter and fry in lard. When fried a nice brown colour, let them drain. Shake white powdered sugar over them.

Our Cooking Equipment and Its Care

IF you want to purchase any of the articles on this page, write to us for the address of the manufacturer or merchant who handles it. Or if you would like us to make the purchase for you, enclose money order to cover cost and we will do your shopping without any charge to you. Katherine M. Caldwell.

IS there ever an old-time tale told—be it of witches, gypsies, or an ancient dame presiding over the spit at her open hearth—is there ever such a story that sooner or later does not introduce an iron pot?

And the burnished copper pans of our Old Country grandmothers! It is a treat to-day to look into an English kitchen and see the long row of gleaming pots and kettles—the red-gold of copper and the yellow of brass. Sometimes they are still in use—but many of them have given way to the lighter, less laborious utensils, and are now chiefly concerned with impersonating the sun and throwing back for every gleam of light they catch, a dozen glowing rays.

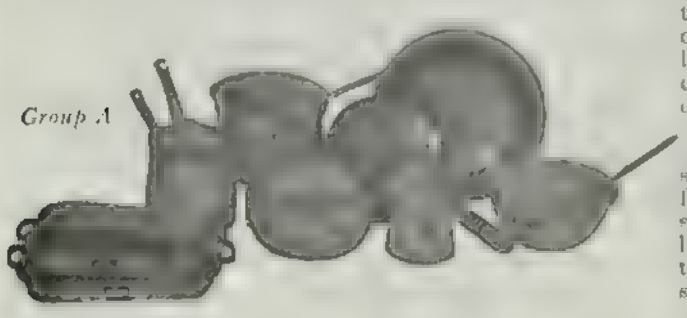
The modern Canadian kitchen knows nothing of even the decorative uses of the fine old aristocrats of the kitchen; but even the drive for efficiency and economy and labour-saving that has given us one kitchen-ware after another, has not overlooked appearance. The dark grays and blues, the attractive light blues and white of enamel-ware, the soft silver-gray of well-kept aluminum, the gleam of fire-proof glass—these are not to be despised.

It is not especially in her *use* of these that the cook of to-day is to be envied, however. The variety of materials, shapes, and usefulness represented in our hardware stores and departments, gives every woman the opportunity to provide for herself a perfect cooking equipment.

To begin with, it is never wise to buy *cheap* cooking utensils. That does not mean that one must buy the higher-priced wares. It means that the amount allotted to the purchase of pots and pans and their boon companions, should be held in mind and the wares that will fit most neatly into that appropriation selected. But whatever the ware decided upon, it then pays to buy only the best quality in that ware. One enamel pot may cost less than another of the same size, yet, if it cracks and chips and must be replaced in six months, and the 25 per cent. higher-priced pot would carry on the same service for a year, there is obviously no economy.

The actual uses for which utensils are desired should play a large part also in the selection of the ware. Certain materials have definite advantages in particular fields of usefulness. Take, for instance, a kettle—it is in constant use, the requirements made of it will not vary—long life is a primary consideration. Therefore, let steel, enamel on steel, nickeled copper or aluminum be the choice for this type of utensil.

For deep frying or for cooking a pot-roast on the top of the stove, the possessor of an old-fashioned iron pot

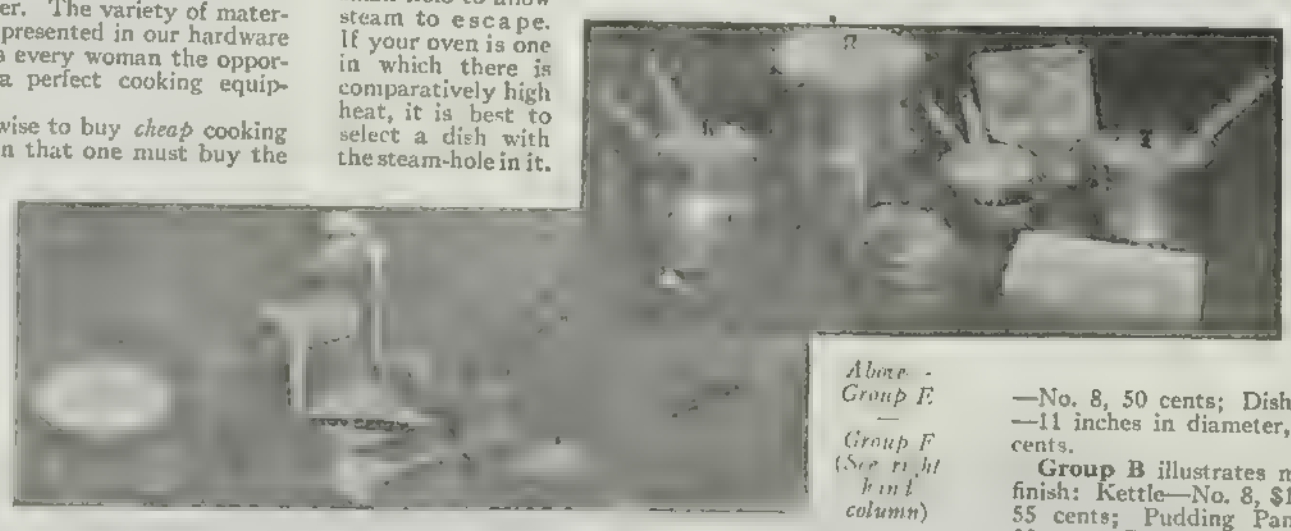


Group A

is indeed fortunate. They are usually called Scotch kettles. Cast aluminum is recommended in the same deep design.

When it comes to a question of baking, the results and the utensils are very closely allied. The rather new fire-proof glass-ware is delightful—turns out a very evenly coloured loaf or cake and always reveals to the cook's eye the progress of all but the very heart of her mixture. If a thoroughly tested and approved brand of cooking glass is bought, it will give splendid satisfaction. Only the most reasonable care against breakage is necessary, and quite marked extremes of heat and cold will not crack the glass. Its exquisitely clean surfaces are, of course, almost as great a joy to the housewife as the even-cooked surfaces it turns out. Aluminum will give this nice balance of cooking also—the bottom and sides of the loaf cooked in an aluminum pan will all be uniformly satisfactory. There is no economy argument to be held for tin pans, as against those of glass or aluminum, for although the initial outlay is only a fraction of that required for the better wares, tin is short-lived, whilst new it gives very poor results, and when it is tempered to the point where it will quickly absorb heat, it is nearing the end of its period of usefulness. Obviously, then, without taking into consideration the good food-materials that may be spoiled in poor dishes, the better baking pans will always pay.

Casserole cookery has come into such prominence that new dishes to cook in and new things to cook in them are constantly appearing. The casserole most liked is of fire-proof glass, vitrified china or pottery. These materials are best adapted to the flavour-preserving, juice-retaining, cooking process. The cover comes with or without a small hole to allow steam to escape. If your oven is one in which there is comparatively high heat, it is best to select a dish with the steam-hole in it.



Above—Group E—Group F (See right hand column)

The oven has something to say in the matter of the roasting-pan; also a good covered enamel or aluminum roasting pan that will give a really browned surface and that allows no condensation whatever, is a great boon. However, only the open style of roasting-pan should be used in an electric or insulated gas oven.

THE cleansing methods and agents to be used for the various cooking-wares differ somewhat. They all require a little attention constantly. One of the woven pot-cloths that include copper shavings, will remove particles from the inside of the pot with less trouble than anything else. A rub inside and out with one of the first-class friction-powders will keep the surfaces clean and comparatively unstained. A brush with bristles of steel wire, is exceedingly useful and in conjunction with the cleansing powder, will take care of nearly all these wares.

Aluminum requires a little individual treatment. It will not stand strong soap or any sort of alkali solutions. The proper cleansing agent to use here is fine steel-wool and white soap—a strictly non-alkali soap. The steel wool is hard on one's fingers, and should be caught in a cloth or on the end of a large cork. This treatment will remove the brown stains that stand between some housewives and their love for aluminum utensils.

A mop of wire rings, interwoven, is a good old stand-by for cleaning pots, and used with the powder, will keep steel, tinned steel, iron, and enamel utensils ship-shape.

The smaller accessories come in some variety. Muffin pans are nicest in aluminum. A frying pan of cast aluminum, and one of sheet steel or granite will fill every requirement. A steam cooker, which will cook several dishes at the same time over one burner, can be had in its very best version, at from $5.50 to $7.50. Failing one of these, a sort of double boiler that has an inner vessel with a wide, perforated rim, will steam one dish and boil another at the same time.

The double boiler is itself indispensable. A good enamel or aluminum one will endear itself for its well-cooked cereals, puddings, sauces—in fact, almost everything that requires boiling, but has even the slightest tendency to burn a slow, flavour-improving process is best carried to success in a double boiler.

Measuring cups and spoons of glass, aluminum or tin, biscuit and cooky cutters in aluminum and tin, aluminum-handled steel knives that impress first with their lightness and handiness and secondly with their keen-cutting edges (less than $3.00 buys a carving-knife and fork, a spatula, and a paring knife that are real kitchen gloom-dispellers). A good egg-beater and an easy working can-opener (35 cents each), long-handled spoons of granite or aluminum and always a couple of wooden ones (nothing can replace a wooden spoon when custards, sauces, salad dressings and such things are boiling—a funnel of enamel or tin, strainers of assorted sizes—10 cents up—egg lifter, corkscrew, apple corer and quarterer, lemon squeezer of glass—these are a few of the small tools that make a woman's work rapid and keep her temper sweet.

A household scales is a basic necessity. If a real scales is out of the question, one of the little spring-scales, costing 65 cents, will help to fill the gap. A glass rolling-pin that may be filled with ice, costs 45 cents solid or $1.00 with revolving handles.

Casseroles are priced according to size. In the brown earthenware, they range from 70 cents to $1.75. The fire-proof glass casserole, round covered, 7-inch size, costs $2.50; oval, 8½-inch, $2.50, 9½-inch, $2.75. Small ramekins and custard cups cost 20 and 30 cents, in the earthenware, 8 to 12 cents.

Bread dishes of glass are $1.25, pie plates $1.15 and $1.25.

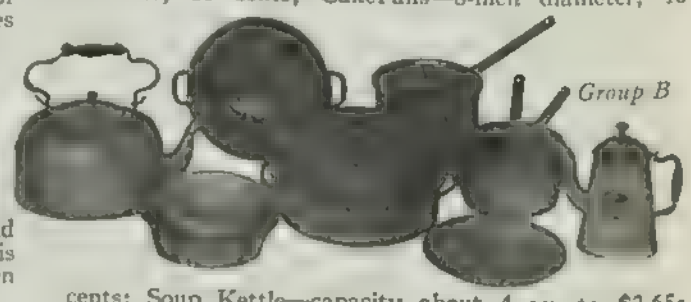
The articles illustrated were, at date of publication, listed at the following prices:

Group A—Of gray enamel, a first-class brand: Roasting Pans—Size 13 x 9 inches, 60 cents; Double Boiler—capacity 17 x 2 inches, $1.05; Inner Boiler—about 2 pints, 90 cents, 6 pints, $1.35; Large Saucepan—covered, about 6 quarts, 75 cents; Soup Kettle—about 8 quarts, $1.10; Coffee Pot—1 quart size, 65 cents; Frying Pan—No. 8, 50 cents; Dish-Pan, 85 cents; Mixing Bowl—11 inches in diameter, 50 cents; Spoon—15-inch, 17 cents.

Group B illustrates more enamel ware in the same finish: Kettle—No. 8, $1.35, No. 9, $1.60; Colander—55 cents; Pudding Pans—8-inch, 20 cents, 10-inch, 32 cents; Covered Roaster—$1.00; Covered Saucepan—about 1½ quarts, 45 cents; Saucepans—two-lipped, 1 quart, 27 cents, 3 quarts, 48 cents; Pie Plate—10-inch, 20 cents; Teapot—capacity 1 quart, 65 cents.

Group C takes us to the tin realm and shows us round Cake Tins, 8-inch at 9 cents; 9-inch, 10 cents; oblong Cake Tins, 25 cents; Muffin Pans, 12 cups, 50 cents; Flour Dredger, 8 cents; Flour Sifter, 25 cents; Pie Plate, 9-inch, 7 cents; 10-inch, 10 cents; Grater, 10 cents; Biscuit-Cutter, 5 cents; Boston Bread Pan, 20 cents; shallow Cake Pan, 15 cents; Scoop, 15 cents.

In **Group D** we have very fine aluminum utensils: Pie Pans—8¼ inches diameter, 38 cents; 9¼ inches diameter, 40 cents; CakePans—8-inch diameter, 40

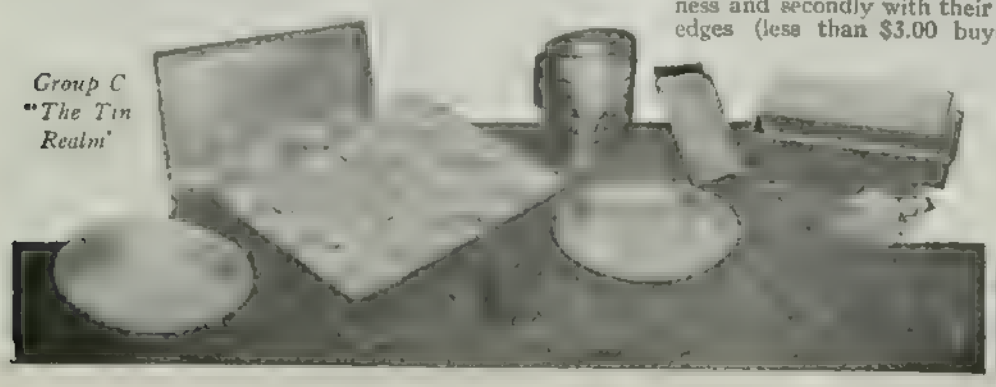


Group B

cents; Soup Kettle—capacity about 4 quarts, $2.65; Long-handled Strainer—65 cents; Tea Kettle—heavy cast aluminum, large size, $7.00; Round Cornered Roasting Pan—4 x 10 inches, $2.25; Saucepan—capacity about 1½ quarts, $1.50; Pudding Pans—60 and 95 cents; Frying Pans—10 inches in diameter, $1.95; Long-handled Spoon—15 inches, 75 cents.

Group E presents more aluminum. Double Boiler—capacity 1⅔ quarts, inner pan, $2.95; Combination Steamer and Saucepan—small, $2.40 to largest, $5.75; Covered Melon Jelly Mould, $1.95; Two-lipped Saucepans—about 1 quart, 75 cents; 2 quarts, $1.25; Muffin Pan—6 cups, 90 cents; 12 cups, $2.25; Large Saucepan—covered, about 3-quart size, $1.40; Cake Pan, $1.00.

Group F takes us to the table of small usefulnesses: Asbestos Mat—5 cents; Soap Shaker, 15 cents; set of Skewers, 15 cents; small Strainer (larger sizes), Food Chopper, with 4 sets of knives in various sizes, $3.00; Pot Holder—5 cents; Paring Knives, 20 cents; Dish Mop, 5 cents; Can Opener, 25 cents; Potato Slicer, 35 cents; Egg-lifter, 10 cents; Cake Cooler, 35 cents.



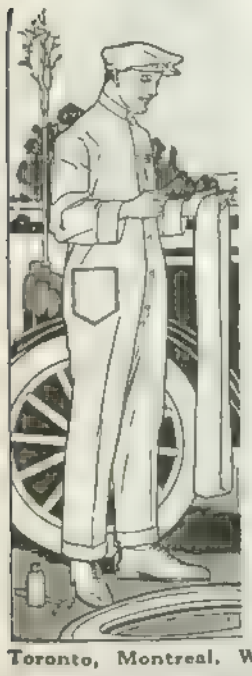
Group C "The Tin Realm"

Group D

Carhartt

SAFETY FIRST

Alloversers



A one-piece oilproof garment, made in Khaki and Blue Denim. It is the most useful and necessary article you can have in your car. Slip on and off in a moment and save their cost the first time you change a tire or repair your car.

If your dealer does not carry them, and will not order them for you, we will supply you direct.

Hamilton Carhartt Cotton Mills, Ltd.
TORONTO UNIT

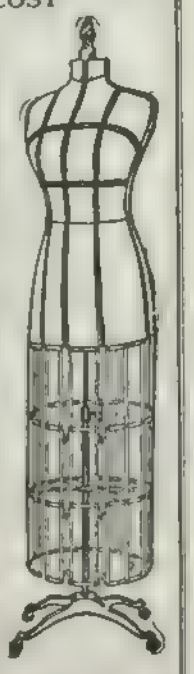
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

VOL-PEEK MENDS
Leaks and Holes in Kitchen Utensils, Graniteware, Aluminum, Enamelledware, Tinware, etc., quickly repaired. Easy to use just like putty. Hardens in two minutes. Each mend only 25c. 15 cts. package. At your dealer or post paid by
Vol Peek Mfg. Co., P. O. Box 2024
Agents Wanted. Montreal, Can

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

LET EJECTHAIR destroy yours FOREVER. NO PAIN, NO HARM, cannot fail. Cheapest and only guaranteed Treatment of its kind. Different to others which only remove the hair over-night. Send 10c for a sample.
MANAGERESS, 607 Golf Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Get This Dress Form
WITHOUT COST



By using a Perfection Adjustable Dress Form you can make your own suit or dress this Winter, and get better clothes at half the ordinary cost. The actual money you will save on the first dress you make will more than pay the cost of the form, so you will rightly be able to say—"It really cost me nothing." Thousands of other women have proven this.

You are sure of perfect fitting garments, if you make them over a Perfection Form. With it you become an expert dressmaker. Trouble and mistakes in fitting are impossible. Every part is adjusted separately, and with the aid of a tape line you can faithfully reproduce the exact proportions of any figure, getting every combination of measurement necessary.

Send a Post Card at Once—Save Half on Your New Winter Suit or Dress.

You owe it to yourself to know more about this wonderful Dress Form that is helping thousands of other women cut their own and their families clothes bills in half. Send a post card to-day for our free catalogue showing all the different styles and prices. Do not order another dress or suit until you have investigated the Perfection Adjustable Form. It costs nothing to find out. Write to-day while you think of it.

The Adjustable Dress Form Co. of Canada Ltd.
161 King St. W., Toronto, Canada

Clip This Coupon

To The Adjustable Dress Form Co. of Canada, Ltd.
161 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Without cost or obligation, please send me your Catalogue of Perfection Adjustable Dress Forms. I want to save half the cost of suits and dresses.

Name .....

Address .....

Menus For Mid-Winter Days

When We Look to Our Foods for Warmth as Well as Nourishment

By MARJORIE DALE

FOLLOWING are the recipes for dishes specified in the menus featured below. They have all been tested in our own experiment kitchen and are both recommended and guaranteed for the economical use of our readers.

Fruit Cocktail

1 grape fruit — A few grapes or
1 large orange — Slices of bananas

Remove fruit skins carefully, scraping away white fibre. Cut in small sections, saving juices carefully and serve very slightly sweetened, in sherbet glasses.

Winter Salad

Lettuce — Cress
Boiled Beet-root — 3 hard boiled eggs
Celery — Boiled dressing in oil and vinegar.

Shred the celery into thin pieces, slice the beets and eggs. Arrange on crisp lettuce (or endive) and pour the dressing over the salad just when it is to be served—if a salad is allowed to stand long after it is dressed, it will lose its crisp and light appearance.

Spanish Rice

2 tablespoons butter, or margarine
2 cups salted, boiled rice
1 cup rice water
1 green pepper
Salt, pepper
2 tablespoons flour
1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce
2 cups canned tomatoes
2 tablespoons crumbs

Melt butter in a saucepan and blend in the flour, add the Worcestershire sauce, and very gradually, the rice-water, stirring constantly until it thickens.

Put a layer of rice (which has been cooked until tender in actively boiling water), in a baking dish, sprinkle a little of the chopped green pepper over it and pour over some of the hot tomato mixture. Add another layer of rice, more tomato, etc., and lastly sprinkle with the bread crumbs, slightly buttered and dusted with salt and a very little paprika.

Bake until very hot and a golden brown on top.

Date Suet Pudding

¼ lb. flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ lb. grated suet
pinch salt
½ cup sugar
1 cup chopped dates

Put flour, sifted with the baking powder and finely chopped or grated beef suet (very fresh) in a bowl, add the sugar, and stir them together. Moisten with water, mixing lightly with a fork. Add the dates; steam or boil in a bowl, or cloth, for two hours.

Prune Moulds

ONE lb. prunes, washed and stoned, 1½ pints cold water, ¼ lb. granulated sugar, 1 lemon juice and rind.

Simmer slowly for twenty-five minutes. Add 1 oz. gelatine, previously dissolved in cold water. Serve with cream or custard. A few blanched almonds stuck into the jelly after it is turned out, and some strips of angelica, will add to the attractiveness of the dish.

Corn Oysters

TURN a jar or can of corn into a mixing bowl, add one egg well-beaten, half a cup of milk, a scant teaspoon salt, half a teaspoon pepper, flour enough to make a fairly thick batter, allowing one teaspoon baking powder to each cup of flour used. Drop by spoonfuls into boiling fat and fry to a crisp golden brown.

Mutton Rissoles

CUT cold lamb or mutton into small pieces, and season with pepper and salt. Make a heavy white sauce as for macaroni, omitting the cheese. Have the sauce very thick, drop in the diced meat and set aside to cool. When it is time to fry the rissoles, use two tablespoons, lifting the jellied mixture with one and rounding it with the other. Dip first into beaten egg, then in fine bread crumbs. Lay carefully in a frying basket, if you have one, and fry a golden brown in deep, boiling fat. Drain on a piece of brown wrapping paper in the oven, and serve very hot.

Roly-Poly Mincemeat Pudding

ONE pound flour, half pound chopped beef suet, very fresh, ½ pint water, ¼ cup sugar. Remove all skin and shreds from the suet and chop it very fine (less suet may be used if a plain pudding is wanted). Rub it well into the flour, add the sugar and work to a smooth paste with the water. Roll out to the thickness of about half an inch. Spread the mincemeat evenly over the paste, leaving a small margin for the joining. Roll it up, moisten the ends slightly and fasten them, and tie in a floured cloth. Have a large pot ready, with the water *boiling*, put in the pudding and boil for two hours. Never let the water off the boil—if more is needed, add from a boiling kettle.

Menus for a Week in January

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Grapefruit — Toasted Muffins and Marmalade — Hot Chocolate

Dinner
Fruit Cocktail — Roast Beef — Brown Potatoes — Brussels Sprouts with Cream Sauce — Brown Gravy — Apple Trifle — Coffee

Supper
Winter Salad — Sandwiches — Apple Sauce — Fruit Cake — Tea

MONDAY

Breakfast
Apple Sauce — Johnny Cake — Ham — Coffee

Luncheon
Spanish Rice — Eggless Muffins — Stewed Prunes — Tea

Dinner
Beef — Olives — Baked Potatoes — Mashed Parsnips — Date Suet Pudding with Vanilla Sauce

TUESDAY
(Meatless Day)

Breakfast
Stewed Prunes — Oatmeal with Top Milk — Creamed Eggs — Toasted Brown Bread — Coffee

Luncheon
Oyster Stew — Hot Bran Muffins and Honey — Toasted Crackers — Tea

Dinner
Mutton Cutlets — Red Currant Jelly — Boiled Potatoes — Green Peas — Prune Mould — Coffee

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Baked Apple — Scrambled Eggs with Bacon — Toast — Marmalade — Coffee

Luncheon
Corn Oysters — Soda Scones and Jam — Cocoa

Dinner
Boiled Mutton with Caper Sauce — Boiled Potatoes — Cubed Turnips — Jam Tart — Tea or Coffee

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Bananas and Cream — Fried Corn Mush — Maple Syrup — Cocoa

Luncheon
Macaroni and Cheese — Fresh Ginger Bread — Preserves — Tea

Dinner
Mutton Rissoles — Riced Brown Potatoes — Buttered Carrots — Chocolate Blanc-mange — Coffee

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Stewed Dates — Puffed Grains — Poached Eggs on Toast — Marmalade — Coffee

Luncheon
Oyster Stew with Water Crackers — Baking Powder Biscuits — Fruit — Tea

Dinner
Baked White Fish with Fish Gravy — Buttered Whole Potatoes — Cauliflower au gratin — Roly-poly Sweet Sauce — Mincemeat Pudding — Coffee

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Oatmeal Cooked with Dates — Fried Sausages with Fried Apple Rings — Toast — Coffee

Luncheon
Tomato Soup — Apple Celery and Nut Salad — Brown Bread and Butter — Cocoa

Dinner
Fish Pudding — Lettuce and Cream Cheese — Lemon Meringue Pie — Coffee

30,000 Canadian Women

Soon to Return to Their Homes, While in England Did Not Use Butter, but Used

Oleomargarine

Ask for

Mayflower Brand

Made by one of the Oldest and Best-Equipped Factories in U.S.

Imported Exclusively by

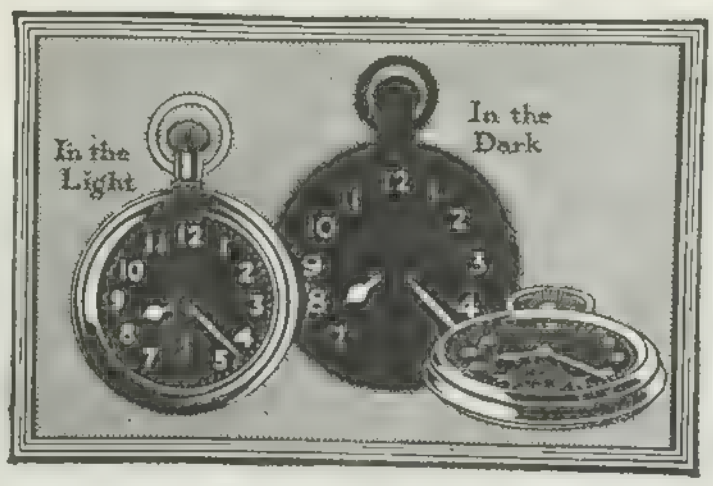
Gunns, Limited
TORONTO

Gunn-Langlois
Limited
MONTREAL

Placed with the Best Retail Stores

Saves *and* Satisfies

Enabling all Homes to Further Show Their Wonderful Help Toward Our Home Economy



Worth More Than It Costs

THIS watch can be bought at any dealer's for $3.00. It is different from the ordinary watch because it tells the time in the dark.

Real Radium in the substance on the hands and figures makes them glow brightly, no matter how dark it is, and this glow lasts for the life-time of the watch.

You do not need to strike a match to see the hour.

Most people find a Radiolite much more useful than the ordinary watch. It is indeed worth more than it costs.

More than 50 million Ingersoll watches have been sold during the last 25 years, and the Ingersolls can be bought in any town or village just the same as in the big cities—same high quality, same low price. Ask for Ingersoll Radiolites—$3.00—at any dealer's.

Look for the words Ingersoll Radiolite on the dial.

Ingersoll Radiolites

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO.
128 Bleury Street, - Montreal.

FREE

Boys and Girls—Do you want this magnificent, costly and useful 27 piece set, worth many dollars, absolutely free? We know you do, and you can get it, too. This wonderful set consists of the Champion Pencil Sharpening Machine, which puts a sure point on a pencil in five seconds, can be used many years, has ever sharp rotary steel blades, 12 fine quality pencils; Handy Andy combination tool for ten different uses; the vest pocket secretary, combining a fine pencil, pen, ruler, compass, draughtsman's tool and paper knife; calendar pencil clip to hold your pencil securely in your pocket and give you the day and date of every month; vest pocket mirror the famous see back periscope for seeing what is behind you without turning; the wonderful bird call, to imitate any kind of bird, the flute autophone on which any body can play any tune exactly like the sweetest flute; the security key ring; and last but not least the big fun maker, sneeze powder (a few grains blown into the air makes every body around sneeze, yet it is perfectly harmless). This is a real practical and expensive set.

Nothing to Buy—Nothing to Sell

Just send us your name and address and we will immediately send you a copy of Canada's Greatest Home Magazine, which we publish and which everybody reads and wants. It is the most handsome, popular, and biggest selling magazine in Canada. People buy a million and a half copies every year. All that we ask is that you show it to two friends of your family who will subscribe through you. We will send you our big prize winning outfit, worth more than $1.00, that will enable you to get only two subscriptions quickly and easily. You can't fail. Hundreds of boys and girls are winning our magnificent presents to-day on our successful free plan. As soon as you have secured the two subscriptions return us the money for them, only $4.00, and the grand set exactly as shown above, will be sent you complete without a piece left out.

Send No Money A post card will bring you the complete prize-winning outfit to-day. Address:

TRUMAN WELLINGTON, Secretary, Office 1. - 259 Spadina Ave, TORONTO

"I WANT TO CONFESS,"

writes one subscriber, "that until EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD attracted me by its Advertising Manager's contest, I did not pay half as much attention to its ads. as I do now. I find keen enjoyment and also find it good business to read every advertisement from cover to cover."

YOU CAN WIN A CASH PRIZE

Pick out the BEST AD. IN THIS ISSUE, tell us in a fifty-word letter why you pick it—whether you use what is advertised or not—and what you think of the product itself. The Best Letter gets the Prize. **FIRST PRIZE, $5.00 SECOND PRIZE, $3.00; THIRD PRIZE, $2.00; next five—each will receive a Book Prize.** Contest closes February 10th. Winners announced in the March issue.

Address: **THE BEST AD., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD**
Continental Building :: :: Toronto, Canada

The Women's League of Nations

(*Continued from page 17*)

might propose that all countries should amend their laws so as to give to a married woman the same right to choose her nationality as a man.

The International Committee of the British National Council, while naturally shorn of its chief objects during the war, continues to hold interesting meetings at which reports are given of the conditions existing in other countries, and during this year has entertained speakers from Italy, Belgium and Russia.

A Ministry of Health

GREAT pressure has been exerted by the Public Health Committees to promote the movement for the establishment of a Ministry of Health under whose direction all work for public health would be centralized. Another enterprise for the promotion of maternity and child welfare has been carried out under the immediate supervision of Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, by the organization of several travelling Child Welfare Exhibitions in England and Wales and Scotland for the maintenance of which a grant has been given by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, recognizing that the care of mothers and young children is one of the most imperative sections of war work. These exhibitions have proved most successful, awakening great interest wherever they have visited, and often being the means of inaugurating or developing those Infant Welfare schemes under local authorities which the British Government now encourages by offers of generous grants.

It may be interesting to mention that the first of these exhibitions in Scotland was equipped and maintained for two years through kind donations given mainly for the purpose by American friends of Scottish descent.

The last illustration I will give of the important work done by the British National Council, is the action it has taken through the initiative of its active president in forming a Central Committee on Woman Citizenship and the use and responsibility of the Women's vote, with branches of Women Voters and Citizens' Associations all over the country with the object of bringing together on non-party, non-sectarian and democratic lines all women's societies and individual women in order to—

(A) Foster a sense of citizenship in women.

(B) Encourage the study of political, social and economic questions.

(C) Secure the adequate representation of the interests and experience of women in the affairs of the country.

The movement took shape rapidly and had the co-operation of all the principal women's societies, and many local associations were formed.

Its development has now reached the point that it has been deemed desirable to reorganize it as a separate national society, which evidently meets a felt need and which starts on a career of great opportunity in educating the women of the United Kingdom on the great responsibility which is now theirs in the possession of the vote which they have so long desired.

If other National Councils of Women have developed in like measure during the exigencies of the war which have so profoundly altered the position of women all over the world, what may we not hope for from the Women's League of Nations, when it is once more able to meet and to pursue its object of futhering, through its confederation of the women of the world, "THE APPLICATION OF THE GOLDEN RULE TO SOCIETY, CUSTOM AND LAW"?

Personal Expenses

A spectre haunts me day by day,
It steals my appetite away,
It stalks me like a beast of prey,
  It's "Personal Expenses."

And when I sleep a monster grim,
With hands outstretched and horrid grin;
Insists that I report to him
  My "Personal Expenses."

The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
The hats and magazines are there;
All, all these things and many more
  In "Personal Expenses."

I wish the auto would go down
Until it hit some Chinese town,
And still keep going—going down
  Along with its "Expenses."

I wish that I could smoke or chew
And do the nasty things men do,
I'd have some satisfaction too
  From "Personal Expenses."

Or, that I lived in some far spot
Where clothes are Nil; accounts are Not
And no one cared a single jot
  For "Personal Expenses."

Mary Aynsley Taft.

The Cough That "Hangs On"

"Granny" Chamberlain

The hacking cough that makes your throat sore and your head ache is best treated by taking

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

It is entirely different from other cough medicines, for it not only soothes, but also heals, restoring the affected parts to a healthy condition.

Yours for Health,
—Granny Chamberlain

53

FREE

Lovely 5 Piece — Jewelry Outfit

GIRLS you can have this entire magnificent and expensive five piece jewellery outfit absolutely without cost if you take advantage of this grand offer to-day. This set consists of three lovely Everwear Gold Filled Rings, set with sparkling simulation jewels that resemble the most expensive diamonds and rubies. You will be proud of them. Also the genuine Empire Extension Bracelet that is all the craze now, with the newest spring extension, and the charming Lucile Lavallière, richly set with brilliant gems.

NOTHING TO BUY NOTHING TO SELL

Just send us your name and address and we will immediately send you a copy of Canada's Great Home Magazine which we publish and which everybody reads and wants. It is the most handsome, popular, and biggest selling magazine in Canada. People buy a million and a half copies every year. All that we ask is that you show it to two friends of your family who will subscribe through you. We will send you our big prize-winning outfit, worth more than $1.00, that will enable you to get only two subscriptions quickly and easily. You can't fail. Hundreds of boys and girls are winning our magnificent presents to-day on our successful free plan.

As soon as you have obtained only two subscriptions, return us the $4.00 and we will immediately send you the complete Jewellery Set, exactly as shown, without a piece left out.

Send No Money Just your name and address to-day. A postcard will bring your prize outfit to-day. Address:

JEAN STERLING, Secretary
Office 2 259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Room to Rent

A VACANT room on the top floor of a ramshackle old tenement house, the murder of an aged appleman, the theft of a bag of uncut diamonds by Skeeter and his gang and the second robbery of the gems—*the only clue*, a mocking Grey Seal.

Read the fascinating details of this story in

The Adventures of Jimmy Dale

Given free with one new or renewal subscription to Everywoman's World.

Everywoman's Book and Music Club, Toronto, Ont.

Music

Hush-a-bye Land

(Continued from page 15)

in the soft, liquid tones of the Italian peasant:

A-la-lo, the Sanctus has rung,
The priest at the altar
The mass doth intone;
Sleep, baby, sleep with the Lord.
A-la-lo, good fortune await thee,
Shut closely thine eyelids and slumber;
'Tis the hour of repose
And slumber must seal up thine eyes.
A-la-lo, my heart's own beloved
Will not sleep unless sung to;
A-la-lo, my sweetest of treasures,
Sleep wrap thee as long as I would,
As long as I would and God wills.
A-la-lo, this baby must slumber,
Till the church bells to-morrow
At mid-day with clamour
The country-side fill;
May sleep thee thus visit, A-la-lo.

So accustomed do these little olive-skinned babies become to the rocking and the singing, that they cannot and will not go to sleep without it. Sometimes when they are but a few months old a tiny *bambino* will break into a *cantilena*, a little murmur, if by chance he has become sleepy while mother is away or is too busy to sing him into the Land 'o Dreams.

But though it must be conceded that the European nations are old in centuries of music as we are young in years, yet the sturdy Canadian baby sings himself to sleep and proves that he is musical; though we, as a nation, are but beginning to appreciate music since the emotions aroused by the Great War, and all it meant to us and all it means, demanded and demands an outlet for the hope and the despair and the fear of many weary days and the joy and thankfulness of peace—these could not be expressed in any other way than by the great gatherings of people making supplications in solemn prayer and stately hymn and the soul-satisfying outburst of praise and thanksgiving when the Doxology was sung by thousands to the broad-flowing strains of the cathedral organ. And no less beautiful was the outpouring from the hearts of those who praised God in the tiny village church where "two or three were gathered together" and sang out their hearts to the tones of the little reed organ.

Shall we ever go back to our past indifference to music? No! Not since we have learned this outlet for the pent-up emotions of the soul; not since we have learned a little of the meaning of music through the sheer necessity of something higher and better and brighter than our everyday normal environments.

But my baby waits. Listen to the "goo-goo-gurgle-goo" of the tiny Canadian—musical? Assuredly; his "gurgle-goo" has rhythm—if your ear is tuned to hear it.

I do not know that we have any distinctly Canadian lullabies, we sing those of the Old Land, and it is rather interesting to notice the difference in the slumber-songs of England, Ireland, and Scotland. In many parts of England babies are crooned to sleep to these pretty lines:

Plump little baby-clouds, dimpled and soft,
Rock in their air cradle, swinging aloft.
Snowy cloud-mothers with broad bosoms white,
Watch o'er the baby-clouds slumbering light.
Tired little baby-clouds dreaming of fears,
Rock in their air cradles dropping soft tears.
Great brooding mother-clouds watching o'er all,
Let their warm mother-tears tenderly fall.

A note of sadness runs through most of the Scotch lullabies together with a deep, tender love:

Baloo! my bonnie lammie,
And I'll sing you a bit sang;
And I'll tak' tent, my hinnie,
That naething sall you wrang.
Your wee bit bed is saft an' warm
For it was made by me,
An' ye are lyin' safe fra harm,
Aneath a mither's e'e.

The hush-songs of Ireland revel wantonly and happily in fairies' lullabies, and many of these give us glimpses of the deeply religious and poetical nature of this soul-racked people who have the gift of the "seeing of visions and of the dreaming of dreams." Who else but an Irish mother would dare to sing of the "death-sleep of night" as she hushes her babe to sleep? Cathal O'Bryne's "Donegal Hush Song" is a fine example of the exquisite lyrical rhythm found in so many of the Gallic lullabies.

God bring you safe from the death-sleep of night,
A lanniv machree,
My heart's delight!
From the green-hill'd homes of the Slua Shee
O'er the purple rim of a star-lit sea,
Through a leafy lane, o'er Moy Mell's plain,
Where dew-drops, strung on a gossamer chain
From blossomy boughs, swing to and fro,
And a round, red moon hangs low, so low—
God bring you safe through the night to me,
My heart's delight
A lanniv machree.

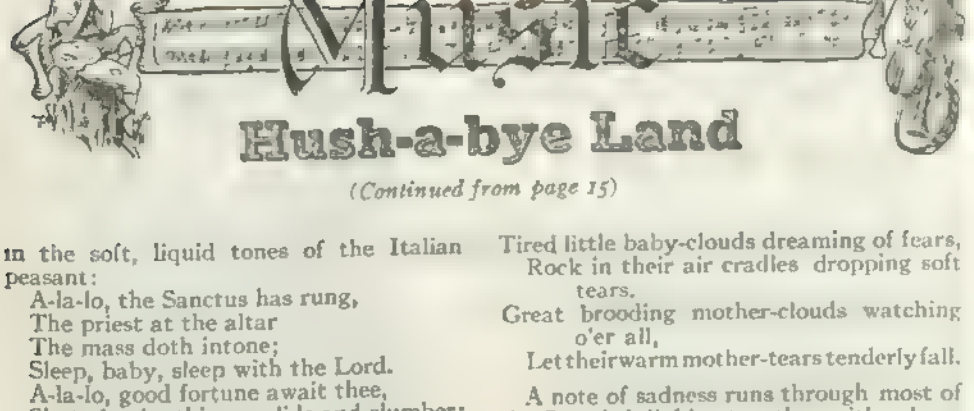
God bring you safe from the death-sleep of night,
A lanniv machree!
My heart's delight!
From the grey world's edge where the rose-dawn sleeps,
Through the white dream-gates where the shy day peeps,
Down the silver track of the morning star
To the yellow strand where the white cliffs are,
Where each fairy foot in a fairy brogue
Is hastening away to Tir na n Og—
God bring you safe to the dawn and me,
My heart's delight,
A lanniv machree!

NOTE: A lanniv—O child. Machree—Darling of my heart. Slua Shee—Fairy host. Moy Mell's plain—The honey sweet plain. Tir na n Og—The Land of Everlasting Youth.

That children love music, needs no proving—how they will stand close to Mother, or big sister, as she plays the organ or piano, and how eagerly they help father select their favorite records and how closely they listen for especially beloved bits, and how they do sing! And when it is time to stop, disappointment chases brightness from their little faces and only Mother's promise that "we'll have some more to-morrow night" sends them contentedly to sleep.

Hopi Indian Lullaby

Not too fast



Reprinted from "The Indian Book"—Courtesy Harper Bros.

"IF there's anything an Indian loves beyond anything it is his kid," said an old pioneer settler, and it is no matter of surprise that the little red baby is sung to sleep quite as often by the red man as by the squaw. Among some tribes these lullabies are quaintly called Stop-Crying Songs but the more common name is Sleep-Song. The Indian cradle is portable and is often hung on the branch of a tree so that the mother's song floating upward is blended with the chirp of birds and the rustle of leaves as though the tree itself were swinging and lulling the baby to sleep. The lullabies of the Indians of the Plains have the sleep-impelling quality of the bee in the sunshine, but through them all runs the same note of human tenderness that marks the lullabies of all ages and races.

This little Hopi melody is so old that no one remembers its beginning either in song or legend and it comes like the voice of an ancient and primitive people. The melody design is strange to us both in form and interval. The Hopi believe that beetles are blind and in this lullaby, the Hopi mother with her baby on her back sings of the beetles carrying one another on their backs on the hot trail in the sun and she bids her baby be blind in slumber like the beetles.

"Now Kewpies just joy in teasing folks—
They scatter pepper to make sneezing folks,
And don't care a rap for pleasing folks—
But everybody just pets and soothes and cuddles 'em.
They mollify and slightly muddle 'em,
Till the Kewpies perk up, resolving mightil·
That henceforth they'll behave less flightily."

—ROSE CECIL O'NEIL.

"Have you a Little Kewpie in your Home?"

ONE of those mirth-provoking and fascinatingly fetching figures that send the kiddies off into spasms of joy and make the grown-ups grow young again. And, would you believe it, one of our "men-folk" was so interested in *Polly Peterkins* above that he "dolled" her all up, tied her hair-bow and sash and took her to the photographers, all by himself, to have her picture taken. And behold! *Polly Peterkins* makes her first public appearance as a magazine cover, wishing EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD'S family A Happy New Year.

But *Polly Peterkins* refuses to remain just a magazine cover. Personally, she prefers to travel, so she has packed her Kewpie bag and announces her intention to visit among her EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD friends. If you have no Kewpie in your home you'll surely want *Polly* to visit you. You'll "fall in love" with her at first sight—she's such an adorable playfellow for the youngsters. *Polly* stands 14 inches high on her pedestal, and with her actively-jointed arms she points the way to smiles and laughter for big folks and little folks.

Polly and her brothers and sisters have been so popular with small children and "children grown tall" that it has been almost impossible to supply the demand. Wherever they go they bring sunshine and laughter with them.

If you want to receive a visit from *Polly Peterkins*, let us know right away. Just sign the coupon at the bottom of the page—now. For only two new or renewal subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, *Polly Peterkins* is "yours for life." If you want her dressed in rose or green as she is on the cover, send three subscriptions.

COUPON

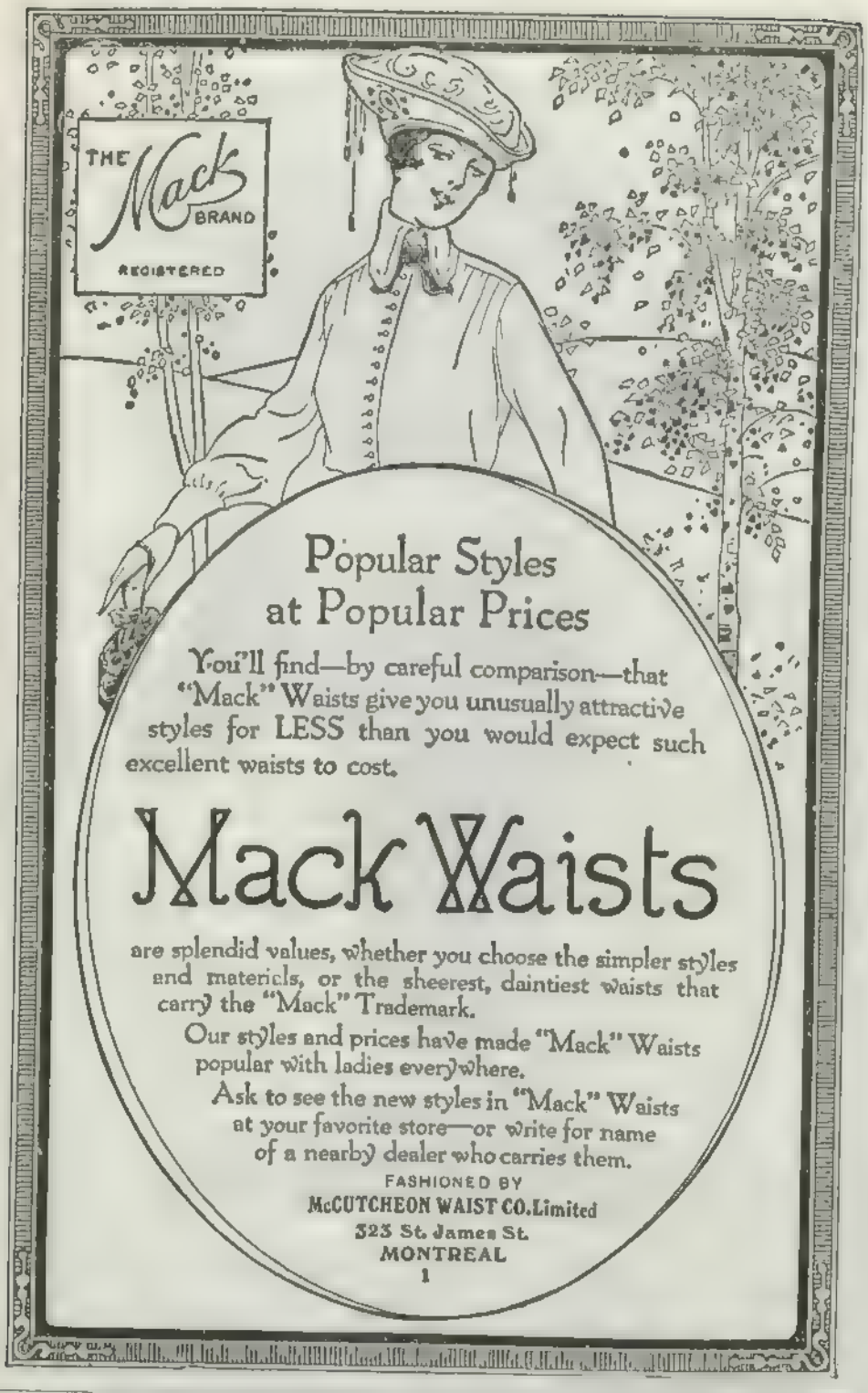
Miss Polly Peterkins,
c/o Everywoman's World,
253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Dear Polly:
I want you to visit me very much. I enclose two {new / renewal} *subscriptions to Everywoman's World.*
Come right away to

Name . . .

Address . . . . . .

Send three subscriptions if you want Polly dressed in rose or green.



Popular Styles
at Popular Prices

You'll find—by careful comparison—that "Mack" Waists give you unusually attractive styles for LESS than you would expect such excellent waists to cost.

Mack Waists

are splendid values, whether you choose the simpler styles and materials, or the sheerest, daintiest waists that carry the "Mack" Trademark.

Our styles and prices have made "Mack" Waists popular with ladies everywhere.

Ask to see the new styles in "Mack" Waists at your favorite store—or write for name of a nearby dealer who carries them.

FASHIONED BY
McCUTCHEON WAIST CO. Limited
323 St. James St.
MONTREAL
1

Suppose Your Husband Suddenly Deserted You—

What Would You Do?

Would you let him go simply because you had both missed the sacred meaning of marriage? Or would you try to solve your mutual problems together?

The Marriage Problem Solved for You

No saner, clearer book on sex-relationship has ever been presented to married couples than Dr. Wm. Lee Howard's famous book—Facts for the Married.

His books have guided many a young couple on the right road to true happiness, cheated the divorce courts and the Other Woman—and brought success out of misunderstanding and misery.

Dr. Howard has helped thousands of wives and husbands—and his books should be in the homes of every married couple and in the hands of those about to marry.

This Book and Many Others of Equal Value Given You Free

Everywoman's Book and Music Club will give you this famous book and hundreds of others absolutely free of cost.

Dr. Howard's famous book is only ONE of many great books that you need and want, that will be supplied to you free through EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB. You are cordially invited to join the Club, which is absolutely free. Membership entitles you to receive at once $1.00 worth of the Club's books or music free of charge, as well as giving you the opportunity of receiving asfurther $1 00 worth free each month or oftener.

Thousands of women—and men to—who have joined the Club, claim it to be the greatest benefit to them and their families that has ever been available in the history of Canada.

HOW TO JOIN THE CLUB TO-DAY
And Receive Your $1.00 Worth of Books and Music

Membership is given at once to each renewing subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. If your subscription has expired, or is about to expire, send your renewal at once on the special coupon on page 48. Just fill out this coupon, mail it at once, and receive your $1.00 worth of books and music by return mail.

Don't miss this great opportunity. If your subscription has not yet expired it will be continued a full year from expiring date. If you are a new subscriber, write and we will tell you how to receive membership free without renewing.

FILL OUT THE COUPON ON PAGE 48 AND MAIL IT NOW

Paris Has Turned Out the Silver Lining of Her Pentecostal Petticoat

By

Helen Knuckles

"DRESS for Victory! For women to put on the modern equivalent for sack cloth and ashes is the psychology of defeat," stated one of the leading prima donnas of this continent, Geraldine Farrar, who has stirred the musical world through her God-given gift, in an interview with a correspondent, a short time ago. It was her contention that a woman's morale depends a great deal on the fit of her suit, and the becomingness of her hat. "Even in battle-torn France, the women have made a point of wearing charming frocks throughout the war, so that the men on furlough might refresh their eyes and go back with rekindled ardour to the fight in defence of beauty, and love and romance, as well as of their country," further stated Miss Farrar.

These pertinent and almost prophetic remarks were made prior to the proclaiming of peace, but Canadian and American buyers and merchants are undoubtedly of the opinion that that attitude still holds good to-day to spur our returning men on to the final victory of universal harmony, for there has been a general exit of these representatives from this country to the melting pot of fashions, Paris, to see what they can see and to hear what they can hear from the gods that be.

The season's latest

It is anticipated that Paris looks to a reign of luxury after the war and will put her best foot forward; turn out the silver lining of her pentecostal frock; hold her head, which has never drooped, even when hopes and hearts were most sanguine these past four years, just a little bit higher, and tilt her bonnet to a rakish degree of one hundred per cent. happiness because her trouble days have ended and there shall be no more sorrow and pain—at least from the hands of the defeated demon of Europe.

The selection of a "peace colour" has been mooted for months past, but the question that is occupying the thoughts of Fashion's satellites is, will there be a "victory" model costume; will there be a sudden reaction in cut and style; will we be thrust into a vortex of colours, gay and garish as an expression of Paris' overwhelming joy, or will she retain her poise, equanimity and dignity which have been the keynote of her triumphal success since she first started her queenly reign of fashions.

No sudden reaction is predicted on this side of the water however, before next fall at the earliest, and it is thought spring will be ushered in with her tight skirts, simple chemise dresses, and irregular brimmed bonnets. Undoubtedly the uncertainty of national affairs in the past has had its effect on the minds of creators and designers, but with such a cheery, happy little "New Year" that has come to greet us, we can look forward to a normal tone even in clothes.

If there is to be a transition, it will come about gradually. Women have formed the habit of dressing quietly during the war, and to realize and appreciate the fact that it is richness of material rather than trimming which makes their *tout ensemble* a success; therefore any abrupt change is most unlikely. A gala day is prophesied for the early fall of 1919, however, when we hope our sun-burnt sons of victory will be home again—when Terpsichore comes out of her cloistered corner; when the sparkling, tinselly, frilly evening gown is brought forth from its camphor balls and tissue paper wrappings; when the luring lights will blaze again with unrestraint.

More significant of the trend of things and what we can expect in the near future was the demonstration that Paris put on when peace was heralded down her boulevards. A recent despatch to this country tells us that elaborate elegance and blatant colouring was displayed on every hand where fashionables participated in proclaiming the joyous national and political news. It was as though the display was premeditated, so brilliant and fresh were the costumes worn. The continual appearance of browns in the dark *tete de negre* and mahogany shades and the blue of the French flag were marked. The latter was even then accepted by many *couturiers* to be the "Victory Colour."

The most optimistic believe this to mean that the transition from the sombre to the gay in dress will be put into effect at once. Even those who have paid the severest price for victory will not be bowed down or begrudge the newborn joy of the peoples of the world or withhold themselves from this expression of joy over the release of the world from the bonds of horror and sorrow which have held it fast for so long. This attitude is further based on the fact that the demand for mourning, considering all things, has been so light. Sorrow and mourning have come to take on a deeper, higher, more exalted meaning than ever before, and expression of the same is not made through the medium of crepe the very sight of which took the joy out of life for whoever came into contact with it.

RECENTLY the Hickson fashion *fete* was held in New York. It was previously designated as a "war-time" show, but coming close upon the heels of the herald of peace, the elaborate models shown in it, were eargerly viewed by thousands as a forecast of an "after the war" presentation. The effect was a dazzling spectacle of extravagance and richness, built on a firm foundation of perfect taste. Military effects had vanished as if by magic.

Evening gowns were a distinctive show in themselves. One became dizzy with the effect of gold cloth, gold brocades, and pailletted effects used most lavishly and to all intents and purposes without thought of the wherewithal. Black and white laces combined with velvet and metal cloths were most striking.

THE peplum blouse in all its varieties, is much discussed too for spring, while the tunic blouse of Russian suasion has reached such a degree of popularity that we are safe in anticipating a long reign for it also. For immediate and practical wear crepe de chene blouses, preferably of dark blue smocked in red are good looking. The *tablier* waistcoat has also received much attention, developed in crepe de chene and georgette, but to go into detail would necessitate far more space than this page allows and our editor, said, "just two columns and no more," and when she says a thing, it usually goes. Au revoir!

Meeting Victory and the New Year

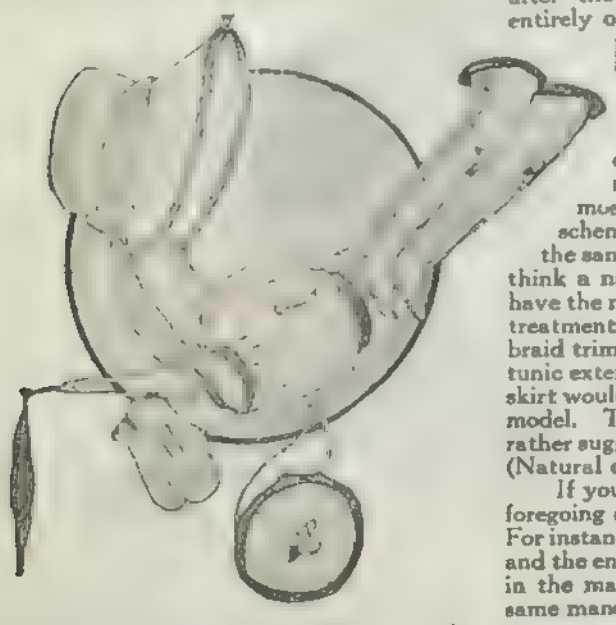
With Odds and Ends From a War-Riddled Wardrobe

By Helen Bricelius

Chic little two-piece Costume made from father's pongee shirt and mother's old panama cloth skirt.

IT hardly seems possible, yet it is true, that this little girl's mother and father both contributed the material for this smart and practical two-piece costume from their own wardrobes. Sometime, in the long ago, father was presented with a pongee shirt, which after constant wear, began to show its age around the cuffs, collar band and under arms. The body of it remained quite strong however, so to-day it is serving a new term of life, converted into this tiny tucked peplum blouse, finished with hand pleated ruffles, cut from the best part of the old sleeves.

The skirt and suspender jumper owe their success to mother's contribution—an old brown panama cloth skirt, which had hung in the garret several seasons because of its many old fashioned pleats, worn out hem and shabby back gore. After ripping and careful washing in warm water and Lux, there was found to be sufficient good material to cut this little skirt, belt and suspenders.



IMAGINE if you were a little girl and woke up Christmas morning to find this treasure trove under the evergreen tree just for you. It looks extravagant but it wasn't, for her mother made the complete set from an old sport skirt of white corduroy, a yard of white sateen for lining, and an old black velvet hat. After ripping and washing the four gores of the skirt, blueing the rinse water sufficiently to counteract a yellowish cast due to antiquity, paper patterns were cut the size and shape of the five articles and laid out on the material. The bonnet was made on a foundation of buckram, wired. The scallops on the leggings were bound in narrow bias bands of the sateen. The muff was made from a straight piece of the material gathered into two wrist bands, padded with sufficient cotton batting, to give both warmth and shape, and lined with sateen. The little mitts were also padded with one thin layer of cotton batting, and lined with sateen. Strips of velvet cut from the hat and joined where necessary, formed bindings, while coloured yarn embroidered these conventional flowers on leggings, hat and bag. Kings blue satin ribbon was used for trimming

A Matter of Dollars and Sense

A new year, and practically a new life to live and to make the most of, is the problem that the singing out of the old veteran, "1918" and the cessation of hostilities "over there" have brought before every woman.

The war-weary world is only in the second stage of chemicalization, and although the women that stood behind the men behind the guns may soon welcome some of those men back to this land "of milk and honey", they have only just begun to do their part, their bit, in order that this holocaust and vanquishing of autocracy with the sacrifices which it has involved may not have been in vain. Complete and absolute victory is not ours until the progress of reconstruction has started the wheels of normal living and progressive thinking spinning towards the goal—Utopia. One of the ways in which this vital feat can be given impetus and finally accomplished is by the solemn pledge of every woman to "carry on" by adhering to the precedent which she established at the beginning of the war—learning the meaning of the word economy and its close relationship to her wardrobe.

Here are just a few examples of some women's inherent ingenuity that have been brought to our attention, and which may prove helpful to you. They are practical, economical, and thoroughly up to the minute. We invite you to send us any novel or unusual methods of dress reconstruction which you have tried, and which you know have been successful, and which may be helpful to your sister readers. Also, we will, as in the past, gladly assist you in all your clothes' problems. That last year's dress or hat of yours is not beyond the pale. Quite possibly its material is of a quality that will be difficult to duplicate for many years. Our invitation to help you make it over, by practical suggestions, will save you many odd pennies that so quickly mount to the much-needed dollars. EVERYWOMAN'S Make-Over Department represents for you a matter of dollars and sense.

Everywoman's Make-Over Department

Question.—I am writing you for information regarding a black plush coat. I bought it for my little girl last year. I let it down at the bottom and sleeves and have tried everything to remove the marks where it was turned up, without success. Would you advise me of anything to remove these marks, also if I can in any way improve the plush of the coat in general. It is a very good coat, but looks shabby.—Mrs. R.B.

Esteran, Sask.

Answer.—We have found the steaming process the most successful for raising the pile on either plush or velvet and as you did not specify particularly what methods you had tried and "found wanting" we take it for granted that this is one which escaped your notice. The steam must be very strong and, preferably concentrated as in the spout of a tea kettle, and applied directly to the marks at the back of the velvet, or plush, in this case. If this remedy fails, try an application of gasoline and a small nail brush—rubbing back and forth with the tip of the brush until the plush regains its natural appearance. A complete submerging of the garment in a bath of gasoline should restore the coat to its natural newness

Question.—I am enclosing a sample of a green silk poplin dress, which I would like to re-model for a young girl of 20 years. She is about 5 feet 6 inches in height; 36 inch bust; waist 26 inches and hips 37 inches.

It was made with a full tucked skirt and a surplice waist trimmed with gold braid. Now she would like something in a jumper effect and, perhaps, a drapery. Kindly suggest something to harmonize for guimpe and trimming.—"Map", Sask.

Answer.—The prominence of the Oriental note discernable in so many of the season's most attractive frocks, especially for young Misses, prompts us to suggest that you introduce this touch in the green poplin dress rather than the suggested drapery, taking into consideration that it is newer and more youthful.

You failed to mention the approximate number of yards of poplin you have, but judging from the fact that the original gown was made with full tucked skirt, we consider you will have sufficient material to carry out the following idea:

Long waist lines and untrimmed round necks are two seasonable expressions which rarely fail to become the slender, girlish figure. We would suggest, therefore; that the full skirt be converted into a long tunic, loosely belted in around the hips somewhat after the manner of the "middy" blouse. The foundation skirt need not be made entirely of the poplin, but rather of some cheaper lining material under the tunic, and poplin only as far as it will show below the tunic. Skirts are decidedly tight below the hip lines this season, and in this case will require very little material for the foundation as the overhanging tunic will supply all the necessary bouffancy.

The tunic would have to be made sleeveless, thus giving the jumper effect you desire. Mandarin sleeves, (wide at the wrist, and loose) either made of the poplin, if you have enough, or sand colour Georgette crepe blends most harmoniously with this shade of green. If you prefer keeping the colour scheme entirely green, it may be possible to match the poplin in Georgette crepe of the same shade. The neck trimming is a matter of individual preference. If you think a narrow band of fur, a scroll of soutache braid, a line of beads too sever; we have the new-old plaited Georgette ruffle to fall back on again this year. But whatever treatment you decide for the neck, it is wise to carry out on the sleeves. Quantities of braid trimming—really, it is used on all and every kind of gown—on the bottom of the tunic extending as high as fifteen inches at least and the lower part of the foundation skirt would add the elaborate but inexpensive touch which is characteristic of the winter's model. The hip belt might be treated in this manner or if fur is used at the neck line, it rather suggests itself for the belt line, and the same rule follows if merely beads are used. (Natural coloured wooden beads are our suggestion in this instance.)

If you find that your material will not "stretch out" sufficiently to carry out the foregoing design, the idea is still quite possible if the materials suggested are reversed. For instance, make the entire dress foundation of the poplin with the exception of sleeves, and the entire tunic, including sleeves of Georgette crepe, treating it in the same manner in the matter of trimming. Velvet or broadcloth combined with the poplin in this same manner would also give the desired effect.

WORN about the edges and gen-
erally dilapidated, this plum
coloured sailor hat was brought back
to life and useful ness with a yard
and one half of matching gro-grain
ribbon two inches in width, and a few
odd scraps of col oured broadcloth
and flannel. The velvet was steamed,
the worn edge was artfully covered
with the new rib bon, and the con-
ventional cluster of gay flowers perch-
ed on the tip-top of the crown front
were made from the odd bits of
broadcloth, making a col-
our combination of old
rose, canary yellow,
purple and dull green for foliage. The odd motifs were cut out and sewed on a buckram foundation; the veins of the leaves and pomegranites were accomplished with silk floss; the long ends of "foliage" were cut from strips of the dull green flannel. You say, that's all very well, but supposing you haven't these odd bits of broadcloth or flannel in the right shades. We say, take what you have in white or some other pale shade, and tint or dye them the shades that you do want. For a really dressy hat, this same idea may be carried out with cloth of silver ribbon binding and metal cloth flowers. Satin, or maline might also be employed for the brim edge, which in either case would be most effective.

HAVING a soldier daddy has more than one compensation, particularly when it means having a warm little dress like this one made from the blue and white striped flannel shirt which he left behind him when he donned the khaki. The body and tail portions of the shirt were more than sufficient for the entire little garment, with the exception of the sleeves. These were made from the original ones. Fortunately, mother had a few scraps of plain blue challis left from another little garment which came in nicely for collar, cuffs and pocket trimming.

PEACOCK blue velveteen made the bonnet, leggings, cuffs and pocket flaps of this tiny tot's "Sunday best" costume. That much was bought new, but it only required a yard and a half, 27 inches wide, at a dollar a yard, and corduroy would have done just as nicely and cost about fifteen cents a yard less. The little coat itself has managed to camouflage its original identity to such an extent that it seems rather a pity to reveal it. It was originally a sand coloured homespun skirt. A padding of sheet wadding was inserted for warmth and natural pongee had been dyed a peacock blue for lining.

TWO skirts joined forces, adopted a bit of wool embroidery to seal their compact, and then produced this most atrractive, modish frock. The cost was practically nil, for both skirts had been in the service of the particular someone who accomplished this stunning result, for some time, but were still too good to be cast upon the rag heap. The very best of a box-pleated blue serge skirt was taken for the lower part of the model, and the best of a rather full dark blue satin skirt agreed to form the upper part of the bargain. Steel gray yarn or wool joined the two materials just below the hip line, trimmed the neck of the waist and left some of its attractive self on the ends of the sash. Odd scraps of the serge covered wooden button moulds about the size of a ten-cent piece, which to all appearances slipped through worsted bound button holes—but they really didn't, for the front of the waist was united by snap hooks.

Festive Frocks for Feminine Fancies

1264—Ladies' Evening Dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 ⅜ yards 36-inch material, 1¼ yards 14-inch banding. Price 15 cents.

9726—Misses' and Small Women's Evening Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¼ yards 36-inch taffeta, 1 ¾ yards 36-inch all-over lace, 1 ⅝ yards 36-inch lining, 3 yards ribbon. Price 15 cents.

1509—Misses' and Small Women's One-Piece Evening Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch material, 2 yards 36-inch Georgette, 3 yards banding. Price 15 cents. Transfer 14596. Price 15 cents.

1846—Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress. Sizes 16, 18 years; 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch [illegible] satin, 3 yards 36-inch all-over lace, 1⅛ yards 18-inch lace. Price 25 cents.

1441—Misses' and Small Women's Evening Dress. Sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 7/8 yards 36-inch material with 3¼ yards 36-inch figured material. The one-piece straight underskirt measures 1¾ yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

1192—Ladies' Evening Dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5/8 yard 36-inch velvet for bodice with 2¼ yards 40 inch Georgette for skirt, 4 yards lace banding and ½ yard 36 inch lining for underbody. Price 15 cents.

1147—Ladies' Evening Dress. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 ⅝ yards 36-inch material with 7/8 yard 18 inch all-over lace. The one-piece straight gathered skirt measures 2¼ yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

TO supplement our Fashion Service as presented on this page, we issue quarterly for the benefit of our subscribers— Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion" -a symposium of all that is new and practical in Needlework. The four issues are available to subscribers with every new or renewal subscription $2 00—plus 25 cents to cover the cost of the year's packing and mailing. Mail us your order TO-DAY.

The price of each pattern includes prepayment of postage. We guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Dominion Express Order or any way that is convenient to you—the mails are safe Home Patterns are the easiest of all to use, and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly, and a guide chart accompanies each pattern Orders are filled the same day as they are received When ordering it is important that you write very plainly, that you give your name and address, the number and size of pattern wanted and enclose price for each. Patterns for any design illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns, and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 70 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Fashion's Newest Gowns Easily Made

1796—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 16 and 18 years; 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material with ¾ yard 3-inch ruffling and 1¼ yards braid of each width illustrated for waist and 1¾ yards of each width braid illustrated for skirt. The two-piece skirt measures 1¾ yards at lower edge. Price 25 cents.

1664—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch plaid material with 2½ yards 44-inch serge and ¼ yard 30-inch for collar. Dress with back closing having full length or three-quarter sleeves. The two-piece skirt measures 1¾ yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

1768—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material with 3/8 yard 18-inch all-over lace for collar. The shoulder edges of back extend over front in yoke effect. The sleeves in either of two styles and the two-piece gathered skirt measures 1 3/8 yards at lower edge. Price 25 cents.

1725—Ladies' Tunic Waist. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price 20 cents.

9106—Ladies' One-Piece Gathered or Accordion Plaited Skirt. Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, and 38 inches waist measure. Price 15 cents.

Costume in size 36 bust and 26 waist, requires 2 5/8 yards 36-inch black velvet with 5¼ yards 36-inch satin for skirt and ¾ yard 36-inch white material and ¼ yard fringe. Embroidery transfer 14873. Price 15 cents.

1710—Ladies' Semi Fitted Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material with 3/8 yard 32 inch contrasting material. Dress closing at right side of front with full length sleeves which are perforated for shorter length. The two-piece skirt measures 1¾ yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

1786—Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/8 yards 36-inch plaid material with 1 5/8 yards 36 inch velvetine and 2 yards ruffling. The pattern provides two entirely different styles of sleeves. The skirt is a two-gored model with straight lower section which measures 1 7/8 yards in width. Price 25 cents.

1756—Ladies' and Misses' Semi-Fitted Dress. Sizes 16 and 18 years; 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material with 3/8 yard 18-inch for collar. The skirt is a one-piece model and measures 1¾ yard at lower edge. Price 25 cents. The transfer shown on bag—**14599**. Price 10 cents.

TO supplement our Fashion Service as presented on this page, we issue quarterly for the benefit of our subscribers—"Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion"—a symposium of all that is new and practical in Needlework. The four issues are available to subscribers with every new or renewal subscription—$2.00—plus 25 cents to cover the cost of the year's packing and mailing. Mail us your order TO-DAY.

The price of each pattern includes prepayment of postage. We guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Dominion Express Order or any way that is convenient to you—the mails are safe. Home Patterns are the easiest of all to use and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly and a guide chart accompanies each pattern. Orders are filled the same day as they are received. When ordering it is important that you write very plainly that you give your name and address, the number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose price for each. Patterns for any design illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns, and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 59 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Smart Service Frocks for Home Wear

1736—Ladies' Long-Waisted House Dress. Size 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch material with 1¼ yards 36 inch contrasting material. The skirt section has a straight lower edge which measures 2 yards. Price 25 cents.

1734—Ladies' House Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material (without up and down) and 3¼ yards braid. The three-gored skirt measures 1 7/8 yards at lower edge. Price 20 cents.

1742—Ladies' Apron. Sizes small, medium and large. The small size requires 6¾ yards 27-inch material with 7¼ yards binding. Apron with kimino sleeves and pockets extending into belt which will be found very practical and convenient. Price 20 cents.

1782 Ladies' Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 7/8 yards 42-inch striped material with 5/8 yard 36-inch contrasting material The three-gored skirt measures 1 7/8 yards at lower edge. Price 25 cents.

1643 Ladies' House Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure Size 36 requires 5 5/8 yards 27 inch material or 4 1/8 yards 36-inch material, with 4½ yards braid The six-gored skirt measures 2 yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

1680—Ladies' Apron and Cap. Sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 27-inch material or 3 1/8 yards 36-inch material. The apron may be made with either of two neck outlines, the skirt section is cut in one piece. Price 15 cents.

8247—Ladies' and Misses' Apron, suitable for Red Cross work. Sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 5/8 yards 27-inch material with ¾ yard 27 inch material for head dress. Apron closes at back. Price 15 cents.

1651—Ladies' House Dress. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 3/8 yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 20-inch contrasting material. The three-gored skirt measures 2 yards at lower edge. Price 15 cents.

TO supplement our Fashion Service as presented on this page we issue quarterly for the benefit of our subscribers—"Everywoman's Needlecraft Companion" a symposium of all that is new and practical in Needlework. The four issues are available to subscribers with every new or renewal subscription—$2.00—plus 25 cents to cover the cost of the year's packing and mailing. Mail us your order TO-DAY.

The price of each includes prepayment of postage. We guarantee safe delivery. Send money by Dominion Express Order or any way that is convenient to you—the mails are safe. Home Patterns are the easiest of all to use, and the styles are always up-to-date. Every pattern is guaranteed to fit perfectly and a guide chart accompanies each pattern Orders are filled the same day as they are received When ordering, it is important that you write very plainly, that you give your name and address, the number and size of pattern wanted: and enclose price for each. Patterns for any design illustrated on this page may be obtained from any dealer handling Home Patterns, and from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 239 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Winners of the November Advertising Contest

WE give our readers credit for the careful scrutiny of the advertising columns of this magazine, which must have been necessary in order to produce the numerous comprehensive replies which have come to us, as a result of the Contest in the November issue. Do you remember? Readers were asked to locate in the many advertisements throughout the magazine a number of phrases presented to them and to write short letters about them.

A great many sent in replies, but the following are the prize winners:

First Prize, $5.00, Miss Greta E. Crozier, R.F.D., Mono Mills, Ont.; Second Prize, $3.00, John D. Bayne, Melville, Sask.; Third Prize, $2.00, Mary T. Roberts, 321 Michigan St., Victoria, B.C. Alice R. Lindsay, P.O. Box 54, Arnprior, Ont., Book Prize; Eva J. Colborne, 194 King St. W., Brockville, Ont., Book Prize; Mrs. Geo. Danby, Gore Road, Fredericton Junction, N.B., Book Prize, Mrs. A. Fairchild, Gunton P.O., Man., Book Prize; Mrs. A. E. B. Lane, 3946 Pender St. E., Vancouver Heights, B.C., Book Prize.

Winners of Car Repair Contest

NEVER again will we entertain even a passing doubt as to the interest taken by women in the upkeep and care of their automobiles. The result of the Car Repair Contest, submitted to the women of Canada in the September issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD has proven beyond refutation that every cent spent on the family car is a vital item in the family's financial budget. It has proven also that it matters a great deal to women what make of tires is bought for a car and what brand of equipment in general is used when repairs are necessary.

Letters setting forth these contentions conclusively were received from all parts of the Dominion. There was more than the usual difficulty in selecting from among them the following list of winners:

First Prize, $5.00, Mrs. D. J. MacFadyen, Edgerton, Alta.; Second Prize, $3.00, Evelyn O'Neil, Billing's Bridge, Ont.; Third Prize, $3.00, Mrs. R. E. Coombe, Islay, Alta.; Fourth Prize, $3.00, Mrs. Chas. T. Clarke, 42 Palmerston Gardens, Toronto, Ont.; Fifth Prize, $1.00, Viola Daly, Fortune, Sask.; Sixth Prize, $1.00, Mrs. Felzier, Forestburg, Alta.; Seventh Prize, $1.00, Miss Gladys B. Powers, 742 West Third Ave., Waterloo, Iowa; Eighth Prize, $1.00, Mrs. T. MacDonald, Assistant P.M., Point Anne, Ont.; Ninth Prize, $1.00, Miss Anice Whelan, Westport, Ont.; Tenth Prize, $1.00, Mrs. G. B. Currie, Cross Creek, N.B.; Eleventh Prize, $1.00, Miss Christina McAuley, Haileybury, Ont.; Twelfth Prize, $1.00, Mrs. Harriet Richard, Motherlade Mine, Greenwood, B.C.; Thirteenth Prize, $1.00, Grace E. Tibbetts, Marysville, B.C.; Fourteenth Prize, $1.00, Mrs. Alex. McDonald, Stanraur, Sask.; Fifteenth Prize, $1.00, Miss Bertha Hutchinson, Mount Forest, Ont., R.R. No. 4.

A New Light on Lord Macauley

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD, B.C.L.
Price $1.00

Reviewed by Kathleen Elizabeth Steacy

ALBERT RICHARD HASSARD, the author of this latest book on Lord Macauley, is too well known to need any introduction to the Canadian reading public. 'Way back in the nineties, his scintillating wit, quaint humour, and keen knowledge of human nature won him a welcome as a short-story writer and since that time he has contributed much to the store of more serious Canadian literature.

In the first paragraph of the third chapter, the author states: "Two great and important circumstances impress the careful student of Macauley's life and writings: The attitude which his biographers and critics have adopted toward his historical and literary opinions; and the attempts which have been made to ascertain, if possible, the origin of his unique and masterly literary style, and to form an estimate of the true position which it eventually must occupy in literature."

In the pages following, the writer's training in the practice of law shows itself in the masterly marshalling of the premises on which he afterward bases his reasoning in defining the attitude of Macauley's critics and the deductions by which he throws a new light on the genius of this greatest of England's orators.

Without doubt, Mr. Hassard's "New Light" will be the subject of much controversy, but, whether we agree with him or not, the book is well worth a careful reading and a place on our book shelves for the value of its own literary merit.

Save Sugar!

Don't use Sugar where Corn Syrup will serve your purpose as well or better. The ships that carry sugar are needed for soldiers and their supplies. Crown Brand and Lily White Corn Syrup are delicious, wholesome and economical alternatives for sugar in pies, puddings and preserves; as a sweet sauce and on cereals.

Use **CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP**

The most nutritious part of the corn converted into its "sugar" or syrup form, with the added flavor of a little cane syrup.

LILY WHITE CORN SYRUP

For use where the Food Board Bulletin calls for Corn Syrup (White)
Delicious for table use and cooking.

In 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins, at all dealers

CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED MONTREAL

Mr. Edison's Wonderful New Amberola—Only

$100

After Trial!

Yes, we will send the New Edison Amberola, the product of the world's greatest inventor's genius, the phonograph with the wonderful diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of the latest Diamond Amberol Records, *on free trial without a penny down.* On this offer you can now have the genuine Edison Amberola, the instrument which gives you real, life-like music, the finest and best of all phonographs at a small fraction of the price asked for imitations of Mr. Edison's great instrument. *Seize this opportunity!* Send coupon now for catalog.

Edison's Favorite Invention

For years, the world's greatest inventor worked night and day to make the music of the phonograph true to life. At last his efforts have been crowned with success. Just as he was the first to invent the phonograph, so is he the only one who has made phonograph music life-like. Read our great offer.

Get the New Edison Amberola in Your Home on FREE TRIAL!

Entertain your family and friends with the latest song hits, with your favorite, old-time melodies—with everything from grand opera to comic vaudeville. Roar with laughter at the side splitting minstrel shows Then after trial, send it back if you choose.

Rock-Bottom Offer Direct!

If, after the free trial, you decide to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, send us only $1. Pay the balance on the easiest kind of monthly payments. Think of it—a $1 payment and a few dollars a month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all musical results of the highest priced outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes, the greatest value for $1 down, balance on easiest monthly terms. Convince yourself—free trial first! No money down, no C. O. D., not one cent to pay unless you choose to keep the instrument. Send coupon now for full particulars of this great offer

New Edison Catalog FREE!

Your name and address on a postal or letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Find out about Mr. Edison's great new phonograph. Get the details of this offer—*while this offer lasts.* Write NOW!

F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors, Dept. 201 355 Portage Ave. Winnipeg, Man.

UNITED STATES OFFICE: Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

To F. K. BABSON
Edison Phonograph Distributors
Dept. 201
355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Amberola.

Name.....

Address.....

POULTRY BOOK Latest, and best yet; 144 pages, 215 beautiful pictures and color plates. Hatching, rearing, feeding and disease information describes the busy Poultry Farm handling varieties including Indian Runners. Tells how to properly choose fowls eggs, incubators and secure cheap feed. This practical book worth dollars mailed for 10 cents.
Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 29 ,Clarinda,Iowa

GIRLS—We Want Your Spare Time—We have a plan by which you can earn from $15.00 to $25.00 pin money. An hour or two of your spare time every day by our plan will do it. A card will bring full information. Write to
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Continental Building, TORONTO

WIN

This Real—Gasoline Auto

for Boys and Girls

$150.00 in other Prizes

FIRST PRIZE

Real 5 horse power auto with high class air cooled 4 cylinder gasoline motor, just big enough for one boy or girl. Built like big autos. Has artillery wheels, solid rubber tires steering gear and wheels, 4 brakes, tool box tools cone clutch. Any boy or girl can run it easily. A real prize for boys and girls.

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

23	8	5	14	-	7	5	18
13	1	14	25	-	9	19	-
4	5	6	5	1	20	5	4
-	1	14	4	-	14	15	20
-	1	-	13	9	14	21	20
5	-	2	5	6	15	18	5

This foretold when the War would end. What does it say?

CAN you work this out? Do you want to know how it was decided long before peace came when the war would be over? The answer is contained within the 48 squares above. What is this answer? Solve it and valuable prizes await you

THE PRIZES

PRIZE	VALUE
1st—Five Horse Power Auto -	$150.00
2nd—Dandy Folding Camera -	25.00
3rd—Magnificent Gold Watch and Chain, or Girl's Wrist Watch - - -	15.00
4th—Lovely 36-inch Doll, hand-gowned, and beautiful English Doll Carriage -	10.00
5th—Electric Projectoscope. Better than a magic lantern. Will show any picture or post-card photo on screen - -	7.50
6th—Full-size Football - -	5.00
7th to 10th—Self-Filler Fountain Pens, each $2.50, - -	10.00
Also 10 Extra Prizes for Boys and Girls, each $1.25, - -	12.50
Total Value of Prizes - -	$235.00

HOW TO SOLVE IT

The above squares hold the answer. It is in one sentence of nine words, containing forty letters. Each letter is represented by a number, and that number is the position of the letters in the alphabet. For instance, A is represented by the figure 1, as it is first in the alphabet, and so on. Now, to help you get started, we will tell you that the first letter in the puzzle is "W," because W is the 23rd letter in the alphabet. Get to work and figure out the words in the sentence, and try to find the answer to the great question, "When will the war be over?" It is not easy, but it is worth while trying for.

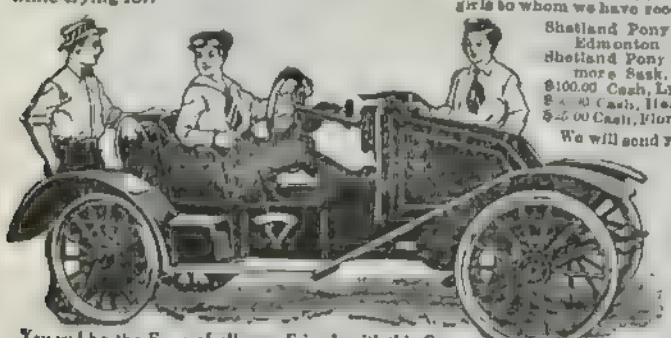
Copy your answer upon a plain white sheet of paper as neatly as you can, because neatness, spelling, hand writing, and punctuation count if more than one answer is correct. Put your name and address in the top right hand corner of the paper. If you have to write a letter, or show anything else put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write as soon as your answer is received, and tell you if your solution is correct, and also send you a complete illustrated list of the grand prizes that you can win.

What Others Have Done, You Can Do

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have recently awarded big prizes—

Shetland Pony and Cart, Helen Smith, Edmonton
Shetland Pony Beatrice Hughes, Haxenmore Sask.
$100.00 Cash, Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
$50.00 Cash, Helen Benesch, Junkins, Alta.
$25.00 Cash, Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.

We will send you names of many others too. Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers and each boy or girl will be required to perform a small service for us for which an additional valuable reward or special cash prize will be given. The contest will close on March 31st at 5.00 p.m.



You will be the Envy of all your Friends with this Car

Send your answer this very evening. Address:

THE AUTO-MAN EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. P. TORONTO, ONT.

FREE

REAL ARMY FLASHLIGHT MAGNIFICENT WATCH KNIFE & CHAIN

This Watch is a genuine octagon thin model, with high grade precision works and fine gold filled Everwear case. It is the very latest style, with it goes the real Waldemar Chain and studded gold-plated knife with the best steel blade. A magnificent combination you will be proud to own. We also give you the real Army Flashlight of heavy steel construction, with a powerful lens; strong, long lasting battery. It is the flash of a thousand uses. Equal to a ten dollar light.

NOTHING TO BUY—NOTHING TO SELL

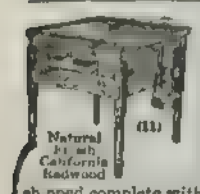
Just send us your name and address and we will immediately send you a copy of Canada's Great Home Magazine, which we publish, and which everybody reads and wants. It is the most handsome, popular, and biggest-selling magazine in Canada. People buy a million and a half copies every year. All that we ask is that you show it to two friends of your family who will subscribe through you. We will send you FREE our big prize-winning outfit, worth more than $1.00, that will enable you to get only two subscriptions quickly and easily. You can't fail. Hundreds of boys and girls are winning our magnificent presents to-day on our successful free plan.

As soon as you have only two subscribers, send their names and remittance to us and we will immediately send you the Army Flashlight, and the magnificent Watch Set will go to you too, just for showing your lovely premium to three friends who will be our agents and earn our premiums as you did. We pay charges.

Send No Money Just your name and address to-day. A post card will bring your prize-winning outfit to-day. Address—

JOHN BROCK, Office 1, 259A Spadina Avenue, TORONTO, ONT.

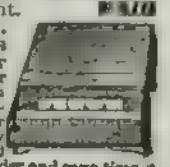
130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Both For $17.50



Natural finish California Redwood (111)

If ordered together we send both machines for only $17.50 and we pay all freight and duty charges to any R. R. station in Canada. We have branch warehouses in Winnipeg, Man. and Toronto, Ont. Orders shipped from nearest warehouse to your R. R. station. Hot water, double walls, dead-air space between, double glass doors, copper tanks and boilers, self-regulating. Nursery under egg tray. Especially adapted to Canadian climate. Incubator and Brooder shipped complete with thermometers, lamps, egg testers—ready to use when you get them. Ten year guarantee—30 days trial. Incubators finished in natural colors showing the high grade California Redwood lumber used—not painted to cover inferior material. If you will compare our machines with others, we feel sure of your order. Don't buy until you do this—you'll save money—it pays to investigate before you buy. Remember our price of $17.50 is for **both** Incubator and Brooder and covers freight and duty charges. Send for FREE catalog today, or send in your order and save time.

FREIGHT AND DUTY PAID



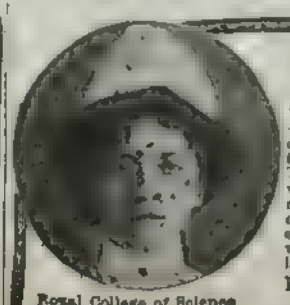
Write us today. Don't delay. **WISCONSIN INCUBATOR CO., Box 206 Racine, Wis., U. S. A.**

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

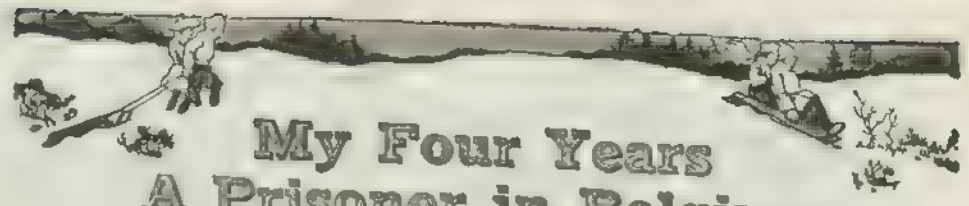


The Need is Still Great

DO not forget that even if the war has ceased that the need for nurses is great. Those serving at home will be in great demand. Avail yourself of an opportunity to earn $15 to $30 per week by learning nursing right at home.

Full particulars on request.

Royal College of Science
709A Spadina Ave., Toronto.



My Four Years A Prisoner in Belgium

(Continued from page 9)

they had really permission to carry on in this manner. The Germans were unmistakably abashed at hearing this, lost their assurance, exchanged furtive glances with one another and lowered noticeably the arrogant tone they had assumed, and decreased their demand to one bottle each. At the same time, all three removed their helmets and one of them said:

"You have an officer living here?"

"Yes," replied my mother. "And I shall relate to him word for word what has just taken place. Will you be good enough to give me your names and your numbers that I may ascertain if what you have said is true?"

The three soldiers turned quickly around, without even insisting on the one bottle of wine which they had demanded, and filed to the door with:

"Good-evening, Madame."

You may well imagine our unspeakable relief! They marched quickly towards the garden gate, looking to the right and to the left, as malefactors fleeing from a gendarme, and as soon as they arrived at the road they disappeared behind the trees. The officer who returned somewhat later was informed of all that had happened. I must do him credit by remarking that he flushed with humiliation on hearing of the incident.

Taken for Spies

THERE were in Cappellen at this time, certain individuals who carried on secret traffic of letters between Belgium and Holland. The frontier was guarded by wires charged with electricity, and it was very dangerous to venture into this region. Moreover, at every hundred paces a German soldier stood on sentry duty, and it was extremely difficult to pass from one country to another. Nevertheless a rumour was in circulation to the effect that about three thousand letters were passed daily from the province of Antwerp into Holland and *vice versa*. Certain persons at Cappellen were naturally suspected of carrying on this secret trade.

Now, one day towards ten o'clock in the morning, my youngest sister and I went to take a bottle of wine—in accordance with the wishes of our mother—to a poor family whose mother was ill in bed. She lived in a by-street situated about half a mile from our house. We arrived there, entered the house, chatted a little with the sick woman, presented her with the bottle of wine and then, as we were about to set out for home, accompanied as usual by our big St. Bernard dog, we found ourselves face to face with two German soldiers. The latter questioned us in French, and asked us what had brought us there. We explained that we had come to care for a sick woman, but the soldiers evidently did not give credence to our words and ordered us to return with them to Antwerp by way of the high-road.

To go to Antwerp we had to pass our home. The huge St. Bernard, apparently no more friendly towards the Germans than we were, kept beside my little sister, as if to protect her against our new companions. When we arrived at the garden-gate we attempted to enter, but the soldiers offered objections. We explained that we lived there, that we sheltered an officer, that our mother was devoting her time and attentions to the poor people, and that we went on errands every day for her to stricken families, and we continued on our way without any further ado, protected as we were by the noble St. Bernard. The soldiers followed us, entered with us, and wanted to learn the details of the whole story. Once more my mother came to our rescue with explanations which were naturally most plausible.

The Belgian whom we had visited was arrested some days later. After searching his home and person, it was proven that he was a letter-carrier, and he was thrown into prison.

Plundering for Wine

ON another occasion, in the course of the first year which followed the internment of my father, the wife of the *concierge* of one of the chief citizens of Cappellen, arrived in tears at our chateau, and asked my mother to have the kindness to go with her, for German soldiers had found their way into her master's house and were busily engaged in removing the wine from the cellars amid an infernal noise. The house referred to belonged to a benevolent family, all the members of which were in Holland. My mother set out with this good and faithful servant, and I accompanied her. When we arrived at the gate of the residence, we learned that it was guarded by a German soldier, well armed. My mother opened up a conversation with him, but received little satisfaction. We passed on, and went up to the house only to find that a cart had been placed at the door, and that two German soldiers were busy filling it with bottles of wine. The soldiers, already surfeited with wine, cast a hostile glance at us, but desisted none the less from their nefarious task, and when the car was well filled their *confreres* then left the cellar altogether—including the soldier on guard filed out in the direction of the fort. It was the second time that they had come to the place. The cellars were an evidence of vandalism. The door of the wine-cellar had been broken in, and numerous pieces of glass littered the floor—relics of many bottles.

The Law of Might

ONE evening when the officer had asked permission to sit and chat with us, a very interesting discussion arose between him and my mother. It was on the subject of Belgium, of the reconstruction of the country and of the eventual indemnity which would have to be paid in order to repair the enormous damages brought about by the German invasion. My mother asked the officer:

"And what will you do with little Belgium now?"

He replied: "Belgium will remain German."

"But in virtue of what law?" asked my mother, who sometimes spoke so assuredly that we feared the consequences would be serious for her.

The officer said by way of answer: **"In virtue of the law of might for our Kaiser emphatically offered to pay the King of Belgium for all the damage that would be done, if permission were granted us to cross Belgium in order to fight France. Your King" he added, "has refused to let us pass, therefore, he, his people, and his territory must needs yield to the fate of war, and the fate of war is shaped by the law of might—that is to say, by its exigencies."**

We never yet have been able to understand how this officer, who on former occasions was not minus a certain civility, could thus wound the feelings of a Belgian family of whom he was the guest. And it is incidents like these which enlightened me more than anything else on the German state of mind.

I would need volumes to recount in detail all the efforts which my mother made with the German authorities and with civil authorities of Belgium to have my father freed from his internment in a Berlin prison. It was first of all a question of emphasizing that my father had performed hospital duties up to the capture of Antwerp, and that is what was done by the kind intervention of the hospital authorities, supported by M. de Voss, Burgomaster of Antwerp. My mother likewise had an investigation held at Cappellen by the German military authorities, and she had a number of the sick people who had been restored to health and upon whom my father had bestowed his professional attentions, file past the officer who presided at the tribunal. She produced declarations to the same effect from the doctor of Cappellen, who had gone to Holland a short time prior to the departure of my father, and she was assured by the officer who presided that all these documents would be more than sufficient to have him, who had been interned so unjustly, restored to liberty once more. All these documents were made in duplicate. One copy was sent to M. Gerard, the American Ambassador at Berlin, and the other to the Department of Foreign Affairs, also at Berlin. This colossal task lasted, I might say, without intermission for two or three months. I do not hesitate to say that it was these periods of anxiety and constant work on the part of my mother that helped to bring on the terrible malady which led her to her grave a year later.

Fishing for—What?

A WELL-TO-DO German, Herr von Mallinkrotdt, had lived at Cappellen for a number of years. He was a nobleman, and as the story goes, a personal friend of the Emperor. It was also affirmed that he had admission into the Belgian Ministry, for he had obtained the right to fish in the canals surrounding the forts of Antwerp! It was, in truth, the wonder of all, that this fishing could offer

(Continued on page 37)

Soldiers' Home THE SALVATION ARMY Coming Campaign

The War Work

And the After-War Work of the

SALVATION ARMY

"FIRST TO SERVE—LAST TO APPEAL"

If one institution in the Empire was prepared for war, it was the Salvation Army. For fifty-three years it has been practising the relief of distress wherever and whenever the need arose.

And when the War came, intensifying human suffering and the need for bodily and spiritual help in a thousand ways, the Salvation Army was *Ready*.

The entire Salvation Army has always been organized on a military basis—inured to hardship, sacrifice and service. It is always in action—day and night.

And so the twelfth day of the war found the Salvation Army at work behind the lines in Belgium. Since then it has maintained 197 Huts, 96 Hostels and 40 Rest Rooms, 1200 uniformed workers, and 46 ambulances at the front in addition to taking care of the problems which arose here in Canada as a result of the departure of our soldiers.

Hostilities have ceased, leaving vast and complex problems—human problems—that call expressly for the sympathetic and ardent workers, trained by and organized into the Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army Million Dollar Fund

JANUARY 19th to 25th

The war work of the Salvation Army has been conducted without any general appeal to the public for funds. While it could "carry on" without appealing, it did so. Now a crisis has arisen. The budget has been prepared for essential work during the coming year, and it has been found that a million dollars must be raised to continue the after-the-war activities, including:

Hostels for Soldiers

For our troops "consolidating" the Victory in Europe, for soldiers in France or England awaiting transportation, and for returned men landing in Canada, the Salvation Army Hostels provide good food, clean beds, wholesome entertainment at a price the soldiers can afford to pay. The service of the Salvation Army, founded on sacrifice, demonstrates the true spirit of the Master and is directed to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

Care of the Wives, Widows, Dependants and Orphans of Soldiers

The Salvation army operates Emergency, Receiving and Maternity Homes for the care of those whom the soldier leaves behind him. The widows and orphans alone present a vast and complex problem that needs the human touch of the Salvation Army.

Visitation of War Families

The misery endured by helpless families of our soldiers by reason of debt, sickness and misfortune is alleviated by the relief work of the Salvation Army workers, who realize that immediate action is necessary to provide for the *present* need and to prepare for *future* need.

Demobilization

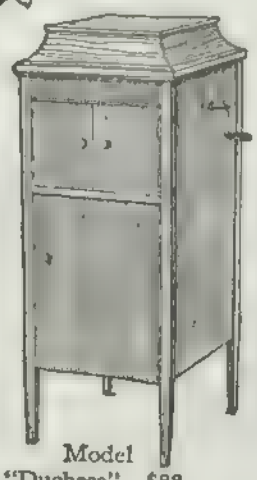
Through its Hostels maintained throughout Canada, the Salvation Army is already assisting vitally in the repatriation of our soldiers, especially those who have returned with no home to go to and those who are looking for a new start in civil life. The discharged soldier must not be turned adrift, and the Salvation Army has already proven indispensable in dealing with phases of the situation not provided for by the Government or any other organization.

YOUR EARNEST CO-OPERATION IS NEEDED. For two generations the Salvation Army has stood out and out for God. It approaches practical problems in a practical way and achieves RESULTS.

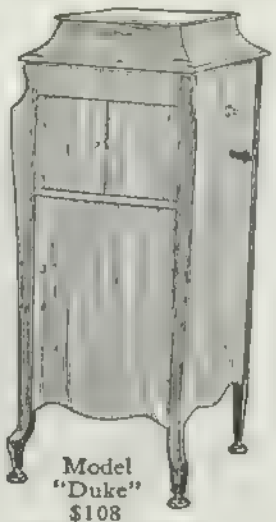
"Let Your Gratitude Find Expression in Service"

THE SALVATION ARMY MILLION DOLLAR FUND COMMITTEE,

Headquarters: 20 ALBERT ST., TORONTO



Model "Duchess"—$88
Mahogany or Oak

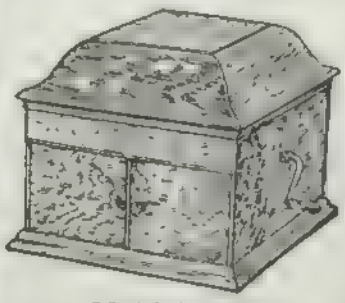


Model "Duke" $108
Mahogany or Oak

"Grand Duke" $138
Mahogany or Oak

Model "Princess" $165
Mahogany or Oak

Model "Prince" $215
Mahogany or Oak



Model "A"—$77
Mahogany or Oak

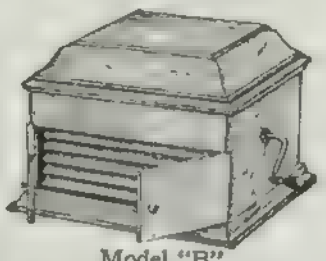
"Phonola" REGISTERED

A Wide Choice Is Given

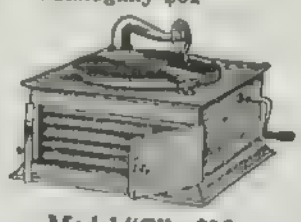
you in the complete line of "Phonolas" we manufacture in our two large factories. From the attractive Cabinet at $25 to the magnificent "Organola" Model at $310, which is equipped with tone control pipes like a church organ, there are "Phonolas" to suit all requirements.

The most critical judgment will be satisfied with the tone, the construction and the beauty of the "Phonola."

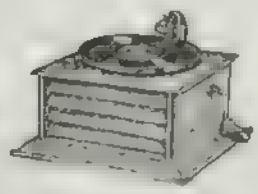
All makes of disc records can be played.



Model "B"
Oak $55—Mahogany $61

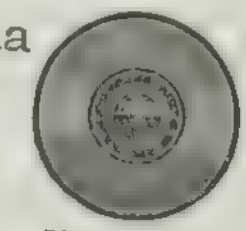


Model "C"—$35
Golden Oak or Birch Mahogany

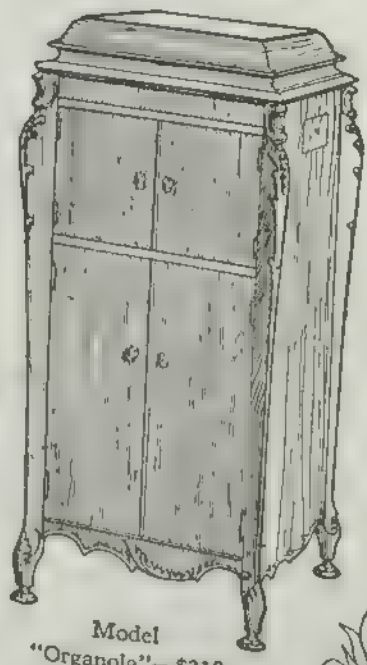


Model "G"—$25
Golden Oak

The Phonola Company of Canada, Limited
Kitchener
Canada



Phonola 10-inch
Double Disc Records
90 cents



Model "Organola"—$310
Mahogany or Walnut

46

FREE!!

Big Doll and Doll Carriage, Birthday Pendant and Ring.

GIRLS—Here is the greatest prize offer ever made in Canada. This Big Doll is simply exquisite. She is over 18 inches tall and has beautiful curly hair and loveliest clothes imaginable. She is ; ·lly jointed so that she can sit down or move around in almost any position. The big handsome Go Cart is lovely enough for a real baby. It has genuine rubber tired steel wheels, a folding hood to protect dolly from the sun and best of all, it can be folded right up tight when it is not in use.

You and all your friends will just be delighted with the beautiful g old finished birthday Pendant and Chain and the lovely ring we send you. The pendant is the newest style, handsome.y engraved set with a sparkling birthstone jewel with a nice pearlet drop and if you will tell us the month of your birth your pendant will have your own birthstone in it. The r ng is genuine gold filled and is set with five lovely sparkling manufactured jewels that glisten like diamonds.

Girls we offer these beautiful presents in order to obtain agents to help us quickly introduce "Dainteen" our delightful new Whipped Cream Candy Coated Breathlets. Write us to-day and we will send you **FREE** a big 10 cent package of "Dainteen" to try yourself, and just 25 large handsome packages to introduce among your friends. You ll sell them instantly by opening your sample package and asking your friends to try them. Everyone will buy a package or two because they cannot resist the delicious flavor. Two or three little "Dainteen" will perfume the breath, cleanse the mouth and leave a lasting fra rance.

Return our **$2.50** when the "Dainteen" are sold and we ll promptly send you a.l charges prepaid the beautiful birthstone pendant and ring just as represented and the lovely doll with her fine go-cart too, you can also receive with us selling any more goods, by simply showing your grand presents to your friends and getting only five of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Don t delay girls. Write today and in a short time all these lovely presents will be yours. Address

THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. K. 4
Toronto, Canada.

"I want to confess,"

writes one subscriber, "that until EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD attracted me by its Advertising Manager's contest, I did not pay half as much attention to its ads. as I do now. I find keen enjoyment and also find it good business to read every advertisement from cover to cover."

You Can Win A Cash Prize

Pick out the BEST AD. IN THIS ISSUE, tell us in a fifty-word letter why you pick it—whether you use what is advertised or not—and what you think of the product itself. The Best Letter gets the Prize.

First Prize, $5.00; Second Prize, $3.00: Third Prize, $2.00; next five—each will receive a Book Prize.

Contest closes February 10th. Winners announced in the March issue.

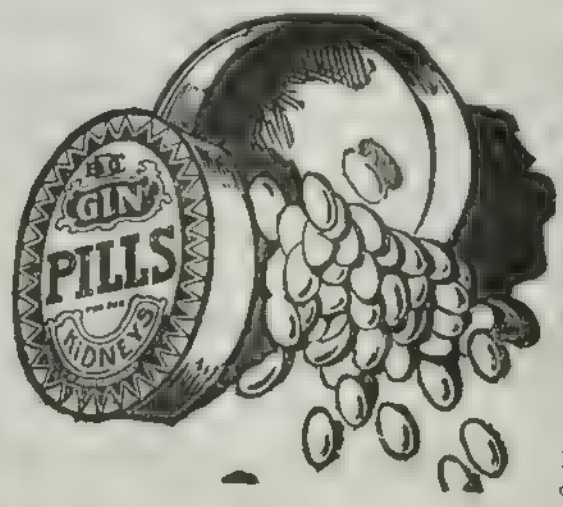
Address:

THE BEST AD.
EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
Continental Building
TORONTO :: CANADA

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

For BAD Cases of Kidney Trouble

THIS message is especially for those who have allowed kidney trouble to develop into its more serious forms—sciatica, lumbago, general debility, stone, gravel, inflammation of the kidneys and of the bladder.



Do not lose hope. We have hundreds of letters on file showing how Gin Pills restored health when all other means had failed. Gin Pills may be just what you want. In any case you can buy them from any dealer for 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2 50, with a guarantee of satisfaction or your money refunded.

Free Sample

A Free Sample of Gin Pills will be mailed to any one addressing a request to

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO

The Hands of a Lady

(Continued from page 10)

she was a marvel of speed and thoroughness. And yet through it all, she managed to keep her hands soft and white, though she never had much time for fussing over herself. But she saw no more reason why she should neglect her hands than fail to give the needed attention to the geraniums that blossomed so luxuriantly in the sunny bay window of the dining room. The plants were only ornamental, her hands were the most useful thing in the entire house, but she meant them to be ornamental as well, and one had only to see her white, well-cared-for fingers busy with her knitting to realize that her ambition was achieved.

Too many women nowadays think the mere fact of their having to do a little housework is excuse enough for them to go around with red, chapped, neglected hands, but this is all nonsense, for by taking a few simple precautions it is possible to keep the hands in good condition, even in the coldest weather.

● Laundry soap or washing powders tend to dry the skin, causing innumerable but invisible cracks, which later collect dust and give the hands a grimy, unattractive appearance. This can be avoided if, before putting the hands into the water, a coat of grease is rubbed in, especially about the base of the nails, and after completing the duty the hands must be washed in clean water with a mild soap, then more cold cream or oil rubbed in. If rubbed hard with a soft towel, all surface grease can be easily removed. One reason why in winter the hands get so grimy that it seems impossible to wash them clean is because sufficient use is not made of the nail brush. The hands should be well scrubbed with this twice a day, and if the sleeves are rolled up when working, or short sleeves are worn, the arms should be scrubbed with the brush nearly to the elbow and then wiped thoroughly, and if they are inclined to be red or to have what is sometimes called "goose flesh," a little cold cream or home-made mutton tallow should be rubbed into them as well as into the hands. The superfluous grease can be wiped off with a towel or clean rag. This will keep the arms white and soft as well as the hands.

But really the most important cold weather remedy for red, chapped or grimy hands are what my grandmother used to call "beauty gloves." These sound rather formidable and expensive, I am afraid, but they are in reality nothing more than any old pair of gloves that are rather loose. Tight gloves won't do at all, for they restrict the circulation and thus make the hands red. Cut the tips off the fingers and also cut two small holes in the back and another high up on the palm of the glove for ventilation. Then wash the hands until they are very clean and with the tips of the fingers grease the inside of the gloves thoroughly with cold cream and the last thing before you go to bed soak the hands in warm soap suds made from some mild soap and then dry them well with a soft towel and slip on the gloves and keep them on all night.

IF you are going to be out in the cold a long time, or if you are going out to dinner or to any festivity where you want your hands to look particulary well it is a good plan to give them a powder bath. This may sound elaborate, but it is really very simple. Squeeze from your cold cream tube on the back of one hand about an inch of cold cream. Then take the palm of the other hand and rub it all over just as if you were washing your hands in it and then put a little on the other hand in the same way rubbing it well into the skin. Wash the hands in warm water and a mild soap. Be sure the water is not hot, as hot water dries the skin and causes it to chap. Dry thoroughly with a soft towel, taking each finger separately and rubbing the towel down both sides, and back and front, always starting at the tip. The usual way to dry the hands is to begin at the base of the fingers and rub up, which makes the hands red and causes the cuticles to grow down over the nails.

The powder is the finishing touch. Take a small bowl such as is used in the kitchen and fill it half full of powder. Any good toilet powder will do, or you can use ordinary starch that has been rolled with a rolling pin until it is a fine powder and then sifted several times through cheese cloth. Rub the fingers through and through the powder in the bowl, going over and over the hands as though washing them with soap. Now take a perfectly dry towel and wipe the superfluous powder off the hands. Dip a bit of absorbent cotton in alcohol, or in bay rum or witch hazel and rub this quickly over each nail and with an orange wood stick remove any powder that may have lodged beneath the nails.

This operation may sound tedious, but it really takes only a very few minutes. Hands protected with this powder and cold cream bath can stand the rigors of almost any climate.

Stains can be removed from the hands with lemon juice. The nails can be made delightfully clear and transparent by burrowing the finger tips around in half a juicy lemon. Ink and fruit stains are easily removed in this way. A little more convenient perhaps is this: Into a bottle pour one ounce of peroxide of hydrogen and one ounce of tincture of green soap (both can be obtained at any druggist's), shake well and apply to all the crevices around the nail with an orange wood stick but do not push the stick under the nail; rather permit the mixture to drip from the point of the stick under the nail. This acts on discolorations like magic. The nails should be filed, but not cut as to cut them makes them brittle. They should be filed in a more or less rounded point to suit the shape of the finger and the cuticle at the lower edge pushed back using an orange wood stick. It can also be removed with a reliable advertised preparation. If desired, the nails can be polished with a manicure buffer and a cake of polishing powder. It is sometimes desirable to apply first, a little nail paste. You really do not absolutely need a buffer to get a high polish for the palm of one hand rubbed against the nails of the other makes the best polisher known.

(Confidentially) Do You Approve of the Powder-Puff

(Continued from page 12)

succeeded in seducing the captain and his teacup into a corner of the drawing-room, where they discovered so many tastes in common that an appointment for lunch was made for the following day. The luncheon was a great success, and other expeditions followed as a matter of course, so that after a week of *matinees*, teas, and dinners together, the gallant Captain decided that he could no longer live without Caroline.

Unable to contain himself until a more conventional hour, he appeared on her doorstep one morning at ten o'clock, burning to declare his love. A maid—dismissed without character the same afternoon—showed him into the drawing-room, where his startled eyes beheld Caroline, attired in a pea-green overall, engaged with a duster. But it was a very different Caroline! Gone was her delicate colour, gone the cherry lips he had so longed to kiss; something had happened to her erstwhile dusky lashes, and pea-green was most emphatically not her colour. Caroline gave a faint scream, and with sinking heart and faltering voice, Captain Trench-Boote murmured something about "called—to—say good-bye—going North immediately—dying—relative." After which he fled in the direction of the station and hied him to the extreme north of Scotland, where he spent the rest of his leave.

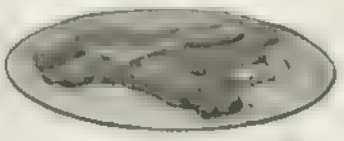
This tragic episode seems to point to the fact that the mere man does not recognise make-up when he sees it, though there is little doubt that the desire to look well in his eyes is the main reason for its existence. It may be that mankind does not trouble to inquire from whence comes beauty—so long as beauty—more or less—is there.

It would be interesting, however, to know whether men *do* consider the powder-puff permissible—more especially as the married woman of to-day shows almost as great a tendency towards make-up as does her unmarried sister.

In the case of the flapper, the use of make-up can never be countenanced. Powder and pigtails do not go well together. Obviously this fact has not yet been recognised by the number of youthful damsels whose rouged and powdered faces are a sight to make angels weep and ordinary mortals sigh for the restraining hand of a Controller of Cosmetics, so that if the flapper finds it absolutely necessary to make up, her indulgence in this direction might at least be limited.

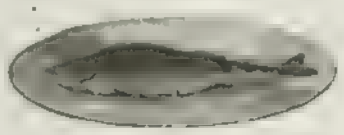
Don't Buy Food Blindly

This Costs 5½c Per 1000 Calories



This Costs 57c Per 1000 Calories

This Costs 54c Per 1000 Calories



This Costs 60c Per 1000 Calories

Know What Energy You Get

The Government standard for measuring foods is the calory.

We measure food needs by calories. The average man needs 3,000 calories daily. The average woman needs 2,590.

This is what some common foods yield in calories per pound:

Calories Per Pound

Quaker Oats	1810
Round Steak	890
Leg of Lamb	860
Salt Codfish	325
Perch	275
Oysters	225
Canned Peas	235
Potatoes	295

Comparing cost on the calory basis you find this:

The average cost of meats and fish at this writing is ten times Quaker Oats.

The average mixed diet costs five times Quaker Oats.

Yet Quaker Oats is much the greatest of these foods. It is almost a complete food—almost the ideal diet. Foods which cost ten times as much cannot compare with oats.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

Without extra price, you get super-flavor when you ask for Quaker Oats. This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the richest, plumpest oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. No puny and insipid oats are ever mixed in this grade.

Two Sizes: 35c and 15c Per Package, Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough, Canada — Saskatoon, Canada

Quaker Oats Bread

1½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 2 teaspoons salt, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 1 cake yeast, ¼ cup lukewarm water, 5 cups flour.

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

1 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

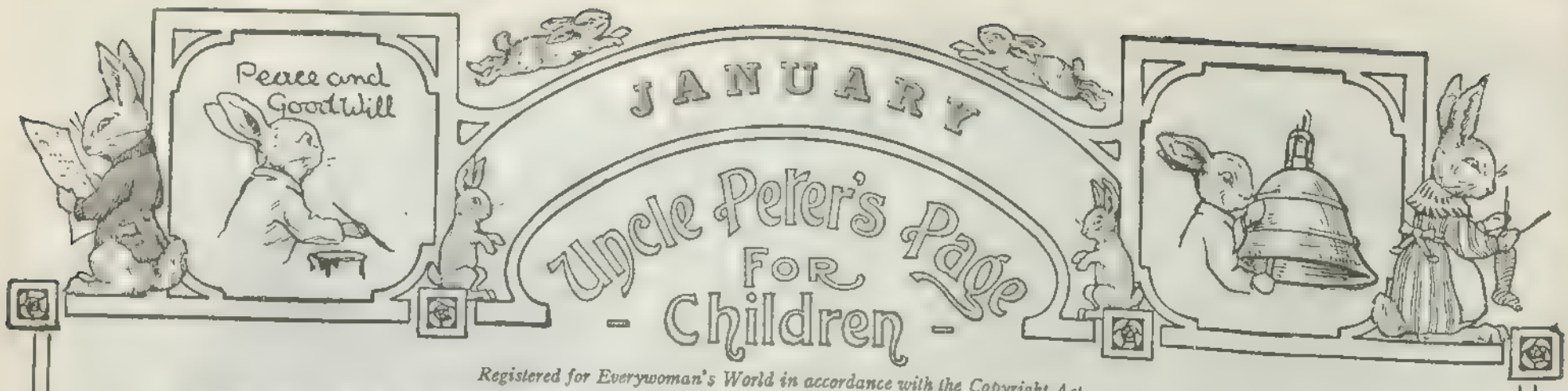
Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes, add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Cookies

Mix dry 3 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt.

Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard.

Put 1 level teaspoon soda in a small cup of sour milk. Add this to sugar and lard then add dry ingredients, roll thin, cut in squares and bake. Raisins—2 cups—make an excellent addition.



Registered for Everywoman's World in accordance with the Copyright Act

The New Year Visits The Bunnies

IT was New Year's Eve. All day the strangest things had been happening. Once, when John Bunny had been out through the woodland, he had heard a whisper quite close to his ears, and had stopped, wondering who could possbly be speaking to him. No one was in sight. He stood quite still and listened, and presently, the sound

came again, just a breath on the winter breeze, and the voice seemed to say "The New Year is coming". Here and there, wherever they were, the other Bunnies had heard the same whisper, and they were all on the very tips of their toes with expectation. Now, late at night, the Bunnies stood in a broad avenue of trees in the woodland, looking towards the moon. Why they were there, and why they looked that way, they could not tell, and yet again they heard, or thought they heard, the New Year's whisper on the night-wind.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Through the woods came a beautiful soft light, growing brighter and brighter as it came nearer to them until they saw quite plainly, the Spirit of the New Year approaching them, while a hundred little bells tolled the hour of midnight.

The Spirit of the New Year, seemed to the Bunnies to be a beautiful little boy, fair and fresh and spotless, for he had only just dawned upon the world. He was dressed in white, a suit which looked like fur and yet was of the finest brushed silk, a hood seemed to hang from his shoulders and the Bunnies saw that it was fashioned in the shape of a Bunny's head with the long ears like silken tassels at the top. As he came near the white light fell upon the Bunnies who were gathered to meet him and their coats turned to silver in its rays.

Together they turned and went into John Bunny's home, and there the light followed them, turning the rooms to silver. Then, in his silver voice, the New Year spoke and said: "I am the Year of Peace, and to all creatures upon the earth I appear now in different forms. To you, as to all the peaceful, I come as Peace with my doves, sure of a welcome to their hearts. To the cruel and deceitful, I come as a veiled figure, cold as ice, and chilling all with doubt, unless they, too, will welcome me in their hearts, and change my ice to warmth. For in the hearts of the cruel and deceitful who make war upon their fellow creatures, there is small welcome to the New Year of Peace. To the greedy and grasping, who pile up stores of wealth at the expense of all others, I come as a Fate, who shall with stern voice forbid them to further fill their treasure chests with stolen profits of circumstance. For to some, good appears to be evil, and evil seems good, and the New Year of Peace is welcome only to those who have fought, or prayed, or suffered for peace with honour, and to those others who, with their eyes now opened to their mistakes, and tired of wrong, once more recognize Evil as Evil."

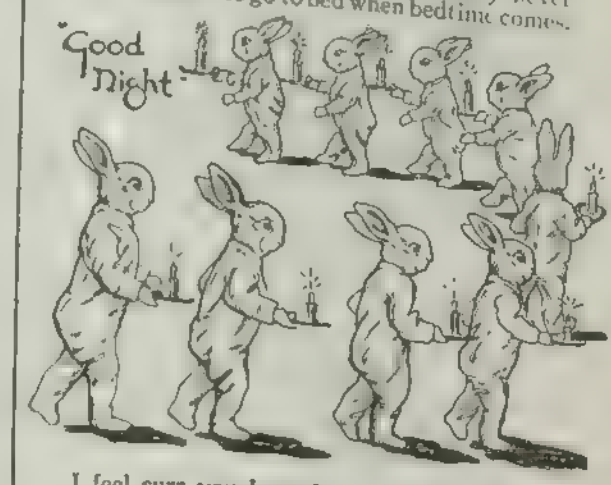
And in a flash of brilliant light, the Spirit of the New Year was gone. The Bunnies looked at each other in wonder for their coats were of silver and their hearts were glad. Around them still shone the radiance of the light of Peace, to brighten their lives for many a day to come. And that is where the silver Bunnies came from. Perhaps you have never met them, and perhaps you know them as well as I do.

Perhaps, you, my Bunnies, do not quite understand all that the Spirit of this New Year said to the Bunnies. I am sure some of the little Bunnies did not really understand, they had to ask John Bunny and Mrs. Bunny what the words meant, and if you ask your mother, too, I think she will be able to tell you. This is what John Bunny told his little Bunnies that night. He told them that they must not expect too much, because the Spirit of the New Year, the Spirit of Peace, could not fill all hearts alike. He told them that though bitter wars might cease, yet the bad feelings that had caused them would not be overcome by all. "Bunnies," said John, "even though the Foxes promised Peace, yet the strength of the walls of our homes will still be our greatest protection. Though our own hearts glow with good feeling to all, we will not trust the Fox too much on that account." In which I am sure that John Bunny was just as wise as John Bunny generally is, and I hope that the Men of the World may be as wise also, when by chance they have dealings with the Foxes. For even though a Fox may be beaten at his own game, yet he is still a Fox and a Fox he will remain. Do you remember how, long ago, Uncle Peter told you the story of Mr. Fox coming to John Bunny with a proposal of peace, and how John told the Foxes that he would not mind having Peace with them, provided they would leave their sharp teeth behind them? I wonder what John would have done if they had agreed. I think —don't you?—that he would still have warned his Bunnies to be careful in case the Foxes grew some new teeth as sharp as the old ones, or went to the dentist and bought some nice, new, shiny ones.

That New Year's Day was a wonderful day for the Silver Bunnies. I wish we could all have been there to take a share in their celebrations. First they had a procession through the woodland, in which all the little Bunnies took part, while John Bunny and Mrs Bunny stayed at home and watched them from the door.

They had played for a time, running and tumbling here and there in the snow, while the bright winter sun shone down upon them, and they had lots of extra fun when they found out how difficult it was for them to see each other, now that their silver coats were so much the same colour as the white snow. Lots of animals have coats that turn white in the winter months and are brown in the summer, so that they may not be so easily seen. This is a very wonderful thing, isn't it?—just one of the many wonderful things in nature that we read about, and sometimes see for ourselves, if we are interested in the doings of the four-footed creatures of the woodlands and the plains.

It was late that night before the Bunnies went to bed, although they really should have been tired, after being up all the night before. But little Bunnies are like that, they never seem to want to go to bed when bedtime comes.



I feel sure you have known lots of Bunnies like that, and I wouldn't be very much surprised if I asked mother and she said that you were just that kind of a Bunny yourself. Certainly John Bunny's family didn't seem sleepy. Mrs. Bunny gave them a fine New Year's supper, and then they had more games, until, at twelve o'clock, John Bunny stood them all up in a line, and they wished each other a Happy New Year, and trooped off to bed, tired and happy. And Uncle Peter wishes all his Bunnies A Happy New Year, too, and lots of good times ahead in the busy world of Peace-Times. If we all remember our Bunny-Club motto, "Effort with Contentment", I think we shall be all right.

UNCLE PETER'S MONTHLY LETTER

MY DEAR BUNNIES:

All my New Year's wishes to you are contained in my story for this month—"A Peaceful and Happy New Year, with very many bright days of happiness and prosperity in the days to come, governed by our Bunny-Club motto, 'Effort with Contentment.'"

Next month I will publish the winners in the November Bunny-Club Competition, and for this month's competition I will ask you each to send me a little letter, not more than one hundred and fifty words in length, and shorter if you like, telling me what you have planned for the year 1919.

Six prizes will be given for the best six letters reaching Uncle Peter's Bunny Club, Continental Building, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, not later than February 5th.

Bunny-Club Entrance fee, five cents. Give full name, age and address.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle

Uncle Peter.

I Join the Chorus

By

Lillian Scott

TO my mind any modern family, however brilliant, is incomplete without a stage-aspirant. You may talk of your writers, you may boast of your soldier boys and your nurses, or you may simply adore your sweet young ambulance drivers; but what could be more alluring, more interesting, than an actress?

She belongs to no particular sphere. She may have known the binding walls of a convent, or the meagre walls of a tenement, yet she has frequently the air of a queen—queen of a sequestered kingdom perhaps, but withal, still a queen. Personally I admire the actress, even a chorus-girl, and surely some of my readers do the same—especially across the footlights. Then let us continue to admire and uphold her—across the footlights, nor forget to give her credit for the few happy hours in life when her smiles help us to dream ourselves into a pleasurable reverie.

There are, of course, many types of actress. Then let me tell you of the chorus-girl type I recently encountered while upon a pilgrimage into the mystic realms of the grease-paint world.

It was during a *matinee* that the idea seized me. There was an illuminated runway with the production, and the dancers in their elfin, gauzy costumes danced down the runway in gay abandon. I thrilled at their nearness. I remember well the expression on my aunt's stern face as I cautiously remarked how enjoyable life must be behind the foot lights—totally ignorant then of the endless rehearsals, impossible hotels and utter loneliness of it all. From the stage-box all I could see was the glamour; all I could hear was the syncopated music, and when we emerged once more into the autumn sunshine the music was still in my ears. I yearned for gay companions and a stage whereon to dance.

It was during the matinee that the idea seized me.

During the remainder of that eventful *matinee* I was in rather a dazed condition, and remember only faintly leading my aunt into the manager's office and revealing to her my mad intention.

"You are what?" she gasped in a shocked voice.

"Going out with the company, Aunt Birdie," I heard myself say rather weakly.

But it was not until the manager, Mr. Edwards, assured her in blandest tones—after a gentle push from me—that I would have a prominent part, that she consented at all—even then very reluctantly. One would have thought that I was about to be electrocuted so greatly was she perturbed.

So much did that performance affect me in the days that followed that I thought of little else save the career I was planning in my small brain.

There stood the mater! She entered the room with her head held high.

My parents had braved the submarines to visit my brother who was in Blighty, and I, with the rest of the family had been left in the care of an aunt who was sometimes a very good friend of mine—sometimes not—however, there were times when she was an adorable companion and we did the *matinees* together. The week following my great inspiration we again attended the same theatre. This time to see a better class of musical show of which Auntie approved — revealing no ample display of limbs—or backs.

During the first intermission I noticed a tall dark figure, unmistakably a showman moving through the house from the stage. Instinctively I knew it was the manager. My heart beat wildly as I watched him and met his eye. I am afraid that I lost all attributes of a lady as I calmly smiled *a la* Mona Lisa.

As the curtain rose revealing an exquisite setting of an English garden I tried to return my attention to the stage. My imagination, however vivid, could hardly have anticipated what followed. Just as the King's five daughters advanced down-stage an attendant came to me with a note from the house-manager, whom I knew very well, asking me to please come into his office. Leaving my dear unsuspecting aunt, I groped my way along the aisle in the semi-darkness to the front of the house, to be presented therewith, to the recipient of my smile. That I had interested him was obvious; whether he saw possibilities in my curls or had recognized a "find—" who knows? But the fact remained that he had noticed me and the interview followed which resulted in my joining the company.

IT was arranged that I leave the following morning with the company. That night, which was Saturday, the whole household was on the wing, gathering my belongings from all parts of the house. Never before had my sisters and cousins appeared so devoted and kind—too kind, for was I not already rather sorry for my hasty decision? Was I not about to go out into an unknown world, all alone? But I choked back the lumps that rose in my throat, and after a wild evening of packing, my trunk was ready and I retired to dream peacefully of elfin music and footlights.

Never shall I forget that next morning. My aunt came into the train with me and after telling me for the ninety-ninth time—or was it a hundred?—to wear my rubbers when it rained and to go to no dinner parties, she left me alone with my chosen companions. Soon the train started and I found myself walking down the aisle with Mr. Edwards, suffering inevitable introductions. Miserably nervous though I was, my mind was peculiarly active upon meeting and judging each new character. Finally, after walking the length of the coach, fate obliged me to sit beside a dark, ravishing creature, whose make-up simply made me gasp. I have only to close my eyes now to recall the picture she made. Although it was rather warm the distinctive feature of her costume was a sealskin coat. She wore a veil over a hat of deep taupe velvet. In her ears, partly hidden by waves of black hair, were two wonderful pearls. With that "air of a queen" she sat knitting a sweater, oblivious of all else save herself—and me occasionally, when she remembered that I was beside her. Now and then a passing individual would stop in the aisle and ask for an introduction to the new dancer, whereupon I was filled with amusement at the banal conversation that followed.

After a disillusioning and tiresome journey we reached New York, only to find it raining heavily. Our train was late. We had had no dinner, and the confusion and noise of buzzing motors was terrible. My companion, heavily rouged and powdered, piloted me towards a taxi-cab.

"Trent Hotel," she called to the driver, as the machine gave a lurch that sent my head against the back of the seat. In a few moments we were plunging through the rain into the heart of the Great City. Through the misty windows the shops glittered, casting their glow upon the wet pavements. My head began to ache and altogether I was abjectly miserable.

Suddenly the taxi stopped and we found ourselves before the entrance of a forbiding hotel. Now, however far I had wandered from my own sphere according to my family, I still possessed the instincts of keen sensitiveness regarding my environment, and with heavy heart I followed my companion up to the dimly-lit desk. It was indescribable! Not until I heard her ask for two rooms with bath did I realize that I was expected to remain there. I looked at the girl by my side. In outward seeming at least, she reflected Fifth Avenue, and yet she lived in a place like this! Surely I was being taught many things by painful experience. After a hasty glance around I whispered to my companion that she was probably mad to think of staying in such a place; and she immediately assured me that she was by bending over the register. I picked up my bag and fled.

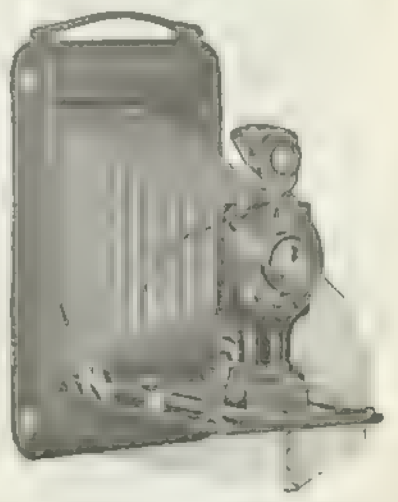
Fortunately the rain had ceased. As I walked up Forty-second Street I felt woefully disappointed. I soon found myself in front of the hotel at which Mr. Edwards had advised me to stop. I entered. The porter very graciously relieved me of my bag. What a change! Everything was quiet and in good taste. There was a pleasant sound of music. I secured a charming room, remembering afterwards with remorse that it would take all of my salary to pay for it; but, I reflected, I was comfortable if a little extravagant. After I had unpacked and removed my travelling clothes, the telephone bell rang, and to my intense relief I heard the welcome voice of Mr. Edwards inviting me downstairs to have dinner. In a short time I had put on an evening gown, and was seated opposite my manager, before an excellent dinner which I enjoyed thoroughly.

In outward seeming, at least, she reflected Fifth Avenue.

Rehearsal was called at eleven next morning and once again I was nervous and miserable. Mr. Garwood, the stage manager, was a tall good-looking man, tremendously likable. Had I met him under any other circumstances I should have desired his friendship greatly, but

(*Continued on page 39*)

MADE IN CANADA



3A

Autographic Kodak, Jr.

Picture size, 3¼ x 5½

Price with Single Lens, $17.50

Here is a Kodak stripped for action. With the emphasis placed on simplicity of operation, nothing remains to confuse the beginner. Every essential for good picture-making is there—nothing else.

The 3A Autographic Kodak Jr. is a simply worked, thoroughly capable camera that will make the kind of pictures you want and the soldiers need.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
Toronto, Canada

At your dealer's

Healthy Parent Stock

The best insurance of a good hatch of sturdy, vigorous chicks is to give your breeding stock

Pratts Poultry Regulator

in their feed. "Pratts" keeps the breeding birds in prime condition. Produces more eggs and eggs that are fertile. Chicks will be strong and develop quickly.

At your dealer's in pkgs., also 25-lb. pails and 100-lb. bags.

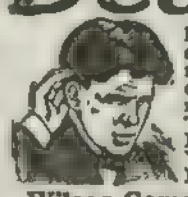
Money Back If Not Satisfied.

Write for new book on care of Poultry. It's FREE.

Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Limited, [illegible]
328 F Carlaw Ave., Toronto.

Pratts

Deafness



Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"*Little Wireless Phones for the Ears*" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

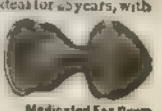
Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
340 Inter-Southern Bldg LOUISVILLE, KY.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

-Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf as a post for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. None one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address



Medicated Ear Drum
Pat. Nov. 4, 1908

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)
52 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

WOMAN-POWER

By MADGE MACBETH

Miss Almira Winchester, Kindergarten Specialist of U.S Bureau of Education

Mrs. F. W. Ainsbury is the biggest single drawing card on any of the programmes in which she has ever taken part.

Mrs. Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner, Canadian Organizer, International Sunshine Movement

IS it not curious that we like to hear of people's struggles only after they have attained success? Comparatively few are the sympathetic ears open to stories of repeated failures and continuous discouragement. But the bygone troubles of a successful person are positively interesting. In the first place they give us a feeling of nearness because of our understanding, and in the second place they give us a certain hope and inspiration. Perhaps, we too, the thought is not unnatural, may yet be crowned with reward.

Possibly no one who has appeared on our page ever had more disheartening struggles than Miss Almira Mann Winchester. That is the worst of having vision—so many blots bob up in the foreground and middle distance while your eye is fixed on a distant goal. She was born at St. Catharines, Ont., graduated from the Collegiate Institute there, then went to Toronto to take a Kindergarten course and to study also at the Normal Training School, after which, she returned to her home and taught there, and in Brantford for about eight years. Feeling the need for further broadening as well as further opportunities for study, Miss Winchester went to the Chicago Kindergarten College. Considerable time passed in teaching and study before she went to Fort Worth, Texas, as Assistant and later Principal of the Kindergarten Training School there. Her trials and heartaches then began. Many sections of the far south recovered very slowly from the effects of the Civil War, and education in particular suffered. There was a good deal of ignorance as to modern kindergarten methods and objects; there was more apathy, and there were practically no facilities for carrying on the work. But Miss Winchester was determined to reach those who needed her. Aided by a group of earnest and devoted women, she organized a sort of publicity campaign throughout the State. She organized Mothers' Meetings and Kindergarten Associations, interviewed school superintendents and members of the Legislature, and she prepared articles for the press. Not satisfied with the results of this almost superhuman activity, she helped in settlements and took charge of story classes at the public libraries. Gradually people realized the emphasis laid upon manual, moral and social training in her work, they saw the amazing benefit to their children and the "pioneer" work was done! A Bill for the promotion of public kindergartens was passed, and they with the training school became part of the city system.

In 1911 Miss Winchester took her B.S. degree at Columbia University and was made Educational Director of the National Kindergarten Association. This is an organization for the promotion of pioneer work. In 1913 she went to the Washington Bureau of Education as head of the Kindergarten Division and she is now occupying her spare time in preparing for her M.A. Miss Winchester's motto has always been, "Choose not the easiest but the best." In congratulating her, we feel like saying that is just what the educationalists did when they chose her.

Miss Kathleen Patton

Miss Kathleen Patton

THIS looks like Mary Pickford, but it isn't. Miss Kathleen Patton is a living proof of the fallacy which existed in our grandmother's day and which claimed that "there is no domesticity behind a pretty face." She is both pretty and domestic although at the moment she is a member of that great body of women who bear the burden of office work with men.

I like to tell the story about the time when Kathleen was but thirteen years old; her mother was stricken with typhoid and taken to the hospital. This left the little girl sole supervisor over the home, father and five children ranging in age from nineteen months to eleven years. She did every atom of work in that house, except wash the heavy pieces of linen! And Fate, feeling that her busy hands were not sufficiently full, added to her burden by allowing the eldest boy to contract the fever. The little mother-sister kept him at home and nursed him through his illness!

At fourteen she had finished all grades in high school and started out to fight for a living. To-day, she is one of the many girls upon whom women of the future may look back with a kind of pity. She is one of the never-come-outs. No *debut* for her. War stepped in and took partners, the necessity for pretty frocks, the wherewithal to buy them. She carries a sheaf of letters in lieu of a fan; she writes on the firm's paper instead of daintily monogramed notes; she goes to bed early, to dream perhaps of dancing late. There is, I think, a great deal of indulgence and admiration and love due from us who have enjoyed what we consider the rights of a happy, pleasure-filled girlhood, to these fine types of young womanhood who have had to relinquish their claim to so many of the things a girl holds dear, and who have prepared the way in order that the women of the future may enjoy exactly what she has missed!

Mrs. F. W. Ainsbury

IN spite of the fact that people shudder and look aggrieved when asked to buy tickets for a Red Cross entertainment, none can deny that the coffers of this organization would have been considerably thinner had not some been courageous enough to brave the slights of their friends and the public in general, and carry entertainments through to a finish. As a whole, every one will concede, these amateur affairs have been good, very good, in more cases than one people have admitted they could have asked for nothing better from the professional world.

Mrs. F. W. Ainsbury of Regina has worked as hard as any woman in the west to raise money for patriotic purposes. She has a voice of rare beauty, is the soloist in one of the large churches and has been termed "the biggest single drawing card" on any of the programmes in which she has taken part. These are numerous and entail no light amount of work, for being a clever actress as well as a vocalist, Mrs. Ainsbury is always cast in the leading role. She is a pupil of Atherton Furlong of Toronto, and many people will remember her lovely voice heard at his concert last summer. It may interest our readers to know that her beauty, her attractive personality and, by no means least, her decided talent have spurred several moving picture managers to approach her with offers for the screen.

Another Phase In Our Evolution

WE have reckoned in candle-power, horse-power, motor-power, and man-power. Now, there comes another phase in our evolution and the industrial and economic strength of the world bids fair to be figured *woman-power*. Canada and the U. S. have not used their woman-power quite as extensively as some of the older countries; for example, we have rarely asked women to work in the mines, draw ploughs, load freighters or stoke furnaces, and I do not mean to suggest that a consideration of our woman-power will involve the bearing of this type of burden on our shoulders. Far from it. Instead, all signs point to a lessening of what is called the "rough work" of life; women will direct the machinery—perhaps invent it—which will be the driving force of the world and which will remove us one step farther from the primitive. Also theirs will be the *mind-power* behind affairs of nations. "Woman is coming into her own," is the exultant cry one hears in many quarters.

If this be true—and I think it is—good sisters, all, let us remember that we have cause not merely for triumph and an attitude of superiority. Rather, have we a matter before us for serious reflection. Are we fitted to carry national, even municipal burdens? Is our judgment as keen and as broad as we require: I mean the large majority of us? Is, in a word, our *woman-power* raised to even a hint of its highest efficiency? Why not sit down to-day and put ourselves to a brutal test: What am I best fitted to do? is the question we must ask. And because it seems eminently satisfactory to be as prominent as Mrs. So-and-So, can we not be happy in the realization that our qualities, although quite as valuable in their way, do not make for that sort of lime-light prominence enjoyed by Mrs. So-and-So and that the good of mankind—womankind—depends upon our doing what we are most fitted to do?

Unity, harmony, working together with Service written in our every effort—that, my friends, is the way to raise our standard, national, physical, ethical. And remember that the best way to reach the top is to begin at the bottom!

Yours faithfully,

Madge Macbeth

Mrs. Lillian Johnston and Children

Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner

MRS. GENEVIEVE LIPSETT-SKINNER of Winnipeg is probably the most versatile woman in Western Canada. Not only can she write LL.B. after her name, but she is an accomplished journalist, an ex-teacher and a splendid organizer and social service worker—all this, too, while still a young woman. She is a compound of energy, resourcefulness, tact and keen judgment, so that everything to which she applies her hand (and brain) has a peculiar way of succeeding. She graduated in law from the Manitoba University in 1911 with honours, naturally, and also completed the course laid down by the Manitoba Law Society. Next year she will be called to the Bar upon the completion of her time "under articles."

In her own words, her reason for choosing law as a career, is: "Because I felt that

(*Continued on page 42*)

My Four Years A Prisoner in Belgium

(Continued from page 30)

so many attractions to this German. How can it be explained that a German millionaire was anxious to possess the right to fish in muddy water! In the neighbourhood of the forts! Suspicious!

This is merely a digression. What prompted me to make mention of this German nobleman, was the fact that my mother, through th intervention of the Mayor of Cappellen, begged him to plead for father. He promised to do something in this regard on his first trip to Berlin, but on his return, he merely consoled us with the knowledge that the investigation was still being held. He had been unable to obtain any further information.

During the three years of my captivity at Cappellen, I had many opportunities to go to Antwerp. To reach Antwerp it was necessary to pass a controller's office in the village where I lived, in order to get a permit. It was strictly forbidden to travel by rail or by cycle outside the village limits, without a special permit, and this German office demanded the substantial sum of twenty to twenty-five cents for each pass—a method of levying another small indemnity.

Tax Levied Dishonestly

APROPOS of fees collected by the Germans in territory occupied by them, I might make mention here of a tax which was levied on the Township of Cappellen by the military authorities in possession. A provisional railroad had been constructed by the military authorities of Belgium, at the very outset of the war, to extend around the fortified position of Antwerp, that is to say, an iron track connecting one fort with another. Now, in the immediate vicinity of my mother's residence, lives a peasant whose barn and stables are out-skirted by this iron road. One evening after nine o'clock—after curfew time—a few of the peasant's friends were going abroad, careful lest they make the least noise, for it was forbidden to roam about after nine o'clock. It was night and very dark. As they were turning the corner of the barn they heard a slight metallic sound and crept close to the building. From this spot, holding their breath, they could view at close range all that was taking place. German soldiers seemed to be busily engaged in making repairs on the iron way. They were speaking in an undertone. A quarter of an hour later, they disappeared in the direction of the village.

The next day, it is presumable that a report had been circulated, for the railroad had already been examined. From the point of vantage mentioned above, one could readily see that spikes had been removed, which rendered the movement of trains difficult. As a result of this occurrence, it was only a step to accusing the Belgians of attempted crime.

The Burgomaster was summoned to appear before the commander at Cappellen, and was told that he would have to pay a fine of thirty thousand marks. In vain did he try to exonerate the inhabitants of the town. He knew everybody and declared that no one would have dared to touch the rails. He knew that Germans had been detected in that place the night before but how could he summon the courage to present as an explanation to the unyielding Prussians, the criminal attempts of their own soldiers?

The mayor was stripped of office and thrown in prison. M. Max, the Mayor of Brussels, of world renown, had been imprisoned for a much less offence. Although the entire population was convinced that the soldiers were guilty, there was nothing to do but submit.

Cardinal Mercier's Famous Pastoral Letter

THE clergy too, were under the strict supervision of the military authorities. So each Sunday at mass there were always one, two or three uniforms at the back of the church. They were there for the express purpose of following closely all that should transpire. Nothing escaped them; the sermon, the remarks of the priest, everything was minutely noted. The reading of every letter or document emanating from the religious authorities was listened to with marked attention. On a certain Sunday the famous pastoral letter published by Cardinal Mercier had been read in the church at Cappellen. The following day, Germans were stationed opposite the priest's house. There was great commotion throughout the village. A few soldiers proceeded indoors and demanded the notable episcopal document from the priest. Its confiscation had been ordered from headquarters. The priest of Cappellen had refused peremptorily to hand over to the Germans this letter which he had been commissioned to read in his sermon on Sunday, pretending that he had had time the night before to read only half of it, and that he had reserved the other half which was harmless, for the following Sunday.

The worthy priest had asked these Germans on what authority they had come to claim the pastoral letter from him. They replied that they were obeying their superiors. The priest had an answer ready and did not fail to state it:

"If," he said, "in coming to claim this letter you are obeying the orders of those over *you*, you will readily understand my refusal to let you carry off a document which I am commanded by *my* superiors to read to the congregation of the faithful. It is impossible for me to give you this letter."

Upon hearing this the German soldiers resolved to search for it. They opened one drawer after another until they had found the Cardinal's famous letter. Having discovered it, they seized it and took leave of the priest.

The rumour spread to Cappellen the following week that in a church in Brussels and to speak more precisely, in a church in Lecken, that very one which, in times of peace, is frequented by the King o the Belgians, without pomp or show, certain German officers, accompanied by a detachment of soldiers, attended mass on the Sunday following the confiscation of the first part of the letter in all the churches of Belgium. When the priest ascended the pulpit and resumed the reading of the letter which he ha not been able to finish the previous Sunday, he was apostrophized by one of the officers, who commanded him to discontinue. The priest informed the officers that his instructions were explicit, that he was fulfilling his duty, and that nothing except brutal force could prevent him from doing what he knew to be right. Thereupon the two officers deliberated, glanced at the detachment of soldiers all ready to intervene, but drew back. They did not dare to lay a hand on the priest in the accomplishment of his religious duties. This incident created a great sensation throughout Belgium. Reports of it spread very rapidly.

Deprived Cardinal Mercier of his Liberty

IT was after the publication and confiscation of this famous document that Cardinal Mercier was not allowed out of sight, and that his secretary and printer were both imprisoned.

It could be easily discerned that a deep feeling of repugnance prevailed among the officers whom we sheltered, with regard to the Cardinal. He was, in their eyes, the essence of the passive resistance of the population. All the soldiers regarded him as the sinister conspirator of all the plots hatched against the authorities in possession.

In the absence of the King and Government, it is not out of place to say that people came from all sides, from all parts and from every religious denomination in Belgium, to consult this eminent patriot. It was generally felt that he could gaze undismayed at the bearers of Teuton sabres, and that the latter dared not lay a hand on him.

In my next article I shall sketch the details of the various charitable works of the aid societies, of which I was a member. I shall also elaborate more explicitly upon certain other facts concerning the German occupation. They may be interested in my relation of how my mother's second son, at that time eighteen years of age, succeeded in escaping from Belgium to join his brother in the Belgian army.

SUCCESS means "lead, don't lag." That is one reason Everywoman's World is a success.

FASHION dictates war-time economy. Everywoman's World is a war-time economy magazine.

IT is false economy to be without Everywoman's World in your home. A year's subscription will save you $100.00 in clothes and home-helping hints alone.

FOR Fashion Service consult Everywoman's World.

THE CECILIAN

THE Player action for the Cecilian Player Piano, is built in the Cecilian factory, and is especially designed for the Cecilian Piano. Obviously this fact assures you a much more artistic result than is possible when the player mechanism is purchased by the manufacturer and assembled in his piano.

The Cecilian Player action is all metal, non-corrosive, impervious to moisture and warping. It gives the performer a permanent, sure and delicate control over his piano.

The Cecilian Co., Limited
247 Yonge Street
TORONTO - CANADA

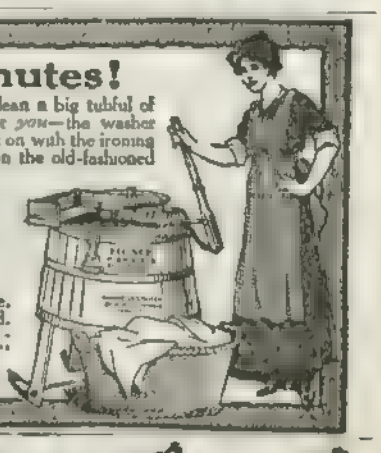
A Tubful In Ten Minutes!

That's all it takes for this wonderful washer to thoroughly clean a big tubful of clothes. No rubbing, scrubbing, backaches or headaches for *you*—the washer takes all the work—all the responsibility! You can go straight on with the ironing the same day, yet feel fresher and brighter than you ever felt on the old-fashioned washdays.

Maxwell
"Home" Washer

—is light-running and noiseless. Enclosed gears make it safe. "Spring" lid lifts easily. Made of cypress, handsomely finished. Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's and write us for booklet "If John Had To Do the Washing."

MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept. K, St. Marys, Ont. 35



FREE
COMPLETE HOCKEY OUTFIT

BOYS—Don't pay $5.00 or $6.00 for a hockey outfit, when you can get, ABSOLUTELY FREE, this magnificent outfit complete, consisting of a pair of splendid, strong polished steel hockey skates (all sizes), a good live y puck and strong, well-made rock elm hockey stick, and in addition, as an extra present, a dandy pair of well padded hockey gloves with fingers and wrists protected by cane splints covered with leather, or a pair of strong, heavy hockey boots, extra well stitched and reinforced.

WITH THIS SPLENDID OUTFIT YOU WILL BE THE BEST EQUIPPED PLAYER ON THE TEAM.

Write to-day and we will send you just 24 handsome bottles of our exquisite new Coronation Bouquet Perfume to introduce among your friends at only 15c a bottle. This new perfume is such a wonderful blending of the true flower odors that everybody will just love it. You'll sell them easily. Then send us our $3.60 and you will receive at once the complete hockey outfit of fine quality skates, rubber puck and hockey stick, and the fine hockey gloves or hockey boots you can also receive without selling any more goods, by simply showing your fine premiums to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Hurry up boys! We arrange to stand payment of all charges on your outfit under our reimbursement system, and if you can't sell all the breathlets we will take them back and give you presents for what you do sell.

Address: THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. H 4 TORONTO, ONT. 25B

Don't Wear a Truss

BROOKS' APPLIANCE, the modern scientific invention, the wonderful new discovery that relieves rupture, will be sent on trial. No obnoxious springs or pads. Has automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No lies. Durable, cheap.

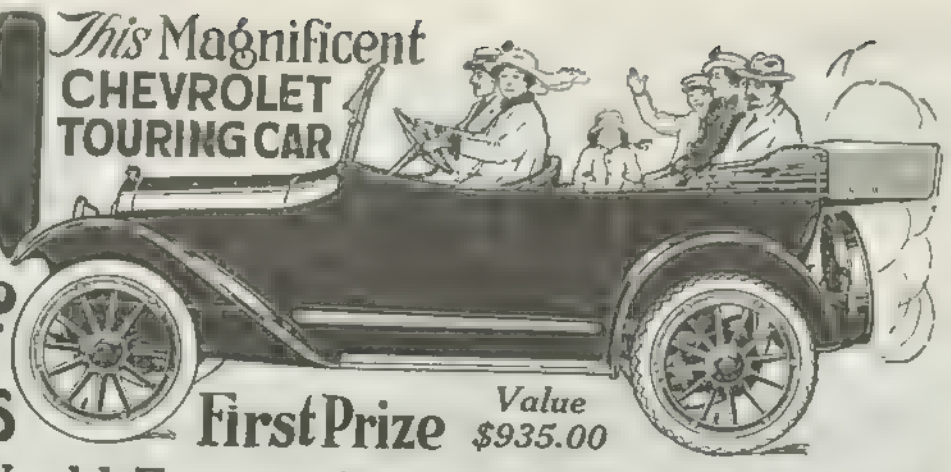
Sent on trial to prove it. Protected by U. S. patents. Catalogue and measure blanks mailed free. Send name and address to-day.

C. E. BROOKS, 229D State St., Marshall, Mich.

Join Everywoman's Book and Music Club

and secure $1.00 worth of Books or Music free of all cost, and an additional dollar s worth at any time. Full particulars of this remarkable offer given on page 1. Make your choice NOW.

WIN This Magnificent CHEVROLET TOURING CAR



$2500.00 in GRAND PRIZES

First Prize *Value $935.00*

Which of these World-Famous Proverbs fits this Picture?

The hypocrite's hopes shall perish
Hasty climbers have sudden falls.
He that sows iniquity shall reap sorrow
Peace begins where ambition ends
Where villainy goes before, vengeance follows after
Foxes come at last to the furrier.
Big heads have big aches
Who takes up the sword shall perish by the sword.
Punishment follows close on the heels of crime
To the wicked, misfortune comes triple.
Force can never destroy right.
The wicked shall not inherit the earth
The punishment shall fit the crime.
Evil conduct is the root of misery.
Ill deeds heap on thy soul.

LONG before peace came, twelve proverbs were discovered that foretold the defeat of Germany in the great war. Some of them were written centuries ago, others are of more recent origin, but they all point the same way—to the destruction of arrogance, tyranny, villainy, vice. We have represented these twelve proverbs by twelve pictures without the titles. **$2,500.00 in grand prizes can be won by those who can fit the correct proverb to each picture**

How to Enter this Great Contest

On y t e first of this seri s of proverb pict res will be published in th is paper It is shown on the r ght, and a clue to it may be found in a list of a few of the Hun Beating Proverbs opposite. Write out your answer to this proverb picture No. 1 on a sheet of paper with your name and address and mail it to us to-day. If it is correct we will write and tell you so, and you will receive by next mail

FREE **Our fine 48-page book of Hun Beating Proverbs and the series of 12 Proverb Pictures completing the contest**

The publishers of Canada's Greatest Monthly Magazine are conducting this great contest. Therefore contestants are assured of its absolute fairness and squareness. In order to give an equal chance to every competitor they have published a fine book of Hun Beating Proverbs, and all the proverbs represented by the series of twelve pictures have been chosen from this book. Answer proverb No. 1 correctly and this fine book will be mailed to you free. With it you will receive the complete series of twelve proverb pictures which complete the contest. Thus, there will be no waiting or delay. All the pictures will be presented to you at once and you can set to work to find the answers that can win you your share of these wonderful prizes.

PROVERB PICTURE No. 1

SECOND PRIZE
World-Famous Cecilian Player Piano. Value $800.00

FIRST PRIZE

Magnificent Chevrolet Touring Car

Value $935.00, and Over $1,500.00 in Other Grand Prizes

The other Magnificent Prizes in this contest surpass anything ever offered in Canada heretofore. They include:

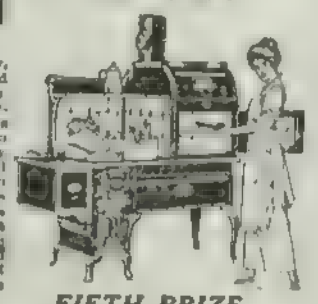
World Famous Cecilian Player Piano, value $800.00; Beautiful Brunswick Phonograph (plays all records), value $241.00; Singer Sewing Machine, Frantz-Premier Vacuum Sweeper, Waltham Watches, Lovely Shetland Pony, Furniture, Kitchen Cabinet, Stoves, Books, C.C.M. Bicycles, Electric Cooker, and Many Others

Big 16-Page Illustrated Prize List Will Be Sent To You Free It Shows All The 75 Grand Prizes That Will Be Awarded

THIRD PRIZE
Beautiful Brunswick Phonograph
Value $241.00

SIXTH PRIZE
[illegible] "Hoosier Beauty" Kitchen Cabinet

FOURTH PRIZE
Lovely Shetland Pony
Value $100.00



FIFTH PRIZE
Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range. Value $75.00

Overland Touring Car, Lorne Hicks, Centralia, Ont. Ford Touring Car, Roy C. McIlrath, Ottawa, Ont.; Chevrolet Touring Car, J. H. Mar[illegible], Hunstman, Ford Touring Car, W. F. Ge[illegible]s, Kingston, Ont. Ford Touring Car, S. E. Waddle, Ottawa, Ont. Ford Touring Car, Hugh A. Ross, Smith's Falls, Ont., $800 Piano, Mrs. Foreman, Clark, Montreal, $750 Piano, Mrs. Crain, Stafford, Calgary, $50 Cash [illegible], A. de Lafontaine, St. Polycarpe, Que.

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE

This is the fifth great annual contest conducted by the Continental Publishing Company, Limited, one of the largest and best-known publishing houses in Canada, whose name and reputation is your guarantee of absolute fairness and squareness in the awarding of the prizes. Everything is carried on in connection with the object of further advertising and introducing Everywoman's World, Canada's Greatest Magazine. But you can enter and win the best of the prizes whether you are a subscriber or not. Moreover you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine nor send a single penny of your money in order to compete. A few copies of the current number will be sent to you without charge, because we want you to know the new, improved Everywoman's World, and the only condition attached to every gift that you bid, is in this great advertising campaign by showing your copy to just four of your friends or neighbours, who will appreciate this worth while Canadian magazine, and want it to come to them every month. This is only in favor you will easily fulfil in a few minutes of your spare time in order to compete for your share of these wonderful prizes. We will even send you extra copies for each of your friends if you wish.

OTHERS HAVE WON BIG PRIZES SO CAN YOU

Here are the names of only a few of the big prize winners in previous contests, to whom we gladly refer. More than $100,000.00 in other grand prizes and awards have already been given—

NOTE THIS AND SEND YOUR ENTRY IN TO-DAY. THIS IS THE OPPORTUNITY OF A LIFETIME

Don't hesitate. Don't delay. Send your answer to Picture No. 1 to-day and get all the Proverb Pictures completing the contest, and the Hun Beating Proverb Book. You can win the auto or your share of the big prizes if you try. According to the rules contestants may send as many as three answers to each picture, if they desire, so if you are in doubt as to the correct proverb to fit Picture No. 1, you may send two extra solutions. Send your answer to

WAR PROVERB EDITOR, CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING CO., LTD. Dept. Z, CONTINENTAL BUILDING, TORONTO, ONT.

HIRST'S PAIN EXTERMINATOR

BE PREPARED—HAVE A BOTTLE IN THE HOUSE

Attacks of rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, toothache, earache, sore throat are *quickly* relieved by Hirst's Pain Exterminator. It is equally effective for relieving swollen joints, sprains, lame back and other painful ailments. Has a hundred uses—and for over 40 years used and recommended! Don't experiment—buy Hirst's the time-tried family friend—at dealers or write us. 25c. Bottle.

HIRST REMEDY COMPANY, Hamilton, Canada.

Makers of HIRST'S Family Salve (50c), and HIRST'S Pectoral Syrup of Horehound and Elecampane (25c), for coughs and colds.

SPANISH INFLUENZA A "Safety First" suggestion for its prevention is to drink every morning a glassful of

"RIGA"

PURGATIVE WATER

It cleanses out and keeps clean the digestive organs and wards off disease.

At all Druggists 25c the bottle (except in far West)

Distributors for Ontario: National Drug Co., Ltd. Lyman Bros. Co., Ltd. Drug Trading Co., Ltd.
Distributors for West: The Martin Bole, Wynne Co., Ltd., who are also distributors for Dr. Gordon's Foot Soap, Powder and Shampoo Soap.

Music Lessons UNDER MASTER TEACHERS At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument or Voice Write telling us course you are interested in: Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ, and we will send our FREE CATALOG covering all instrumental and vocal courses. Send NOW.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
4976 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

In the Realm of Books

(*Continued from page 14*)

Professor Latimer's Progress

By Simeon Strunsky
McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart
Price, $1.40

THIS volume concerns itself with the "sentimental journey" of a middle-aged American scholar, upon whose soul the weight of the war presses heavily, and who seeks a cure in a walking-trip through his State. In the course of the book the author pours out upon us a mass of undigested theories upon various subjects. Indeed the tale is heavily over-weighted with them, but the adventures that Professor Latimer meets with during his journeyings upon the broad highway will amuse many readers.

The Wire Devils

By Frank L. Packard
Copp, Clark Co.
Price, $1.50

IN his latest volume, "The Wire Devils," Frank L. Packard, author of "The Adventures of Jimmie Dale," has repeated the success of that book. "The Wire Devils" is a unique and arresting detective story and lovers of melodrama will follow with breathless interest the career of "The Hawk" from its earliest adventures to its utterly unexpected close. The interest is well sustained throughout and the story is one which the reader will find hard to lay aside until he has finished it.

Khaki

By Freeman Tilden
Macmillan Co. of Canada. $1.35

THIS is the tale of Tredick, a sleepy, self-satisfied, ease-loving little New England town, and of how, largely through the influence of one determined and unselfish woman, it awoke at last to a realization of its responsibilities and bore its part in the Great War. The scenes and incidents which it portrays are of a sort which may have been duplicated in many American homes, and the central character, Tom Gilstar, though considered a coward both by himself and most of the villagers, develops under the stress of the times into a strong and heroic figure.

The Winds of Chance

By Rex Beach
Musson Book Co. $1.50

TO the many admirers of Rex Beach's work, his latest novel, "The Winds of Chance", will come as a welcome friend. It tells the story of Pierce Phillips and his various and thrilling adventures during the mad stampede of frenzied thousands through the Chilkoot Pass in the early days of the gold rush. It portrays his hunt for gold and how love came to him in its stead, and introduces us once more to happy "Poleon Doret', following his career to its crowning glory, in the affection and trust of Rouletta Kirby. While the tale is written in Rex Beach's usual tempestuous and somewhat flamboyant style, the incidents are interesting and the picture of life in the Yukon a vivid one. The book will be read and enjoyed by many people.

The Beaver

By A. C. Stewart
Hunter-Rose Co.

A BOOK of poems(!) by the author of "The Shell." It is a pity that after that rather forcible and original poem was written, the author was not content to rest on his laurels. While not conspicuous for its artistic qualities, "The Shell" possessed a certain virility and swing, which are altogether lacking in these later rhymes. The workmanship of "The Beaver" is careless, false rhymes abounding and, upon the whole, Mr. Stewart has not improved with time.

"Mam'selle Jo"

By Harriet Comstock
Musson Book Co. $1.40

"MAM'SELLE Jo" might easily have become a great novel. That it has not quite reached this magnitude is due, partly, to the decidedly slipshod English in which it is written; partly to a certain lack of logical sequence in portions of the book. The story is an interesting one and the pictures of French-Canadian life are suggestive and sympathetic. "Mam'selle Jo" herself is strongly drawn and consistent throughout, and her adopted daughter, Donelle, is attractively portrayed, as are most of the minor characters in the tale. The weak point of the story seems to be whereas the logical sequence of events demands that Tom Gavot's fear of exhibiting cowardice should be mentioned early in the tale, it is nowhere hinted at in the first three-quarters of the volume.

In spite of this, however, the book is a well-conceived and, in the main, well-executed one, and Harriet Comstock is to be congratulated upon it. It stands out from the mass of modern novels as a strong and vivid piece of work.

I Join the Chorus

(Continued from page 35

instinctively I felt his antagonism towards a new girl. Knowing that I was entirely at his mercy I felt awkwardly embarrassed. From the mystic darkness he emerged.

"Just go over the first number with me, please," said he.

"Me?" I asked stupidly, half stunned.

Looking round I suddenly realized that I was alone on the stage, and walked hastily towards him. As I approached he put his head to one side and glanced at me from head to foot, as if appraising a dog. (Vivian Laurette remarked to me afterwards that it was the usual "up and down," and Vivian ought to have known.)

IT was half an hour before the other dancers arrived, for which I was grateful, having by that time rehearsed most of the steps. They were quite simple, but it was the routine of the numbers that puzzled me.

"Your feet are all right, but use your head, Miss Valcourt," said Garwood encouragingly, as I turned up-stage instead of down.

"Don't be nervous, you'll get it. I'll come up to your room after luncheon and we'll go over it together," whispered the girl next me.

"See the wardrobe-mistress. You go on to-night, Miss Valcourt," Garwood flung at me as he dismissed us.

It struck me as a cruel injustice, but I did not dare protest. To go on in all of those numbers with only one rehearsal seemed to me vaguely impossible, yet I had no choice. I followed the other girls down-stairs, still feeling somewhat nervous. I saw my train companion delving into a trunk—she abandoned her search for her shoe-bag and make-up box and came forward to greet me.

"How do you like our funny show, dearie?" asked she.

"I shall answer that better after the performance to-night," I murmured.

"Oh, don't feel down and under yet, honey." And then as if to redeem herself for her indifference to me the previous day, she put her arm through mine and led me to the wardrobe-mistress who very kindly favoured me with a bewildering number of costumes and shoes—all startlingly beautiful.

I lunched alone and had just returned to my room when the little dancer knocked upon the door. We went through the numbers together. She was untiring in her efforts to teach me to kick gracefully (an art which I never did quite master). After ceaseless kicking and pirouetting she sank into a chair. By the grace of her movements I recognized the born dancer. Even her hands were eloquent.

"Do you indulge?" I asked, offering her my cigarette-case (newly acquired).

"Rather!" came the reply, as with long tapering fingers she selected one. I glanced at the clock. It was four-thirty, so I ordered tea. She was an interesting companion, and by the time she made her adieus we had become quite good friends, at least so I thought.

My *debut* turned out to be of far less importance than I had anticipated. It was unchronicled. Not that I expected any effusive congratulations or telegrams, but I did expect at least one or two good wishes, and I was simply not noticed. In the dressing-room to which I was assigned there were five other daughters of the King, besides guests at the palace, also two hand-maidens. The dancer who had tea with me ignored me completely. While daubing my cheeks with rouge and trying to recollect what I could possibly have done to gain her disfavour, Mr Garwood paged me along the corridor, and explained to me, through the door, that I must in future mark each performance with a cross opposite my name. (And in the days that followed always I forgot to do it.)

I went on in the ballet that night not knowing in the least what I was going to do. I did everything except fall, but after each number I came off confident that I was a born performer.

During the second act I caught sight of Mr. Edwards standing in the wings, smiling unrestrainedly. For a second our eyes met. I forgot that I was one of the daughters of the King dancing before the royal palace, and forgot to turn at the words, "Here comes Prince Inca, now." The others had advanced down-stage leaving me alone for a frantic second. Collecting my careering thoughts quickly I gained my place by the side of the resplendent Prince in time to join in his chant about the moonlit garden, but not before Mr. Garwood had seen my blunder. As I ran furtively past him to my dressing-room he scowled terribly, but said not a word.

That first night was a revelation to me Never did I see such depth of feeling towards comrades hidden by witty sarcasm. Never did I see such quarreling over trifles. While dressing after the performance I watched a small blonde with a dainty charm of manner remove her make-up and dress with all the adroitness of experience. She seemed so sweet and youthful, but my admiration soon vanished however, when she revealed a wide knowledge of profanity and worldly wisdom as she hurled remark after remark upon the head of a little Belgian dancer who showed all the characteristics of a person who knew that she was not popular and acted accordingly. I liked the little Belgian, if for no other reason than because she was different from the rest. It had never occurred to them to learn her story. That she was shabby and refused all invitations to dinner-parties was all that they knew, or cared.

My train friend, looking beautiful in a marvellous cloak and Callot frock came into the dressing-room to enquire if I would join her party for supper. She was hailed noisily by the blonde. I pleaded a headache and she went off with two other equally beautiful girls, followed by the blonde.

When they had all departed to keep their respective dates the little Belgian turned to me and said simlpy,

"I am so sorry."

"Sorry for what?" I asked surprised.

"For our fair friend's pretty speech. Life's not all one lovely party in this show—But," she added—"you'll soon learn."

Bending before her mirror she combed back her short thick hair. Her eyes were strangely beautiful, veiled by long black lashes. Somehow she interested me, because she breathed in her own quiet way of that little town of Belgium.

She was in the chorus only because she could dance very little with her right foot. She and her brother had been dancing partners. In that little dressing-room I could almost hear the whizzing of shells, so graphic was her description of the night raid upon her home. She and her mother had escaped under shell fire and after suffering for weeks from shock had come to America only to find it almost impossible to dance. I saw the great ugly wound in the white flesh. Her brother and partner, had been killed.

We left the theatre together and had coffee and toast at a glittering refectory and chatted while a frenzied Jazz band banged out "Over There."

IN the days that followed I learned many things and developed the quality of understanding. I felt unutterably sorry for some of the girls with whom I was thrown in contact. They were all learned in the fascinating lore of Broadway. They were distinctly beautiful and they knew it, but withal they possessed none of the finer instincts that make for happiness. The minds of most ran in one direction—admirers! Yet, there were exceptions. Some of the girls spent their time during "waits" knitting socks and mufflers. One little dancer was studying vocal and aspired towards Grand Opera. Another was helping to send a brother to college. But with most of the King's daughters, with whom I dressed, parties was the idea. They possessed an assortment of elderly and youthful admirers who were continually sending them tokens of their admiration in the form of orchids, bon-bons, perfume, chow-dogs, love-birds, champaigne, and, ye dryads! even cases of eggs. Being practical they had learned by experience that such gifts were necessary in order to live well—and luxury was their one desire in life. But Fifth Avenue inclination with thirty dollars a week does not go far.

But I digress. One night my head was aching violently; we had had a *matinee*, and I longed to lie down and sleep, but instead found myself in my usual place before the make-up shelf, smearing my face with grease-paint.

"Gee, but that Glen dame loves to parade her soldier about," wailed the blonde, bursting into the room and raising the window, thus admitting a blast of cold air which caused the girl next to me to raise her brows characteristically.

"For Gawd's sake close that window," drawled she indignantly. "I have such a cold now I can hardly sing," she added turning in her chair, her rouge-paw poised in the air.

"Is that so, dearie?" retorted the blonde. "Then they'll have to cut out all the song numbers. You're just going to ruin this show, ain't you?"

Next moment the window went down

(Continued on page 40)

See how gently the pure velvety lather of Fairy Soap creams in and out of your pores — how soft and glowing it leaves your skin!

MADE AT OLD BRANTFORD MILLS

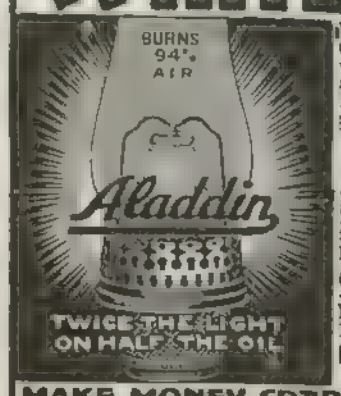
Barber-Ellis, FRENCH ORGANDIE Stationery

THOSE desirous of the same exclusiveness enjoyed in other things insist on French Organdie Stationery.

Obtainable in papeterie, note paper and tablets with envelopes to match.

Ask your stationer for it.

WHITE LIGHT FROM COAL OIL Beats Gas or Electric



You can now make your home bright and cheerful and SAVE ONE HALF ON OIL. Tests by Government and leading Universities prove this wonderful new Aladdin is nearly five times as efficient as the best round wick flame lamps. BURNS 70 HOURS ON ONE GALLON common coal oil. No odor, smoke or noise, no pumping up, easy to operate, won't explode. Won GOLD MEDAL. Guaranteed.

TRY IT 10 NIGHTS FREE

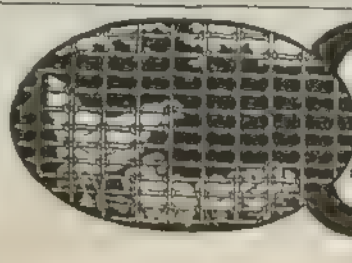
Prove for yourself without risk that this remarkable white light has no equal. If not entirely satisfied, return it at our expense. $1,000 REWARD will be given to anyone who shows us an oil lamp equal in every way to this new Aladdin.

GET YOURS FREE! We want one user in each locality to whom we can refer customers. In that way you may get your own without cost. Write quick for 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER and learn how to get one FREE.

MANTLE LAMP CO., 292 Aladdin Bldg., MONTREAL OR WINNIPEG

LARGEST COAL OIL MANTLE LAMP HOUSE IN THE WORLD

MAKE MONEY SPARE TIME OR FULL TIME! No previous experience necessary. Our trial delivery plan makes it easy. NO MONEY NECESSARY. We start you. Sample sent for 10 days' trial and GIVEN FREE when you become a distributor.

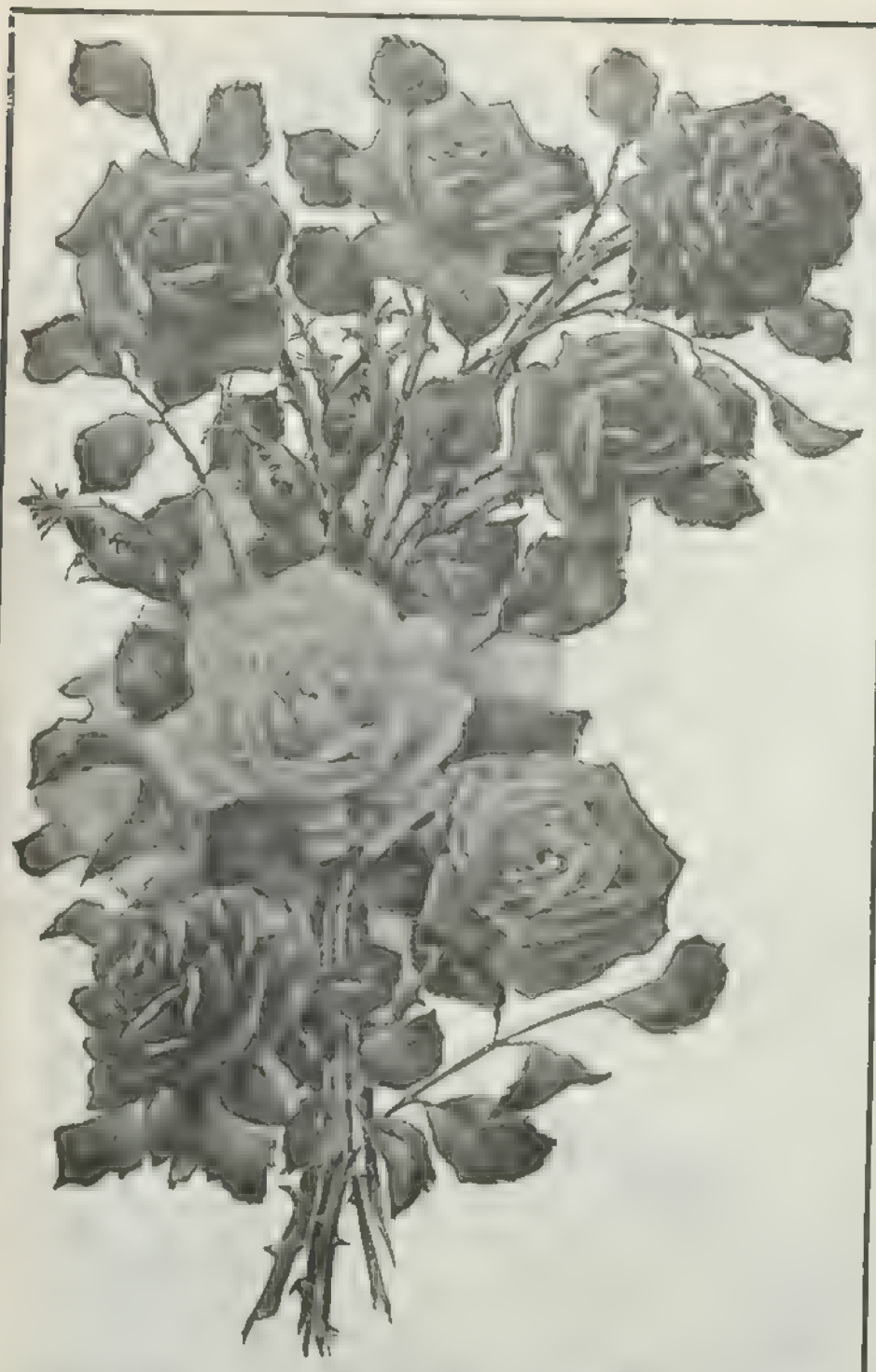


PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE

A Real Fence—Not Netting

...ngly made and closely spaced—making it a complete ... against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd., Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.



Six Beautiful Rose Bushes *Given to YOU!*

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD will provide Roses for every garden in Canada. These will GROW and BLOOM. Imagine the pleasure of walking into your own garden and cutting great loads of beautiful, fragrant flowers like these. Roses that bloom every month of the season from early spring to late fall. Hardy Everbloomers, the greatest of all garden kinds, selected especially for our subscribers, each one noted for its hardy, vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming qualities, symmetrical form and bright clean foliage. They are strong, well-rooted one-year-old bushes, covered with clean bright foliage, and all, except the climbing variety, should bloom this summer.

Guaranteed to Grow and Bloom

Every one can succeed with them. They will thrive in any good garden soil, although, like all plant life, they respond more liberally in fertile and congenial surroundings. Perhaps this very moment you can see in your mind's eye these fresh, fragrant beauties growing along the garden walk, clambering over fences, twining around porch pillars and over the doorways. Make it a reality this summer by planting these modern and improved sorts, and the almost unbroken continuity of the beautiful, fragrant blossoms produced the entire season will be a summer-long delight.

Yours will be Shipped when it's time to Plant—As these roses should not be set out in the open ground before all danger of hard frost is past, we have arranged with our grower to deliver them at the proper time. Below is a schedule showing about the dates deliveries will be made to the different localities, although weather conditions might vary these several days, so do not be alarmed if your order does not arrive just on date specified. **PLANTING DATES—Latitude of British Columbia, May 15th to 25th. Latitude of Southern Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Northern Ontario, Quebec, Saskatchewan, Alberta—May 25th.**

Six Sturdy Young Bushes in Each Collection

1. Etoile De France. This rose has been selected from the almost unlimited number of hardy red roses—a rose possessing every distinctive attribute which adds to beauty and appeal. Great masses of the most beautiful roses imaginable are borne all summer. The fragrance is delightful, the color exquisite—a clear, rich, velvety crimson. This is one of the finest of all garden roses.

2. My Maryland. A great outdoor rose of extreme hardiness, rapidly producing a sturdy shapely plant, which in itself is a distinct ornament to any garden. All summer through the large perfectly double, cup-shaped flowers are borne—flowers of indescribable charm composed of thick, heavy petals, unsurpassed in elegance of form.

3. White Cochet. A most magnificent snow-white rose. It is absolutely hardy in every part of the country, giving perfect satisfaction and producing hundreds of superb flowers throughout the growing season. The buds are large, full and firm, elegantly pointed, showing depth and richness as they expand.

4. Sunburst. We want every lover of beautiful roses to plant Sunburst. For there is not another like it, either in color, growth or beauty, and wherever seen it has created a veritable sensation. Sunburst is the best garden rose—strong and vigorous in growth, healthy in every condition, the whole plant practically evergreen under the most adverse conditions to a perfection seen in no other rose.

5. Radiance. Radiance is the crowning masterpiece and hailed by flower-lovers everywhere as one of the greatest rose creations of modern times. The buds are beautifully formed, always opening well, the rose showing double to the centre.

6. Climbing American Beauty. The marvellous production of bloom is really sensational, each individual rose being perfect in form and very double, the color being deep, intense scarlet crimson, which retains its vivid brilliancy as long as the flower lasts.

How to Secure Your Collection

Offer No. 1. Renew your subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at the regular rate of only $.50 a year postage paid, sending only twelve two-cent stamps to cover cost of imperial packing and mailing your Rose Bushes and we will send the complete collection of six Rose Bushes to you all postage paid.

Offer No. 2. Send your own renewal to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD together with one new subscription from a new reader and we will send you two complete collections, twelve Rose Bushes, all postage paid. To friend who subscribes that you may also have the full collection of six Bushes by sending only twelve two-cent stamps extra.

Offer No. 3. For each additional subscription (either new or renewal) secured by you we will send you two additional complete Rose collections (twelve bushes) all delivery charges paid. We will on request send you sample copies and supplies free in order that you may get subscriptions among your friends and neighbors and take advantage of this offer.

Your order must reach us by May 1st. Your Rose Bushes will be shipped in accordance with proper planting season in your section. Full Cultural Directions accompany each Collection.

Send your order to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto, Ontario

Rose Bush Coupon

Publishers Everywoman's World TORONTO.....191....

I desire to take advantage of your Rose Bush Offer,

1..... 2..... 3..... (Check which offer you want)

Herewith find amount $.....enclosed to pay for New/Renewal subscriptions. List of subscribers' names and addresses is attached. Mail Roses as instructed.

Signed.....

Address.....

I understand that the Rose Bushes will be sent in accordance with proper planting season in my district.

I Join the Chorus

(*Continued from page 39*)

with a crash and a silence followed that could have been cut with a chisel. Just then I heard my name called. (They had never ceased paging me.) Garwood rapped upon the door.

"Hello Cutie," called the blonde.

"You didn't go on in the Mob scene, Miss Valcourt," he roared through the door—"and don't forget the business in the second act." So he had noticed my blunder.

He was still on my trail, although I had been careful to avoid his disapproval. It was like the army, never did he tell one privately of her mistakes, but always he must needs call out before the whole company. I could never remember anything for five minutes it seemed, and nothing escaped his quick, all-seeing eye.

But that night I seemed not to care. After the performance my head still ached, and I felt depressed and suddenly tired of the sameness of it all. The make-up seemed to make ineffaceable claims upon my cheeks. I dressed quickly and hurried out alone.

When I reached the hotel I found a wire from the family advising me to return home at once. That the Mater had returned from abroad disturbed me not in the least. In my present mood everything seemed vague. Ignoring the telegram which had arrived during the afternoon, I crept into bed unutterably tired.

NEXT morning, or noon, rather, I awoke to instant knowledge that some one was rapping upon my door, and believing it to be the maid I called out indolently, "Who is it?"

"It is I," came an unmistakably familiar voice, and jumping to the door, I opened it. I was dazed.

There stood the Mater!

She entered the room with her head held high, and without so much as a greeting, glanced about with evident disgust.

Conscious of the traces of rouge upon my face, I stood there in negligee, with my back against the door. After my weeks of utter loneliness this sudden appearance of my parent was like a breath of spring and I thrilled to it. I longed to feel the sheltering arms of a family, but in the face of her aloofness my pride held me.

Her voice had none of its mothering appeal as she said emphatically that I had changed greatly. I had never realized before how impossible I was—to sleep until long past noon was monstrous—I was indolent, common-place (meaning the rouge), shallow, frivolous—and long before she had finished I began to wonder if there was anything I was not.

In tones of ice she directed me to call the manager and arrange an interview. She is a model of conventionality. Never have I known her to be at a loss as to the correct thing to do under any circumstances, and when the telephone rang announcing the manager I followed my august parent down to the waiting room realizing that there would be little need of my presence during the interview which was to follow. Mr. Edwards was very gracious and did me a favour by allowing me to leave the company so abruptly. It was unprofessional. As the Mater swept past me into the elevator, I slipped my card into Mr. Edward's hand. He had been kind—utterly so.

And so my career ended. When the evening sun lowered over river and field I found myself sitting in the train beside the Mater, homeward bound. Glad though I was, a pang of resentment throbbed in my heart when I remembered that in submitting to my parent's whim, I was casting aside an opportunity to escape the monotony which unfortunately characterized my home life.

It had all happened so quickly. I was returning home as suddenly as I had left. It had been just an ordinary adventure, marked by no startling romance—merely an uneventful experience for which I had longed, and yet, as we rolled along, I sat there watching the far hills grow less distinct, feeling that I had learned a very great deal. In my heart I knew that I should keep always the memory of my short career as an actress.

"All serene," I said after a long interval of silence, and I put my hand on the Mater's arm. I shall never forget the look of infinite relief she flashed down at me. At last the barrier was down. I was returning to the fold.

And there, while dusk gathered over the fading hills I was told, very gently now, that my career, however short, had touched the boundaries of uttermost disgrace, and my return was not only necessary but imperative to save the family's chaste name, even to the third and fourth and—maybe—fifth generation.

I had not chosen the desirable environment, but the artistic work of the stage still held my interest. That there was something really worth striving for I knew.

JAEGER

Should Be Worn By Ladies

Constitutionally women are built more delicately constructed than men, and their bodies being of a much finer texture, are more susceptible to weather changes. Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear affords complete protection in all weather and at all seasons.

A fully illustrated catalogue free on application.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada

DR. JAEGER Sanitary Woollen System CO. LIMITED
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg
British "founded 1883"

Buy an Eddy Pail

THE next time you need a pail—a milk pail perhaps or an ordinary household pail for washing windows or scrubbing floors—ask your dealer for

EDDY'S INDURATED FIBREWARE

You will find that it will give you better satisfaction. Eddy's Pails are light, convenient, economical. They are easy to lift, easy to cleanse. Will not spring leaks, and cannot become battered or dented.

Ask your dealer for them.

The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited
HULL, Canada
Makers of the Famous Eddy Matches

Don't You Like Her Long Silky Lashes AND Pretty Eye-Brows?

Many a woman with an otherwise plain face is considered attractive simply because of long lashes and expressive eyebrows. Any woman anywhere can now easily have this added charm. The whole secret is in the use of Lashneen. It keeps hair scalp healthy and promotes quick growth that can't be obtained in any other way. Simply rub on Lashneen cream. Takes only a few seconds night or morning. Can see results from just a few applications.

LASHNEEN

Lashneen is an Oriental formula. Only recently introduced here, yet over 100,000 American women have already used it with success. Mailed in plain cover on receipt of 25 cents (coin or money order) and 3c to cover cost of mailing.

Lashneen Co. (Dept 31 A) **Phila., Pa.**

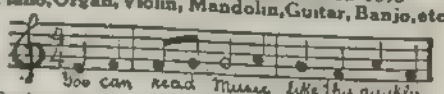
A Dyspepsia Cure

M. D. advises: "Persons who suffer from severe indigestion and constipation can cure themselves by taking fifteen to thirty drops of Extract of Roots after each meal and at bedtime. This remedy is known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup in the drug trade." Get the genuine. 50c. and $1.00 Bottles.

1

MUSIC Taught In Your Home FREE

By the Oldest and Most Reliable School of Music in America—Established 1895
Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc.



Beginners or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for FREE booklet which explains everything in full. **AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC**
Dept. 4, Lakeside Bldg., CHICAGO

Infantile Paralysis

caused the deformity seen at the left. It had existed nine years when the McLain Sanitarium straightened the foot. See other picture. The patient writes:

Just a few lines of thanks for the wonderful results following my treatment. After walking for several years on the side of my foot, I now walk in a natural position. I do not use a cane as formerly. I certainly recommend this Sanitarium to any one similarly afflicted. Will gladly answer letters.

CARL A. ROBISON,
Kosmosdale, Ky.

Write Carl Robison or the Sanitarium for full details.

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis"—also "Book of References"—sent free.

The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
978 Aubert Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Dandruff Makes Hair Fall Out

A small bottle of "Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, beautiful.

Girls! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle, and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness, and luxuriance.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine for a few cents at any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.

The Gay Old Dog

(*Continued from page 16*)

"It's the best I can do, Sis. Business is something rotten."

"Ben says if you had the least bit of—" Ben was Eva's husband, and quotable, as are all successful men.

"I don't care what Ben says," shouted Jo, goaded into rage. "I'm sick of your everlasting Ben. Go and get a Ben of your own, why don't you, if you're so stuck on the way he does things."

And Babe did. She made a last desperate drive, aided by Eva, and she captured a rather surprised young man in the brokerage way, who had made up his mind not to marry for years and years. Eva wanted to give her her wedding things, but at that Jo broke into sudden rebellion.

"No, sir! No Ben is going to buy my sister's wedding clothes, understand? I guess I'm not broke—yet. I'll furnish the money for her things, and there'll be enough of them, too."

Babe had as useless a trousseau, and as filled with extravagant pink-and-blue and lacy and frilly things as any daughter of doting parents. Jo seemed to find a grim pleasure in providing them. But it left him pretty well pinched. After Babe's marriage (she insisted that they call her Estelle now) Jo sold the house on Calumet. He and Carrie took one of those little flats that were springing up, seemingly over night, all through Chicago's south side.

THERE was nothing domestic about Carrie. She had given up teaching two years before, and had gone into Social Service work on the West side. She had what is known as a legal mind, hard, clear, orderly, and she made a great success of it. Her dream was to live at the Settlement House and give all her time to the work. Upon the little household she bestowed a certain amount of grim, capable attention. It was the same kind of attention she would have given a piece of machinery whose oiling and running had been entrusted to her care. She hated it, and didn't hesitate to say so.

Jo took to prowling about department store basements, and household goods sections. He was always sending home a bargain in a ham, or a sack of potatoes, or fifty pounds of sugar, or a window clamp, or a new kind of paring knife. He was forever doing odd little jobs that the janitor should have done. It was the domestic in him claiming its own.

Then, one night, Carrie came home with a dull glow in her leathery cheeks, and her eyes alight with resolve. They had what she called a plain talk.

"Listen, Jo. They're offered me the job of first assistant resident worker. And I'm going to take it. Take it! I know fifty other girls who'd give their ears for it. I go in next month."

They were at dinner. Jo looked up from his plate, dully. Then he glanced around the little dining-room, with its ugly tan walls and its heavy dark furniture (the Calumet Avenue pieces fitted cumbersomely into the five-room flat).

"Away? Away from here, you mean—to live?"

Carrie laid down her fork. "Well, really Jo! After all that explanation."

"But to go over there to live! Why, that neighbourhood's full of dirt, and disease, and crime, and the Lord knows what all. I can't let you do that, Carrie."

Carrie's chin came up. She laughed a short little laugh. "Let me! That's eighteenth-century talk, Jo. My life's my own to live. I'm going."

And she went. Jo stayed on in the apartment until the lease was up. Then he sold what furniture he could, stored or gave away the rest, and took a room on Michigan Avenue in one of the old stone mansions whose decayed splendour was being put to such purpose.

Jo Hertz was his own master. Free to marry. Free to come and go. And he found he didn't even think of marrying. He didn't even want to come or go, particularly. A rather frumpy old bachelor, with thinning hair and a thickening neck. Much has been written about the unwed, middle-aged woman; her fussiness, her primness, her angularity of mind and body. In the male that same fussiness develops, and a certain primness, too. But he grows flabby where she grows lean.

Every Thursday evening he took dinner at Eva's, and on Sunday noon at Stell's. He tucked his napkin under his chin and openly enjoyed the home-made soup and the well-cooked meats. After dinner he tried to talk business with Eva's husband, or Stell's. His business talks were the old-fashioned kind, beginning:

"Well, now, looka here. Take, f'rinstance your raw hides and leathers."

But Ben and George didn't want to take f'rinstance your raw hides and leathers. They wanted, when they took anything at all, to take golf, or politics, or stocks. They were the modern type of business man who prefers to leave his work out of his play. Business, with them, was a profession—a finely graded and balanced thing, differing from Jo's clumsy, downhill style as completely as does the method of a great criminal detective differ from that of a village constable. They would listen, restively, and say "Uh-uh," at intervals, and at the first chance they would sort of fade out of the room, with a meaning glance at their wives. Eva had two children now. Girls. They treated Uncle Jo with good-natured tolerance. Stell had no children. Uncle Jo degenerated, by almost imperceptible degrees, from the position of honoured guest, who is served with white meat, to that of one who is content with a leg and one of those obscure and bony sections which, after much turning with a bewildered and investigating knife and fork, leave one baffled and unsatisfied.

EVA and Stell got together and decided that Jo ought to marry.

"It isn't natural," Eva told him. "I never saw a man who took so little interest in women."

"Me!" protested Jo, almost shyly. "Women!"

"Yes. Of course. You act like a frightened school boy."

So they had in for dinner certain friends and acquaintances of fitting age. They spoke of them as "splendid girls." Between thirty-six and forty. They talked awfully well, in a firm, clear way, about civics, and classes, and politics, and economics, and boards. They rather terrified Jo. He didn't understand much that they talked about, and he felt humbly inferior, and yet a little resentful, as if something had passed him by. He escorted them home, dutifully, though they told him not to bother, and they evidently meant it. They seemed capable, not only of going home quite unattended, but of delivering a pointed lecture to any highwayman or brawler who might molest them.

The following Thursday Eva would say, "How did you like her, Jo?"

"Like who?" Jo would spar feebly.

"Miss Matthews."

"Who's she?"

"Now, don't be funny, Jo. You know very well I mean the girl who was here for dinner. The one who talked so well on the emigration question."

"Oh, her! Why, I liked her, all right. Seems to be a smart woman."

"Smart! She's a perfectly splendid girl."

"Sure," Jo would agree cheerfully.

"But didn't you like her?"

"I can't say I did, Eve. And I can't say I didn't. She made me think a lot of a teacher I had in the fifth reader. Name of Himes. As I recall her, she must have been a fine woman. But I never thought of her as a woman at all. She was just Teacher."

"You make me tired," snapped Eva impatiently. "A man of your age. You don't expect to marry a girl, do you? A child!"

"I don't expect to marry anybody," Jo had answered.

And that was the truth, lonely though he often was.

The following year Eva moved to Winnetka. Any one who got the meaning of the Loop knows the significance of a move to a north shore suburb, and a house. Eva's daughter, Ethel, was growing up, and her mother had an eye on society.

That did away with Jo's Thursday dinner. Then Stell's husband bought a car. They went out into the country every Sunday. Stell said it was getting so that maids objected to Sunday dinners, anyway. Besides, they were unhealthy, old-fashioned things. They always meant to ask Jo to come along, but by the time their friends were placed, and the lunch, and the boxes, and sweaters, and George's camera, and everything, there seemed to be no room for a man of Jo's bulk. So that eliminated the Sunday dinners.

"Just drop in any time during the week," Stell said, "for dinner. Except Wednesday—that's our bridge night—and Saturday. And, of course, Thursday. Cook is out that night. Don't wait for me to phone."

And so Jo drifted into that sad-eyed, dyspeptic family made up of those you see dining in second-rate restaurants, their paper propped up against the bowl of oyster crackers, munching solemnly and with indifference to the stare of the passer-by surveying them through the brazen plate-glass window.

AND then came the War. The War that spelled death and destruction to millions. The War that brought a fortune

(*Continued on page 46*)

Winter Protection

Fat is a fuel-food that provides heat and energy. Your body needs an abundance of fat to keep it warm. There are multitudes to whom winter is a trial, who would find great comfort and help from the energizing properties of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It imparts strength and comfort by nourishment and is a health-protection that should be recognized in every home. *Scott's is particularly helpful to an underweight child.*

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 18-39

CLEAN UP WITH DUSTBANE

Dustbane is the ready aid to easy housework. Use it for sweeping. It prevents dust and kills germs, at the same time renewing the lustre of carpets and the shine of woodwork—*All Dealers.*

NORTHERN ONTARIO

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement at 50c an acre in some districts—in others Free.

Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario a home awaits you.

For information as to terms, regulations and railway rates to settlers, write to

H. A. MACDONELL,
Director of Colonization,
Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, Canada.

C. H. FERGUSON,
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

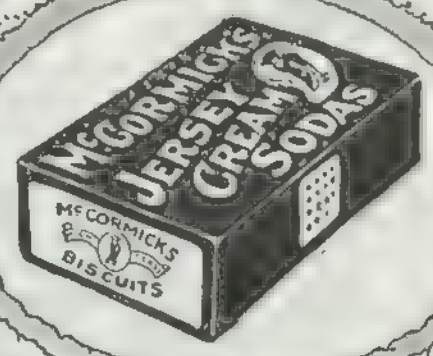
For Spanish Influenza

The Liniment that Cures All Ailments—

MINARD'S

THE OLD RELIABLE
TRY IT

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited
Yarmouth, N.S.



COME and take a glance inside McCormick's Biscuit Palace, the finest in America. See the snow-white interior and the spic-and-span white uniforms of the employees. Look at the immense windows through which the sunshine streams in. Note the perfect ventilation—how pure and fresh the air. See the white-enameled ovens—the wonderful mixing machines, and so on. The more you look around the greater your admiration—and you certainly will enjoy McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas after seeing where and how they are made.

Sold fresh everywhere. In sealed packages.

McCormick's
Jersey Cream Sodas

Factory at LONDON, Canada. Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.

Canada Food Board Licenses 11-003, 14-165

To Our Subscribers

THE publishers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD sincerely regret if your copy of the magazine is late in reaching you.

Added to the difficulties under which every large Publishing Plant is working owing to war conditions, is the great handicap under which the post office and the great railroads are labouring on account of the shortage of help and the necessary priority that must be given all shipments destined for our troops still overseas.

We want you to know that we are doing everything in our power to improve conditions and are endeavouring to so arrange matters as will enable us to give a greatly improved service to our subscribers with the coming issues.

For the next couple of issues, however, we earnestly request you not to complain if your copy does not reach you during the first ten days of the month. Please wait a few days and it will arrive.

If for any reason you miss a copy, we shall gladly replace it or extend your subscription for a month to cover it.

THANK YOU!

The Strange Woman She was young and superlatively beautiful. She was independently rich and possessed of a glorious voice. *Yet she was unhappy.* Life put a testing hand on the shoulder of this favored daughter. Then came a dawning romance and the crisis.

You'll wonder what you would do if you were in the same place, for you cannot fail to respond to the compelling magnetism of *The Strange Woman.* Don't fail to make her acquaintance in Sidney McCall's powerful story of the same name.

FREE WITH A NEW MEMBERSHIP IN

EVERYWOMAN'S BOOK AND MUSIC CLUB, 259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

WOMAN-POWER

(*Continued from page 36*)

my sphere of usefulness to the women and children of Western Canada could be greatly enlarged if I possessed a knowledge of our legal system. The cause of children has always been close to my heart. I have taught the foreign children in Winnipeg's north end, and have personally been in touch with many lives during periods of sickness and poverty. The desire to help more and then more flames too bright for extinction at times such as these."

Mrs. Lipsett Skinner was Canadian organizer of the International Sunshine Movement and a great force for good on one of Winnipeg's daily papers. At present she holds many important civic offices—President of the Consumers' Protection Association, Vice-President of the Civic League, Vice-President of the Portia Club and one of the executive of the Women's Press Club. She was urged to run for the Board of Control, but was obliged to decline. With all her tremendous responsibilities she finds time to cook many dainty dishes and to entertain her large circle of friends in her charming home. Her friends predict that some day, without doubt, she will be Judge, for she possesses all the qualities of heart and mind which would fit her for that high office, and she is very ambitious.

No one can envy this thorough-going Westerner, who was brought up on a prairie farm, for all she has won in the way of honour she has worked for. Perhaps she would tell one that the only way to succeed to the position of esteem she holds is by working for it, and when one considers *that*, there grows a desire to help shower her with greater marks of distinction. The only person we are apt to envy is the one who seems to attain something without striving or struggling for it.

Miss Lilian Johnston

THE wounded returned soldier who cheerily takes up whatever work comes to hand and enlists himself as a useful civilian once more, is generally credited with possessing most of the attributes of the hero. And rightly, too. He is a hero and as such, we honour him. But how many of us think as highly of the physically handicapped person who is denied, the halo and glory which surrounds a battle-scarred warrior? In the case of women, it is so often taken for granted that they will overcome obstacles! Appreciation of their grit and pluck is too often lacking. Here is the story of one of the bravest little women I know. Mrs. Lillian Johnston always led a most active life. She had been married but a short time when an accident on the ice induced grave hip trouble. A long and discouraging year in the hospital crawled by. It was punctuated by operations of the greatest severity. Need we go into the mental as well as the physical suffering of the patient, thinking of her neglected children, her home bereft of the guiding hand and not least among her troubles—the awful expense her accident had caused? Then there came the bitter knowledge that she could never walk again, as the ordinary person walks. On the street, it is necessary for Mrs. Johnston to have assistance. But did she sink into hopelessness and despair? Oh, no! With the help of her small daughters, who are "her willing feet," she keeps house beautifully. Not only that, (which is taken for granted!) but she began to think of a way whereby she could help lift the burden of debt caused by her illness. She argued that as long as her feet were practically useless, her hands must by the law of compensation, be endowed with double power, so she pluckily hung out a sign announcing that she would press and clean gentlemen's clothing. The venture proved a marked success, furnishing the "shut-in" with hours of profitable work, preventing her from feeling a drag and a dependent, and solving the problem of the debt.

Had Never Seen a Doll

A GIRL of five years of age who does not know what a doll is, must surely be something unique in the history of childhood. There are, however, many such in the Belgium of to-day, who have been born either just prior to or after the outbreak of the war. These mites have no thought of dolls or the usual playthings of children. They think all day of but one thing—food, and wondering with a despairing fear whether and when they will get their next meal.

This little girl of five was given a doll; she looked at it and then handed it back. "No, good," she said. "I can't eat that!" What could not be eaten was useless. This shows the bitter and disastrous straits that have fallen on the 1,200,000 children of Belgium. They are starving $10 will keep a child for a month Send your contribution to your Local Committee or to the Central Committee at 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Que., and do your bit towards relieving the greatest misery that any land can suffer.

Personality vs. Paper

The Experienced Woman Does Not Use Gaily Colored Paper

By LILLIAN SCOTT

"BUT that does not reveal Sybil," said Etiquette, with misgivings.

"No! retorted the quaint hostess, "but it is from that lady, nevertheless."

How often have we heard such a criticism reiterated, yet there are those who pay little or no attention to the requirements of their Social Correspondence—that exquisite art which reveals discrimination and gentle breeding as nothing else can.

The experienced woman of the world, she who is verily a genius of harmony and color regarding her toilette and in her home knows instinctively that her note paper discloses her character and personality. However brief the epistle is, she is careful always to use correct stationery, whether it be to an omniverous friend, a tradesman, or the manicurist. Under no circumstances does she permit herself to "spressify" on gayly-colored paper however strongly they appeal in all their feminine hues and loveliness. Nothing is so offensive to good taste as a brilliant-colored paper which invariably is accompanied by a heavy perfume. If a sachet is used it must be faint as gossamer—just a tiny suggestion of sweetness, but better to have no aroma than to err on the side of too-poignant fragrance.

The fashionable woman adopts a paper of good quality for every occasion. There is the heavy conservative paper for the formal letters and the small note-paper of prevailing style for the little notes. (Never does she adopt a fad or choose a paper which is eccentric in shape). From the good-looking styles now being shown the clever woman may choose a most distinguished setting for her correspondence. Very often it is deckle-edged—a style which appeals most to those of the artistic impulse.

Correspondence cards in various hues are coming more and more into vogue and are invaluable to the busy hostess. Those who appreciate a harmonious blending of color will become wholly thrilled upon beholding the new wonderful pastel shaded lavender cards, with envelopes exquisitely lined with brocaded tissues in subdued purple and silver. These cards hold themselves quite within the bonds of good taste by their delicate tints. Dame Fashion has whispered that gilt edged cards are not being used as heretofore, but judging by the superlative display in the best shops, gilt edges are still making themselves presistently manifest in glorious profusion.

Markings

TOO elaborate markings are always to be avoided. A heavy paper with conservative monogram either in the centre or at the side, according to the design, is quite distinctive, especially so if the discrimination is used in choosing a design which will have an artistic effect. A monogram in black and gold is very smart; yellow and black, too, is effective. The newest markings, however, are done in two, sometimes three vivid tones.

Invitations and Answers

IN the man's world, when he is the recipient of a dubious invitation or letter, he dodges the issue by slipping into the club to answer it, thereby resting assured that letter-paper is at least correct. But to the novice in the art of *belles lettres* comes the doubt and uncertainty which follows various invitations. In dire peril she longs for a magic quill to pen an acknowledgement in the correct form, thereby gaining the good-will of her hostess. The woman whose place in society depends upon her knowledge of the Social Law regards the short note to "Come and drink tea with me" with careful attention, and knows that it must be answered graciously with just the right touch of friendliness. Just so, must the formal luncheon or dinner invitation be answered in the form in which it is written.

The Art of Letter Writing

IN letter writing, as every one knows, the simplest rule is to be natural. Write just as you would speak. Under no consideration question the intellectuality of the person to whom you are writing by the numbering of pages. They must never be numbered. Nor is it correct to underline words, except, perhaps, when writing to a very intimate friend, only then may liberties be taken. Another error common to the *parvenu* is the disregard of the word "yours" when signing a letter "Sincerely yours," the word "yours" must never be omitted. The disregard of it reveals lack of breeding.

Then too, there is the correspondent who studies economy to such a degree that she must needs tear the note-paper in half. Even though paper be worth its weight in gold, etiquette does not sanction such abnormal disregard of good form.

Never use sealing wax copiously. Nothing spoils the appearance of a letter quite so much as does a seal generously applied. Wax should be used sparingly and of course must match the paper and markings.

For the incorrigible writer, a well-appointed desk is essential and reveals the character of its owner. Nothing is quite so interesting as its feminine allure, and the clever woman chooses accessories that are both unique and delightful. Everything must be useful, however, nothing banal or unnecessary. Her desk bears silent witness to her charm and reveals a daintiness appropriate to the one who labours at its shrine.

And now that winter is upon us with its whimsical twilights, let us draw the shades, heap on the logs and 'neath the kindly glow of the rose-shaded lamp let us commit ourselves to the decorative writing desk—let us refill the inkstand, and there with the aid of the glorious crimson feather let us, according to our varying moods, take up the thread of our neglected correspondence in defence of our breeding—for an unanswered note, however, insignificant, is an unpardonable offense in the rank of the gentlewoman.

A Heavy Paper with Conservative Monogram is Distinctive

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S

IRISH LINEN

World Renowned for Quality & Value

ESTABLISHED in 1870 at BELFAST—the centre of the Irish Linen Industry—they have a fully equipped factory for Damask and Linen Weaving at Banbridge, Co. Down; extensive making-up factories at Belfast; and for the finest work, hand-looms in many cottage homes. The following are examples:—

IRISH TABLE AND BED LINEN. Damask Table Cloths, size 2 x 2 yards, from $1 92 each; 2 x 2½ yards, from $2 14 each; 2½ x 3 yards, from $6 72 each. Damask Table Napkins, to match, from $2 56 per dozen. Linen Sheets, size 2 x 3 yards, from $11 48 per pair. Pillow Cases, size 10 x 30 inches, from $1 08 per pair. Embroidered Linen Bedspreads, from $7 44 each. Embroidered Linen Pillow Shams, from $1 18 each. Hemstitched Linen Huck Towels, from $4 68 per dozen.

THE IDEAL COLORED DRESS LINEN, non-crushable finish in white and fashionable shades, 36 inches wide, $0 48 per yard.

IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS—Ladies' Linen Hemstitched, from $1 52 per dozen. Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs, from $1 80 per dozen. Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched, from $2 14 per dozen. Khaki Handkerchiefs $0 60 to 1 68 per dozen.

IRISH COLLARS AND SHIRTS—Our celebrated Linen-faced Castle Collars in every size and shape, $1 56 per dozen. White Shirts, for dress or day wear, from $1 38 each. Oxford or Zephyr Shirts, from $1 18 each. Mercerised Twill, from $0 94 each. Cellular, $1 86. Medium Weight Flannel, $1 42 and $1 86. Ceylon Summer Weight Flannel, $1 18. Heavy Winter Weight, all wool, $2 28 each. Size 14½ to 16½ inches in stock.

By Appointment

To the Majesties the King and Queen.

Illustrated Price Lists & Samples sent post free to any part of the world. Special care and personal attention devoted to Colonial & Foreign Orders.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.
40-Z Donegall Place,
BELFAST, IRELAND.

Beware of parties using our name; we employ neither agents nor travellers.

The best way to buy a RING

is after leisurely selection and careful comparison in the quietness of your Home.

THE RING BOOK, which we will send to you, delineates 122 Rings, from £5:5:0 upwards, in all their natural Sparkle, Colours, and Beauty. You can select from it as surely as if you were choosing from the actual Rings. Even men on Active Service find buying by this method to be both safe and easy.

After making your selection, we send the Ring fully insured on a fortnight's unconditional approval. If, within 14 days of receipt, you wish to change your mind, we will either exchange the Ring, allowing full value for it, *or you can return it and receive your money back in full.*

If you decide to keep the Ring, you do so on this condition:—**Whenever you wish, after one month, one year, ten years, or twenty years, we will re-purchase your Ring at 10% less than the price you have paid for it.**

This perpetual re-purchase condition is made possible by large buying of unmounted Stones and by working to a closer profit margin than is general in Ring-selling.

We seriously claim that our method of buying Diamonds in the Open Market, and selling RINGS Direct to the Public, reduces Selling Costs and benefits the Buyer.

WRITE FOR "THE RING BOOK".

It tells all about the manner of RING-buying which safeguards you perpetually. We send it free to anyone interested in a buying-way in value-guaranteed Rings.

Please write for "**The RING BOOK, Size Card, and further information concerning our methods.**"

The NORTHERN GOLDSMITHS Co.,
No. 54 GOLDSMITHS' HALL,
"THE RING-SHOP for the WORLD,"
NEWCASTLE-upon-TYNE, Eng.

There is BIG MONEY IN TRAPPING when you ship your RAW FURS to John Hallam Limited

FREE

Hallam's Trappers' Guide—96 pages; illustrated; English or French; tells how and where to trap; what bait and traps to use; is full of useful information.

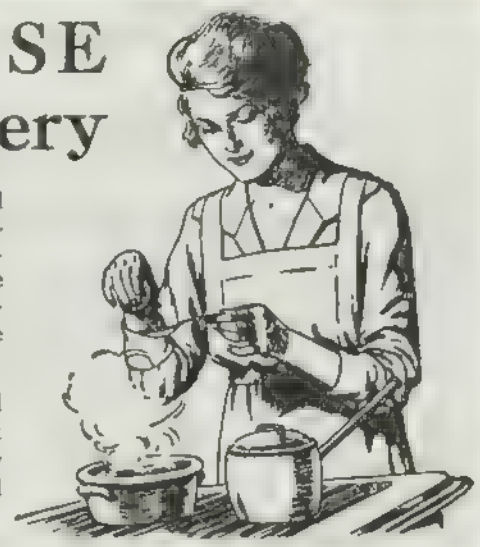
Hallam's Trappers' Supply Catalog—36 pages; illustrated; rifles, traps, animal bait, headlights, fish nets, and all necessary trappers' and sportsmen's supplies at low prices.

Hallam's Raw Fur News—Gives latest prices and advance information on the raw fur market.

Write to day. Address giving number as below.

744 HALLAM BUILDING, TORONTO.

BOVRILISE your Cookery



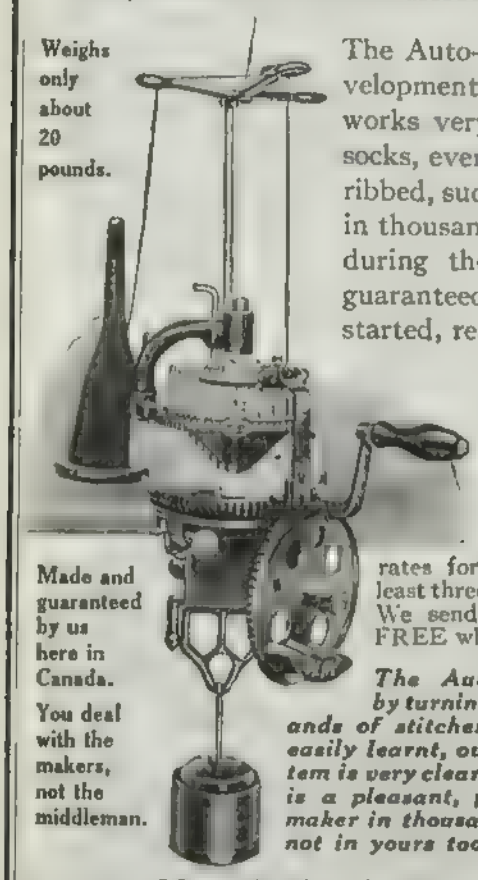
THAT'S the secret of keeping well when epidemics are so prevalent. Every time you put a spoonful of Bovril into a dish you are adding enormously to the nourishing value. You are ensuring the health of everyone in the home.

The body-building powers of Bovril have been proven by independent scientific experiments to be actually 10 to 20 times the amount of Bovril taken.

Peace Work at War Pay

We guarantee it for 3 years after the war with the fast, reliable Auto-Knitter. Socks always needed.

Weighs only about 20 pounds.



The Auto-Knitter is the most modern development of the knitting machine. It works very fast and turns out high grade socks, even better than hand knit, plain or ribbed, such as the world has always needed in thousands and will need more than ever during the re-construction period. Sent guaranteed perfect, with piece of work started, ready to continue.

Just Like Knitting Dollars

Making money? Yes, indeed—if you are willing we gladly arrange, without time limit, to take all the Auto-Knitted socks you do not wish to dispose of otherwise, and guarantee you highly profitable war time rates for your work for at least three years after the war. We send replacement yarn FREE when working for us.

Made and guaranteed by us here in Canada. You deal with the makers, not the middleman.

The Auto-Knitter works by turning a handle—thousands of stitches a minute. It is easily learnt, our Instruction System is very clear and simple. Here is a pleasant, permanent money maker in thousands of homes why not in yours too?

More Socks the Urgent Call

Answer it—now—and provide yourself with a good income maker at home with the Auto-Knitter, no matter where you live. Here is one industry, at least, that will show huge demands in peace as well as war time. We know it, and are now *guaranteeing our war time pay rates and bonus for three years after peace is declared.* Our companies have been in business for many years and have never been able to fill the demand for Auto-Knitted socks.

Write to-day for full particulars enclosing 3c stamp, and see what you and your family can now earn at home

The Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Limited

Dept. 102-A, 607 College St., Toronto, Ont.

FREE

FAIRY PALACE DOLL HOUSE, 3 BEAUTIFUL DOLL SETS, RING AND "PRINCESS PAT" DOLL

Just think girls! We will give you all these grand presents absolutely without cost. First The Big Beautiful Fairy Palace Doll House, so big and roomy that it will hold a whole family of dolls, then a real Wash Set, consisting of wash tub, wash board, wringer, iron and stand, big clothes basket, clothes line and a little case full of dolly clothes pegs; then you get a five-piece baking set, containing bakeboard, rolling pin, potato masher, mixing bowl and basin; the beautiful baby doll carriage you see above, handsome as can be with its fine parasol and bright metal finish, and a lovely gold shell ring set with beautiful sparkling stones. Last but not least, every girl can get the lovely big "Princess Pat" dressed doll—over 16 inches high. It is a "made-in-Canada" beauty, with unbreakable head, and she is dressed completely from head to foot, real shoes, underwear, dress and hat.

GIRLS—Write to-day and we will send you **Free** a big sample package of Fairy Berries, the lovely new Cream Candy Coated Breath Perfume. We want you to try them and learn how delicious they are. With your sample we will send just 32 handsome big packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c each. That is easy. Open your sample package and ask everyone to try a Fairy Berry. Everyone just loves them—they perfume the breath, purify the mouth and leave a delightful lasting fragrance. Everyone takes a package or two at once, so you will sell them all very quickly. Then return our money only, $3.20, and we will promptly send you the big doll house, complete wash set, baking set, doll carriage and ring, just as you see them, and the lovely big "Princess Pat" doll you can also receive for simply showing your grand presents among your friends and getting only three of them to sell Fairy Berries and earn our lovely premiums as you did.

Write to-day girls—We arrange to stand payment of all delivery charges on your presents and if you can't sell all the breathlets we will take them back and give you presents for what you do sell.

Address THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY, DEPT. B. 4 TORONTO, ONT. 18B

A Pilgrim

(*Continued from page 7*)

THAT she already knew of his presence there he could not doubt. That shedid not desire his presence he was fearsomely persuaded.

Clearly he must go—not at once, of course, to leave behind him a possibility for gossip at his abrupt departure. From the tongues of infants and well-fed clubmen, good Lord deliver us!

He must go. Meanwhile he could easily avoid her.

And as he sat there, savouring all the pent-up bitterness poured out for him by destiny, there came a patter of padded feet in the hallway, the scrape of nails, a sniff at the door-sill, a whine, a frantic scratching. He leaned forward and opened the door. His Highness landed on the bed with one hysterical yelp and fell upon Langham, paw and muzzle.

When their affection had been temporarily satiated, the dog lay down on the bed, eyes riveted on his late master, and the man went over to his desk, drew a sheet of club paper towards him, found a pen, and wrote:

"Of course it is an unhappy coincidence, and I will go when I can do so decently—to-morrow morning. Meanwhile I shall be away all day fishing the West Branch, and shall return too late to dine at the club table.

"I wish you a happy sojourn here—"

This he reread and scratched out.

"I am glad you kept His Highness."—

This he also scratched out.

After a while he signed his name to the note, sealed it, and stepped into the hallway.

At the farther end of the passage the door of her room was ajar; a sunlit scarlet curtain hung inside.

"Come here!" said Langham to the dog.

His Highness came with a single leap.

"Take it to—her," said the man, under his breath. Then he turned sharply, picked up rod and creel, and descended the stairs.

Meanwhile His Highness entered his mistress's chamber, with a polite scratch as a "by your leave!" and trotted up to her, holding out the note in his pink mouth.

She looked at the dog in astonishment. Then the handwriting on the envelope caught her eye.

As she did not offer to touch the missive, His Highness presently sat down and crowded up against her knees. Then he laid the letter in her lap.

Her expression became inscrutable as she picked up the letter; while she was reading it there was colour in her cheeks; after she had read it there was less.

"I see no necessity," she said to His Highness—"I see no necessity for his going. I think I ought to tell him so. . . He overestimates the importance of a matter which does not concern him. . . . He is sublimely self-conscious . . . a typical man. And if he presumes to believe that the hazard of our encounter is of the slightest moment . . . to me . . .

The dog dropped his head on her lap.

"I wish you wouldn't do that!" she said, almost sharply, but there was a dry catch in her throat when she spoke, and she laid one fair hand on the head of His Highness.

A FEW moments later she went downstairs to the great hall, where she found Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent just finishing their morning cocktails.

When they could at last comprehend that she never began her breakfast with a cocktail, they conducted her solemnly to the breakfast-room, seated her with *empressement*, and the coffee was served.

It was a delicious, old-fashioned, country breakfast—crisp trout, bacon, eggs, and mounds of fragrant flapjacks.

"Langham's gone off to the West Branch; left duty's compliments and all that sort of thing for you," observed the Colonel, testing his coffee with an air.

His Highness, who had sniffed the bacon, got up on a chair where he could sit and view the table. Moisture gathered on his jet-black nose; he licked his jowl.

"You poor darling!" cried his mistress, rising impulsively, with her plate in her hand. She set the plate on the floor. It was cleaned with a snap, then carefully polished.

"You are fond of your dog, madam," said the Major, much interested.

"He's a fine one," added the Colonel. "Gad! I took him for Langham's champion at first."

She bent her head over the dog's plate.

Later she walked to the porch, followed by His Highness.

A lovely little path invited them on—a path made springy by trodden leaves; and the dog and his mistress strolled forth among clumps of hazel and silver birches, past ranks of alders and Indian willows, on across log bridges spanning tiny threads of streams which poured into the stony river.

The unceasing chorus of the birds freshened like wind in her ears. Spring echoes sounded from blue distances; the solemn congress of the forest trees in session murmured of summers past and summers to come.

How could her soul sink in the presence of the young world's uplifting?

Her dog came back, and looked up into her eyes. With a cry, which was half laughter, she raced with him along the path, scattering the wild birds into flight from bush and thicket.

Breathless, rosy, she halted at the river's shallow edge.

Flung full length on the grass, she dipped her white fingers in the river, and dropped wind-flowers on the ripples to watch them dance away.

She listened to the world around her; it had much to say to her if she would only believe it. But she forced her mind back to her husband and lay brooding.

An old man in leggings and corduroys came stumping along the path; His Highness heard him coming and turned his keen head. Then he went and stood in front of his mistress, calm, inquisitive, dangerous.

"Mornin', Miss," said the keeper; "I guess you must be one of our folks."

"I am staying at the club-house," she said, smiling, and sitting up on the grass.

"I'm old Peter, one o' the guards," he said. "Fine mornin', miss, but a leetle bright for the fish—though I ain't denyin' that a small dark fly'd raise 'em; no'm. If I was sot on ketchin' a mess o' fish, I guess a hare's-ear would do the business; yes'm. I jest passed Mr. Langham down to the forks, and I seed he was a-chuckin' a hare's-ear; an' he riz 'em, too; yes'm."

"How long have you been a keeper here?" she asked.

"How long, 'm? Waal, I was the fustest guard they had; yes'm. I live down here a piece. They bought my water rights; yes'm. An' they give me the job. The president he sez to me, 'Peter,' he sez, jest like that—'Peter, you was raised here; you know all them brooks an' rivers like a mink; you stay right here an' watch 'em, an' I'll do the squar' by ye,' he sez, jest like that. An' he done it; yes'm."

"So you knew the president, then?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Knew him?—him? Yes'm."

The old man laughed a hollow, toothless laugh, and squinted out across the dazzling river.

"Knew him twenty year, I did. A good man, and fair at that. Why, I've seen him a-settin' jest where you're settin' this minute—seen him a hundred times a-settin' there."

"Fishing?" she said, in an awed voice.

"Sometimes. Sometimes he was a-drinkin' out o' that silver pocket-pistol o' his'n. He got drunk a lot up here; but he didn't drink alone; no'n. There wasn't a stingy hair in his head; he—"

"Do you mean the president?" she said, incredulously, almost angrily.

"Him? Yes'm. Him an' Colonel Hyssop an' Major Brent; they had good times in them days."

"You knew the president *before* his marriage," she observed, coldly.

"Him? He wasn't never married, Miss!" said the old man scornfully.

"Are you sure?" she asked, with a troubled smile.

"Sure? Yes'm; Why, the last time he was up here, three years come July Fourth, I seen him a-kissing an' a-huggin' of old man Dawson's darter—"

She was on her feet in a flash. The old man stood there smiling his senile smile and squinting out across the water, absorbed in his garrulous reminiscence.

"Yes'm; all the folks down to the village was fond o' the president, he was that jolly and free, an' no stuck-up city airs; no'm; jest free and easy, an' a-sparkin' the gals with the best o' them—"

The old man laughed and crossed his arms under the barrel of his shot-gun.

"Folks said he might o' married old man Dawson's darter if he'd lived. I dun'no'. I guess it was all fun. But I hear the gal took on awful when they told her he was dead; yes'm."

VI.

TOWARDS evening Langham waded across the river, drew in his dripping line, put up his rod, and counted and weighed his fish. Then, lighting a pipe, he reslung the heavy creel across his back and started up the darkening path. From his dripping tweeds the water oozed; his shoes wheezed and slopped at every

step; he was tired, soaked, successful—but happy? Possibly.

It was dark when the lighted windows of the lodge twinkled across the hill; he struck out over the meadow, head bent, smoking furiously.

On the steps of the club-house Colonel Hyssop and Major Brent greeted him with the affected heartiness of men who disliked his angling methods; the steward brought out a pan; the fish were uncreeled, reweighed, measured, and entered on the club book.

"Finest creel this year, sir," said the steward, admiringly.

The Major grew purple; the Colonel carefully remeasured the largest fish.

"Twenty-one inches, steward!" he said. "Wasn't my big fish of last Thursday twenty-two?"

"Nineteen, sir," said the steward, promptly.

"Then it shrunk like the devil!" said the Colonel.

"By gad! it must have shrunk in the creel!"

But Langham was in no mood to savour his triumph. He climbed the stairs wearily, leaving little puddles of water on each step, slopped down the hallway, entered his room, and sank into a chair, too weary, too sad even to think.

Presently he lighted his lamp. He dressed with his usual attention to detail, and touched the electric button above his bed.

"I'm going to-morrow morning," he said to the servant who came, "return in an hour and pack my traps."

Langham sat, down. He had no inclination for dinner. With his chin propped on his clenched hands he sat there thinking. A sound fell on his ear, the closing of a door at the end of the hall, the padded pattering of a dog's feet, a scratching, a whine.

He opened his door; the bull-terrier trotted in and stood before him in silence. His Highness held in his mouth a letter.

Langham took the note with hands that shook. He could scarcely steady them to open the envelope; he could scarcely see to read the line:

"Why are you going away?"

He rose, made his way to his desk like a blind man, and wrote,

"Because I love you."

His Highness bore the missive away.

For an hour he sat there in the lamp-lit room. The servant came to pack up for him, but he sent the man back, saying that he might change his mind. Then he resumed his waiting, his head buried in his hands. At last, when he could endure the silence no longer, he rose and walked the floor, backward, forward, pausing breathless to listen for the patter of the dog's feet in the hall. But no sound came; he stole to the door and listened, then stepped into the hall. The light still burned in her room, streaming out through the transom.

She would never send another message to him by His Highness; he understood that now. How he cursed himself for his momentary delusion! How he scorned himself for reading anything but friendly kindness in her message! How he burned with self-contempt for his raw brutal reply, crude as the blurted offer of a yokel!

That settled the matter. If he had any decency left, he must never offend her eyes again. How could he have hoped? How could he have done it? Here, too—! here in this place so sanctified to her by associations—here, whither she had come upon her pious pilgrimage—here, where at least he might have left her to her dead!

Suddenly, as he stood there, her door opened. She saw him standing there. For a full minute they faced each other. Presently His Highness emerged from behind his mistress and trotted out into the hall.

Behind His Highness came his mistress, slowly, more slowly. The dog carefully held a letter between his teeth, and when Langham saw it he sprang forward eagerly.

"No, no!" she said. "I did not mean—I cannot—I cannot—Give me back the letter."

He had the letter in his hand; her hand fell over it; the colour surged into her face and neck. The letter dropped from her yielding hand; the thrill from their interlocked fingers made her faint, and she swayed forward towards him, so close that their lips touched, then clung, crushed in their first kiss.

Meanwhile His Highness picked up the letter and stood politely waiting.

War Terms

"WAR terms now penetrate all classes of society," said Judge Allan E. McCumber, of Charleston.

"A herculean woman had her husband, a small, frail man, haled before me for desertion.

"Well, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?" I asked the man.

"'Me a deserter, judge?' he whined pitifully. 'Look at these here lumps on my head. Look at this black eye. I ain't no deserter, judge. I'm a refugee.'"

Youth and Age

"So this is your birthday, grandmother."

"Yes, dearie, I am seventy-five years old to-day. It doesn't seem possible, for I don't feel old."

"And you certainly do not look old. Besides, you are always so happy and cheerful that you do not seem at all old."

"A woman is only as old as she looks you know, and I have always tried to keep young and healthy."

"And were you never sick, grandmother?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, there was a time in my life when I never expected to live to be fifty, say nothing about seventy-five. When your mother and my other children were small I had my hands full and got run down in health. I got so nervous that I could not sleep and had frequent headaches. Every little thing the children would do seemed to annoy and worry me until, finally, I gave out entirely, and was in bed for months with nervous prostration."

"Did you have a doctor?"

"Yes, dearie, I had two or three doctors, but they only told me that it would take a long time for me to regain strength. One day your grandfather came in with some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. He said some one told him that it would cure me, and he went away to the drug store and bought half a dozen boxes."

"What did your doctor say about using it?"

"Well, what could he say? He only said that he had done all he could, and that he had run across a great many cases in which the Nerve Food had been used with excellent results. So I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it was not long before I was on the way to health and strength."

"And did it cure you?"

"Well, the best evidence is that I am here to-day, well and happy, after all these years. And I am more than ever enthusiastic for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for I have used it several times during the last few years when I felt that I needed some assistance to keep up vitality. As a person gets older I think their blood gets thinner, and they seem to need something like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to increase their strength and vigor."

"That is something worth knowing, grandmother."

"If you will take my advice, dearie, you will not forget about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when you get run down, tired out and nervous. This has been my advice to a great many people, and I know that it has done them good."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for $2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

GIVEN To YOU

Magnificent China Tea Set

With Your Own Initial Hand Painted in Gold

NO picture could do justice to this magnificent set of dishes. It will delight you. It is genuine imported chinaware, beautifully fine and transparent and richly decorated in our exquisite new "Royal Connaught" design. Each set contains twenty-one pieces just as shown, guaranteed complete and full size for a family of six and in keeping with the newest fashion. Your own initial will be hand painted in gold on your set. Though you would willingly pay a big price for such a lovely set, we will give it to you absolutely without a single penny of cost.

Nothing to Sell—Nothing to Pay.

This is the Greatest Advertising Offer ever made

This marvelous offer is made to advertise and further introduce the greatest magazine that has ever been published for the women of Canada—but you don't have to be a reader nor are you asked to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to receive this magnificent Tea Set absolutely free.

Just send your name and address to-day, and we will send you, all postage paid, a copy of the latest issue of this famous magazine. It is the most handsome, interesting and thoroughly useful magazine published in Canada. People buy over a million copies a year—it is read and loved by more Canadian women than any other magazine. But right in your district there are still many women to whom we want this magazine introduced and that is why we make this wonderful offer.

A Simple Requirement All Can Easily Fulfil!.

All we ask you to do is to show this grand magazine to only four of your friends or neighbors who will subscribe through you. You will easily and quickly do this because women are eager to have this grand magazine coming to them every month and gladly give their orders when they see it. You cannot fail to get subscriptions from only four people, because each year more than 12,000 other women secure subscriptions among their friends and earn our grand premium rewards and they tell us it is easy and pleasant.

When you have secured only four subscribers, send us their names and addresses with remittance to cover, and this magnificent Tea Set, exactly as represented, will be sent to you at once. We will carefully pack your set free of charge, and guarantee safe delivery to your address.

Don't delay a minute. Drop a card to-day for your copy of the magazine and the four order forms and you'll have your magnificent Tea Set in a few days. Address: **Jean Arthur, Secretary, 253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.**

Grandmother used BAKER'S COCOA and she Knew

Cocoa and Chocolate are particularly valuable at the present time as they are the only popular beverages containing fat; more than one-quarter of

BAKER'S COCOA

and more than one-half of

Baker's Chocolate

is a pure, nutritious, and easily digested fat.

Registered Trade-Mark

Delicious and Wholesome

Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1780

Montreal, Can. Dorchester, Mass.

Canada Food Board License No. 11-500

The Gem of the Notions

Look for this Card - At Your Dealers

COLUMBIA FASTENER COMPANY CHICAGO *Makers*

Gray Hair Problems Solved

A bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer brings back the original color in from 4 to 8 days. Easy to apply, pleasant to use. You simply comb it through the hair.

Not a crude dye, but a clear colorless liquid, clean and dainty as water. Doesn't interfere with shampooing, curling, and dressing as usual. No one need know you use it, even your best friends. Go to your dealer for

MARY T. GOLDMAN'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER

Don't take a substitute. If he can't supply you, order direct from us. Price, $1.25 a bottle, duty free.

MARY T. GOLDMAN

986 Goldman Bldg. *Est. 50 Years* St. Paul, Minn.

Samples to Canada Prohibited by Canadian Government

The Gay Old Dog

(*Continued from page 41*)

to Jo Hertz, and transformed him, over night, from a baggy-kneed old bachelor whose business was a failure to a prosperous manufacturer whose only trouble was the shortage in hides for the making of his product—leather! The armies of Europe called for it. Harnesses! More harnesses! Straps! Millions of straps! More! More!

The musty old harness business over on Lake Street was magically changed from a dust-covered, dead-alive concern to an orderly hive that hummed and glittered with success. Orders poured in. Jo Hertz had inside information on the War. He knew about troops and horses. He talked with French and English and Italian buyers—noblemen, many of them—commissioned by their countries to get American-made supplies. And now, when he said to Ben or George, "Take f'rinstance your raw hides and leathers," they listened with respectful attention.

And then began the gay dog business in the life of Jo Hertz. He developed into a loop-hound, ever keen on the scent of fresh pleasure. That side of Jo Hertz which had been repressed and crushed and ignored began to bloom, unhealthily. At first he spent money on his rather contemptuous nieces. He sent them gorgeous fans, and watch bracelets, and velvet bags. He took two expensive rooms at a downtown hotel, and there was something more tear-compelling than grotesque about the way he gloated over the luxury of a separate ice-water tap in the bathroom. He explained it.

"Just turn it on. Ice-water! Any hour of the day or night."

He bought a car. Naturally. A glittering affair; in colour a bright blue, with pale-blue leather straps and a great deal of gold fittings and wire wheels. Eva said it was the kind of a thing a soubrette would use rather than an elderly business man. You saw him driving about in it, red-faced and rather awkward at the wheel. You saw him, too, in the Pompeiian room at the Congress Hotel of a Saturday afternoon when doubtful and roving-eyed matrons in kolinsky capes are wont to congregate to sip pale amber drinks. Actors grew to recognize the semi-bald head and the shining, round, good-natured face looming out at them from the dim well of the parquet, and sometimes, in a musical show, they directed a quip at him, and he liked it. He could pick out the critics as they came down the aisle and even had a nodding acquaintance with two of them.

"Kelly, of the *Herald*," he would say carelessly. "Bean, of the *Trib*. They're all afraid of him."

So he frollicked, ponderously. In New York he might have been called a Man About Town.

And he was lonesome. He was very lonesome. So he searched about in his mind and brought from the dim past the memory of the luxuriously furnished establishment of which he used to dream in the evenings when he dozed over his paper in the old house on Calumet. So he rented an apartment, many-roomed and expensive, with a man-servant in charge, and furnished it in styles and periods ranging through all the Louis. The living room was mostly rose colour. It was like an unhealthy and bloated boudoir. And yet there was nothing sybaritic or uncleanly in the sight of this paunchy, middle-aged man sinking into the rosy-cushioned luxury of his ridiculous home. It was a frank and naive indulgence of long-starved senses, and there was in it a great resemblance to the rolling-eyed ecstacy of a school-boy smacking his lips over an all-day sucker.

THE War went on, and on, and on. And the money continued to roll in—a flood of it. Then, one afternoon, Eva, in town on shopping bent, entered a small, exclusive and expensive shop on Michigan Avenue. Exclusive, that is, in price. Eva's weakness, you may remember, was hats. She was seeking a hat now. She described what she sought with a languid conciseness, and stood looking about her after the saleswoman had vanished in quest of it. The room was becomingly rose-illumined and somewhat dim, so that some minutes had passed before she realized that a man seated on a raspberry brocade settee not five feet away—a man with a walking stick, and yellow gloves, and tan spats, and a check suit—was her brother Jo. From him Eva's wild-eyed glance leaped to the woman who was trying on hats before one of the many long mirrors. She was seated, and a saleswoman was exclaiming discreetly at her elbow.

Eva turned sharply and encountered her own saleswoman returning, hat-laden. "Not to-day," she gasped. "I'm feeling ill. Suddenly." And almost ran from the room.

That evening she told Stell, relating her news in that telephone pidgin-English devised by every family of married sisters as protection against the neighbours and Central. Translated, it ran thus:

"He looked straight at me. My dear, I thought I'd die! But at least he had sense enough not to speak. She was one of those limp, willowy creatures with the greediest eyes that she tried to keep softened to a baby stare and couldn't, she was so crazy to get her hands on those hats. I saw it all in one awful minute. You know the way I do. I suppose some people would call her pretty. I don't. And her colour! Well! And the most expensive-looking hats. Aigrettes, and paradise, and feathers. Not one of them under seventy-five. Isn't it disgusting! At his age! Suppose Ethel had been with me!"

The next time it was Stell who saw them. In a restaurant. She said it spoiled her evening. And the third time it was Ethel. She was one of the guests at a theatre party given by Nicky Overton II. You know. The North Shore Overtons. Lake Forest. They came in late, and occupied the entire third row at the opening performance of "Believe Me!" And Ethel was Nicky's partner. She was glowing like a rose. When the lights went up after the first act Ethel saw that her uncle Jo was seated just ahead of her with what she afterward described as a Blonde. Then her uncle had turned around, and seeing her, had been surprised into a smile that spread genially all over his plump and rubicund face. Then he had turned to face forward again, quickly.

"Who's the old bird?" Nicky had asked. Ethel had pretended not to hear, so he had asked again.

"My uncle," Ethel answered, and flushed all over her delicate face, and down to her throat. Nicky had looked at the Blonde, and his eyebrows had gone up ever so slightly.

It spoiled Ethel's evening. More than that, as she told her mother of it later, weeping, she declared it had spoiled her life.

Eva talked it over with her husband in that intimate kimonoed hour that precedes bedtime. She gesticulated heatedly with her hair brush.

"It's disgusting, that's what it is. Perfectly disgusting. There's no fool like an old fool. Imagine! A creature like that. At his time of life."

There exists a strange and loyal kinship among men. "Well, I don't know," Ben said now, and even grinned a little. "I suppose a boy's got to sow his wild oats some time."

"Don't be any more vulgar than you can help," Eva retorted. "And I think you know, as well as I, what it means to have that Overton boy interested in Ethel."

"If he's interested in her," Ben blundered, "I guess the fact that Ethel's uncle went to the theatre with some one who wasn't Ethel's aunt won't cause a shudder to run up and down his frail young frame, will it?"

"All right," Eva retorted. "If you're not man enough to stop it, I'll have to, that's all. I'm going up there with Stell this week."

WHEN they reached the city Eva found turmoil there. The first of the American troops to be sent to France were leaving. Michigan Boulevard was a billowing, surging mass; Flags, pennants, bands, crowds. All the elements that make for demonstration. And over the whole—quiet. No holiday crowd this. A solid, determined mass of people waiting patient hours to see the khaki-clads go by. Three years of indefatiguable reading had brought them to a clear knowledge of what these boys were going to.

"Isn't it dreadful!" Stell gasped.

"Nicky Overton's only nineteen, thank goodness."

Their car was caught in the jam. When they moved at all it was by inches. When at last they reached Jo's apartment they were flushed, nervous, apprehensive. But he had not come in yet. So they waited.

No, they were not staying to dinner with their brother, they told the relieved houseman. Jo's home has already been described to you. Stell and Eva, sunk in rose-coloured cushions, viewed it with disgust, and some mirth. They rather avoided each other's eyes.

"Carrie ought to be here," Eva said. They both smiled at the thought of the austere Carrie in the midst of those rosy cushions, and hangings, and lamps. Stell rose and began to walk about, restlessly. She picked up a vase and laid it down; straightened a picture. Eva got up, too,

(*Continued on page 47*)

for chaps—chilblains

burns bruises colds

MENTHOLATUM brings cooling, soothing relief almost over-night. For head-colds rub Mentholatum on the nostrils, inside and out—you soon breathe freely again. Safe, gentle, thorough.

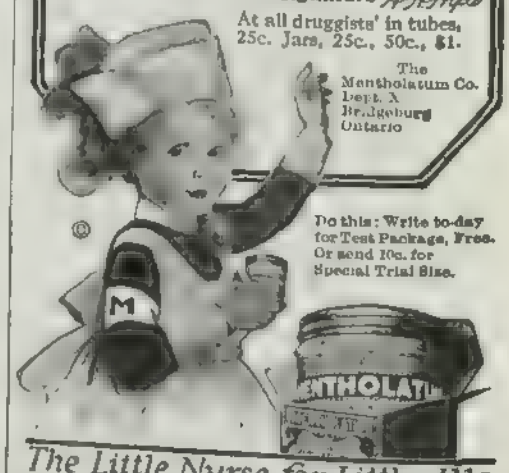
A HEALING CREAM

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature A. H. Hyde

At all druggists' in tubes, 25c. Jars, 25c., 50c., $1.

The Mentholatum Co. Dept. X Bridgeburg Ontario



Do this: Write to-day for Test Package, Free. Or send 10c. for Special Trial Size.

The Little Nurse for Little Ills

The Quick Way to Stop a Cough

This home-made syrup does the work in a hurry. Easily prepared, and saves about $2.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough, is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you ever tried. Usually stops the ordinary cough or chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too—children like it—and it is pure and good.

Pour 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) in a 16-oz. bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Thus you make 16 ounces—a family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made cough syrup.

And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for its healing effect on the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

NURSES EVERYWHERE Use CASH'S

Woven Name-Tapes

for *Identification Purposes*

also for marking all linen, woolen and knitted garments, and thus insure them against loss.

Woven on fine Cambric Tape, in fast colors—and sold by leading Dry Goods and Women's Notion Stores.

PRICES

24 doz. - $4.00
12 doz. - 2.25
6 doz. - 1.50
3 doz. - 1.00

Write for Style Sheet.

J. & J. CASH, LIMITED

Room 53, 301 St. James Street, Montreal

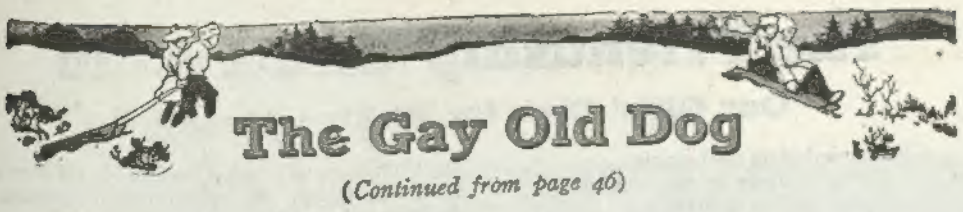
VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

Taught in simplest English during spare time. Diploma granted. Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Have been teaching by correspondence twenty years. Graduates assisted in many ways. Every person interested in stock should take it. Write for catalogue and full particulars - - -

FREE

London Vet. Correspondence School

Dept. 15, London, Ontario, Can.



The Gay Old Dog

(Continued from page 46)

and wandered into the hall. She stood there a moment, listening. Then she turned and passed into Jo's bedroom. And there you knew Jo for what he was.

This room was as bare as the other was ornate. It was Jo, the clean-minded and simple-hearted, in revolt against the cloying luxury with which he had surrounded himself. The bedroom, of all rooms in any house, reflects the personality of its occupant. True, the actual furniture was panelled, cupid-surmounted, and ridiculous. It had been the fruit of Jo's first orgy of the senses. But now it stood out in that stark little room with an air as incongruous and ashamed as that of a pink tarleton *danseuse* who finds herself in a monk's cell. None of those wall-pictures with which bachelor bedrooms are reputed to be hung. No satin slippers. No scented notes. Two plain-backed military brushes on the chiffonier (and he so nearly hairless!). A little orderly stack of books on the table near the bed. Eva fingered their titles and gave a little gasp. One of them was on gardening. "Well, of all things!" exclaimed Stell. A book on the War, by an Englishman. A detective story of the lurid type that lulls us to sleep. His shoes ranged in a careful row in the closet, with shoe-trees in every one of them. There was something speaking about them. They looked so human. Eva shut the door on them, quickly. Some bottles on the dresser. A jar of pomade. An ointment such as a man uses who is growing bald and is panic-stricken too late. An insurance calendar on the wall. Some rhubarb-and-soda mixture on the shelf in the bathroom, and a little box of pepsin tablets.

"Eats all kind of things at all hours of the night," Eva said, and wandered out into the rose-coloured front room again, with the air of one who is chargined at her failure to find what she has sought. Stell followed her, furtively.

"Where do you suppose he can be?" she demanded. "It's—" she glanced at her wrist, "why, it's after six!"

AND then there was a little click. The two women sat up, tense. The door opened. Jo came in. He blinked a little. The two women in the rosy room stood up.

"Why—Eve! Why, Babe! Well! Why didn't you let me know?"

"We were just about to leave. We thought you weren't coming home."

Jo came in, slowly. "I was in the jam on Michigan, watching the boys go by." He sat down, heavily. The light from the window fell on him. And you saw that his eyes were red.

And you'll have to learn why. He had found himself one of the thousands in the jam on Michigan Avenue, as he said. He had a place near the curb, where his big frame shut off the view of the unfortunates behind him. He waited with the placid interest of one who has subscribed to all the funds and societies to which a prosperous, middle-aged business man is called upon to subscribe in war time. Then, just as he was about to leave, impatient at the delay, the crowd had cried with a queer dramatic, exultant note in its voice, "Here they come! Here come the boys!"

Just at that moment two little, futile, frenzied fists began to beat a mad tattoo on Jo Hertz's broad back. Jo tried to turn in the crowd, all indignant resentment. "Say, looka here!"

The little fists kept up their frantic beating and pushing. And a voice—a choked, high little voice—cried, "Let me by! I can't see! You man, you! You big fat man! My boy's going by—to war—and I can't see! Let me by!"

Jo scrooged around, still keeping his place. He looked down. And upturned to him in agonized appeal was the face of little Emily. They stared at each other for what seemed a long, long time. It was really only the fraction of a second. Then Jo put one great arm firmly around Emily's waist and swung her around in front of him. His great bulk protected her. Emily was clinging to his hand. She was breathing rapidly, as if she had been running. Her eyes were straining up the street.

"Why, Emily, how in the world!—"

"I ran away. Fred didn't want me to come. He said it would excite me too much."

"Fred?"

"My husband. He made me promise to say good-bye to Jo at home."

"Jo?"

"Jo's my boy. And he's going to war. So I ran away. I had to see him. I had to see him go."

She was dry-eyed. Her gaze was straining up the street.

"Why, sure," said Jo. "Of course you want to see him." And then the crowd gave a great roar. There came over Jo a feeling of weakness. He was trembling. The boys went marching by.

"There he is," Emily shrilled, above the din. "There he is! There he is! There he—" And waved a futile little hand. It wasn't so much a wave as a clutching. A clutching after something beyond her reach.

"Which one? Which one, Emily?"

"The handsome one. The handsome one. There!" Her voice quavered and died.

Jo put a steady hand on her shoulder. "Point him out," he commanded. "Show me." And the next instant, "Never mind, I see him."

Somehow, miraculously, he had picked him from among the hundreds. Had picked him as surely as his own father might have. It was Emily's boy. He was marching by, rather stiffly. He was nineteen, and fun-loving, and he had a girl, and he didn't particularly want to go to France. But more than he had hated going, he had hated not to go. So he marched by, looking straight ahead, his jaw set so that his chin stuck out just a little. Emily's boy.

Jo looked at him, and his face flushed purple. His eyes, the hard-boiled eyes of a loop-hound, took on the look of a sad old man. And suddenly he was no longer Jo, the sport; old J. Hertz, the gay dog. He was Jo Hertz, thirty, in love with life, in love with Emily, and with the stinging blood of young manhood coursing through his veins.

Another minute and the boy had passed on up the broad street—the fine, flag-bedecked street—just one of a hundred service-hats bobbing in rhythmic motion like sandy waves lapping a shore and flowing on.

Then he disappeared altogether.

Emily was clinging to Jo. She was mumbling something over and over. "I can't. I can't. Don't ask me to. I can't let him go. Like that. I can't."

Jo said a queer thing.

"Why, Emily! We wouldn't have him stay home, would we? We wouldn't want him to do anything different, would we? Not our boy. I'm glad he volunteered. I'm proud of him. So are you, glad."

Little by little he quieted her. He took her to the car that was waiting, a worried chauffeur in charge. They said good-bye, awkwardly. Emily's face was a red, swollen mass.

SO it was that when Jo entered his own hallway half an hour later he blinked, dazedly, and when the light from the window fell on him, you saw that his eyes were red.

Eva was not one to beat about the bush. She sat forward in her chair, clutching her bag rather nervously.

"Now, look here, Jo. Stell and I are here for a reason. We're here to tell you that this thing's got to stop."

"Thing? Stop?"

"You know very well what I mean. You saw me at the milliner's that day. And night before last, Ethel. We're all disgusted. If you must go about with people like that, please have some sense of decency."

Something gathering in Jo's face should have warned her. But he was slumped down in his chair, in such a huddle, and he looked so old and fat that she did not heed it. She went on. "You've got us to consider. Your sisters. And your nieces. Not to speak of your own—"

But he got to his feet then, shaking, and at what she saw in his face even Eva faltered and stopped. It wasn't at all the face of a fat, middle-aged sport. It was a face Jovian, terrible.

"You!" he begun, low-voiced, ominous. "You!" He raised a great fist high. "You two murderers! You didn't consider me, twenty years ago. You come to me with talk like that. Where's my boy! You killed him, you two, twenty years ago. And now he belongs to somebody else. Where's my son that should have gone marching by to-day?" He flung his arms out in a great gesture of longing. The red veins stood out on his forehead. "Where's my son! Answer me that, you two selfish, miserable women. Where's my son?" Then, as they huddled together, frightened, wild-eyed. "Out of my house! Out of my house! Before I hurt you!"

They fled, terrified. The door banged behind them.

Jo stood, shaking, in the centre of the room. Then he reached for a chair, gropingly, and sat down. He passed one moist, flabby hand over his forehead and it came away wet. The telephone rang. He sat still. It sounded far

(Continued on page 48)

CLASSIFIED·ADLETS

SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange. Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

Articles Wanted

THE ONE BEST OUTLET for farm produce, non-fertile eggs, poultry, separator butter. Write Gunns, Ltd., 78 Front St. East, Toronto.

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH (BROKEN OR NOT)—We pay up to $35.00 per set, also highest prices for Bridges, Crowns, Watches, Diamonds, Old Gold, Silver and Platinum. Send NOW and receive CASH by return mail, your goods returned if price is unsatisfactory. Mazer's Tooth Specialty Dept. 118, 2007 S. 5th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Educational

QUALIFY FOR A BETTER POSITION—by spare time study. We teach you; Beginner's Course, Commercial, Stenography, Matriculation, Civil Service, Teachers' Courses, Engineering (Stationary, Automobile, Tractor), Story Writing, Mind and Memory Training, Salesmanship, Special English, Architectural or Mechanical Drawing. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. E.W., Toronto, Canada.

Eye Relief

AFTER THE MOVIES—Murine is for Tired Eyes—Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. You cannot buy new eyes! Murine sold at drug and optical stores. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for free book.

Help Wanted—Female

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

Home Furnishings

WRITE for our large, photo-illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

Musical

BECOME A MEMBER of our Music Club, membership fee 25c (no stamps) on receipt of which we will send you two of our latest pieces, and you will have an opportunity of getting our publications free of cost. Dominion Music Club, 27 Soho St., Toronto.

Nursing

PRIVATE NURSES earn $10 to $25 weekly. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, Dept. A., Toronto, Canada.

Photoplays—Stories

WRITE MOTION PICTURE plays. $50 each, experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

WRITERS—STORIES, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, E.W., 3, Hannibal, Mo.

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 4275 St. Louis, Mo.

FREE TO WRITERS—A wonderful book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas; the A B C of successful story and play writing. Absolutely Free. Just address Writer's Service, Dept. 32, Auburn, N.Y.

Songs Wanted

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG—We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 S. Dearborn St., Suite 247, Chicago.

SONG WRITERS—Send your poems to-day for best offer and immediate publication. Free examination. Music composed. Booklet on request. Authors & Composers Service Co., Suite 518, 1433 Broadway, New York.

FREE Grand 38-Piece Scholar's Outfit and a Dandy $10.00 Camera

BOYS AND GIRLS—This is the best and most complete Scholars' Outfit you have ever seen. It would cost you a small fortune to go into the store and buy all these useful and necessary articles. **Just read what it contains!**—One large size English school bag, boy's or girl's style, three gold finished nibs, big complete printing outfit with three rows of type, type holder, tweezers, and everlasting ink pad, one dozen high grade lead pencils, a fine pencil box with lock and key, a first-rate eraser, a fine quality pencil sharpener, a sanitary covered aluminum pocket drinking cup, a box of fine crayons, a box of paints containing 8 good colors, a twelve inch wooden ruler, a set of six blotters, a dandy hundred page scholar's memo pad, a point protector for your lead pencils fitted with fine eraser, and last, but not least a fine self-filling fountain pen with a package of ink tablets, sufficient to make five bottles of finest quality fountain pen ink. **It is a wonderful outfit.**

Send us your name and address today and we'll send you only **24** bottles of our lovely new Coronation Bouquet Perfume to introduce among your friends at only **15c** each. This delightful odor is a wonderful blending of the true perfumes of flowers. Everyone wants two or three bottles and you can sell them in no time. It's easy.

Return our money, only **$3.60** when the perfume is sold, and we will at once send you this grand **38**-piece scholars' outfit exactly as represented, and the beautiful **$10.00** folding film Camera will also be sent to you for just showing your grand scholar's outfit to your friends and getting only 5 of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We pay all delivery charges on your grand outfit right to your door. Write now while you think of it and be first in your school to own one of these grand outfits. We take back goods you cannot sell and give presents for what you do sell.

Address: GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO. Dept. S. 4 Toronto, Ont. 228

What a Lovely Skin She Has!

Many women have to thank the Hiscott Institute's successful Preparations for the renewed freshness, radiance, and beauty of their complexions. If any woman is afflicted with Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Wrinkles, Undue Redness, Crow's Feet, Eczema, or any non-infectious skin trouble she is sure of a cure or great relief by using our preparations. Write us about your trouble and let us help you. Consultation FREE.

Princess Complexion Purifier	**$1.50**
Princess Skin Food	**$1.50**
Princess Hair Rejuvenator	**$1.50**
Princess Cinderella Cold Cream	**.50**

Write for FREE SAMPLE of this delightful Cold Cream.

Preparations sent to any address in Canada, carriage paid, on receipt of price. Booklet "W" sent FREE on request.

THE HISCOTT INSTITUTE, Limited, 61E College Street, TORONTO

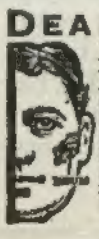
Horlick's

Malted Milk for Infants

A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.

Canada Food Board License No. 14-385.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Anti-septic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing. **A. O. LEONARD**

Suite 204, 705th Ave., New York City

Everywoman's Book and Music Club

The following list of the Club's books and music which are in greatest demand, will serve new members in choosing their first dollar's worth.

35c Each, Choose Any Three

1. How Shall I Tell My Child.
2. Letting in the Light.
3. No Danger to a Girl Like This.
4. Facts for Fighters.
5. The Romance of Growing Slender on Three Meals a Day.
6. The Way to Her House.
7. Playing with Fire.
8. The Strength of Ten.
9. Life's Story.
10. Mother Goose's Garden.
11. Round Pegs in Square Holes.
12. Four Alphabets of Characters.

$1.15 Each, Choose any One

13. Facts for Married.
14. Plain Facts on Sex Hygiene
15. Breathe and Be Well.
16. Confidential Chat with Boys.
17. Confidential Chat with Girls.
18. Sex Problems in Work and Worry.
19. Our Sons.
20. Bathing for Heath.
21. Sexology (Dr. Hall).
22. The Young Mother's Guide.
23. How to Rest.
24. How Boys and Girls Can Earn Money

Choose any One

25. Street of Seven Stars (Reinhart)
26. Adventures of Jimmy Dale (Packard)
27. The Eternal Magdalene (McLaughlin)
28. Mr. Britling Sees It Through (Wells)
29. Buck Parvin and the Movies (Van Loan)
30. Personality Plus (Ferber)
31. Maid of Paradise (Chambers)
32. The Call of the Blood (Hichens)
33. The Fruitful Vine.
34. The Way of an Eagle (Deil)
35. Martin Eden (London)
36. My Four Years in Germany (Gerrard)

Standard Music—Vocal—4 Keys 60c Each, Choose Any Two

1. There's A Long Long Trail.
2. Dear Little Boy of Mine.
3. In the Garden of My Heart.
4. Mother Machree.
5. My Rosary for You.
6. Sorter Miss You.
7. The Magic of Your Eyes.
8. When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.
9. Gypsy Love Song
10. Resignation (Sacred)
11. My Wild Irish Rose

Instrumental—Piano—50c Each Choose any Two

12. Somewhere a Voice is Calling.
13. Rendezvous.
14. Melody of Love.
15. Humoreske.
16. Dance of Shadows.
17. Apple Blossoms.
18. Hunting March.
19. The Wayside Chapel.
20. Danse Ecossaise.

Books and Music listed, positively will not be sold. Prices are given here only as an aid in making your FREE selection.

Where the price of the book wanted is over $1.00, please send stamps or coin for the difference. (For instance on a book that is $1.15 postpaid, send 15c extra)

GET THE CLUB'S BIG ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Each new member will receive the Club's fine catalogue of books and music with their membership. It will be mailed to you at once if you would like to have it before making your selection.

Secretary of Everywoman's Book and Music Club,
239 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Please enroll me as a member of Everywoman's Book and Music Club. I enclose $2.00 which extends my subscription one year from date of expiration, and entitles me to receive at once, postpaid $1.00 selection of publications free of cost. I am also to have the opportunity to secure a further $1.00 selection each month free of cost, and all the other privileges and advantages of membership for one full year. The books or music I desire are:

Order by number .....

Name .....

Address C2

Give name exactly as appearing on your present address label.
If any change please advise us on an extra sheet of paper.

Child is Constipated! Bilious! Look at Tongue.

Hurry, Mother! Remove poisons from little stomach, liver and bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups printed on bottle. Remember name "California."

The Friendship Circle Club

Our Girls' Club for Making Money

"Married girls and single,
There's money in this "jingle"
Listen and you shall hear,
Of wise ways and simple,
In which a little dimple
Of happiness will appear."

Fine Feathers

OF course you've all heard of Mary Pickford, haven't you, girls? How we have all longed within the secret precincts of our hearts, to emulate her. We girls are queer creatures, don't you think? A word of sincere admiration, a little insidious flattery—and the wisest of us will "fall for it!" I do it *myself*, every day, and I'm not ashamed of it, either, for "girls will be girls", and that's all there's to it. And if we are really anxious to please—(and give me the girl that isn't)—let us hasten to make the most of all those little feminine charms which Nature has so lavishly showered upon "woman"—and when all these fail—call to our assistance the service of "Doctor Art." How about his fees though when your meagre little purse seems so hopelessly limited? So you wish and sigh, and sigh and wish for some magic way out in which that little purse shall grow and grow and grow! Now listen!

Midas—His Maids

RIGHT in the heart of the Mediteranean is an island named Crete, and far, far back in history, as some of you will probably remember, there was once a great king called Midas. One day he was asked to make a wish: to center his thoughts on the thing his heart desired beyond all others, and it would be granted him. So he wished for "the Golden Touch". No sooner said than done, for the first thing he touched—the table—turned instantly to the yellowest of gold. With the next touch the porcelain platter was transformed into a glorious vessel, resplendent in the same shining metal, and so on, until in a short time, he became the richest king in all the world. And so there seems only one thing to concentrate upon—the hunt for the secret of "The Golden Touch."

The Square Peg in the Round Hole

IT'S quite easy when you know how—though it does seem impossible when you've only two dollars in your modest little purse and that bewitching and perfectly adorable model you've just set your heart upon is marked in Mme. Modiste's window "$12.00." And then, brother Jack writes his sweater's all worn out; won't you *please* send him another at once before he freezes to death.

Easy Street

SO don't disguise from yourselves the fact, girls, that you are just aching for a few of those innumerable little luxuries in life that liven up its deadly monotonous routine. Some of us for instance love music. Or, again, some of us love to travel, and we dream of the time when, grip in hand, we can saunter forth on a little voyage of exploration—all our own! And so on—*ad infinitum*. "Dreams—idle dreams," you will say. No, ma'am, that isn't so—not by any manner of means.

Do not despair, girls, if things are out of gear, and you twist your brains and juggle your odd pennies, only to find you're about as well off as when you started juggling. It isn't necessary to remain in the rut—not one whit! And all the Friendship Circle girls will tell you so if you will but ask their advice.

"Goode Fellowship" Toward All

NOW one of the greatest features of our club is the wonderful spirit of sincerity with which each member is welcomed into our midst. We want every girl in the whole country to join—"The more the merrier" is indeed a happy proverb. And you can help along more than you think, girls, by talking about this splendid opportunity, for there's nothing in all the world that's so contagious as enthusiasm, real, bubbling-over, energetic, enthusiasm. It's like throwing a stone into a pond—the harder you throw, the greater the circle. How large is your circle going to be?

Prizes and Surprises

AND the prizes, girls! Such magnificent ones, of shimmering gold and iridescent sparkling diamonds. And, before I forget it, a *special* little square box containing what do you think? Just guess! I mustn't stop any longer because if I do the secret is sure to pop out. They say a woman can't keep a secret, you know, but if you drop me a note to-day, I promise to answer at once.

Write me NOW!

Joan Arthur

Manager, Girls' Club
Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

"MY LADY CAPRICE"

(*Continued from page 8*)

"Oh, Auntie!" exclaimed Dorothy, "won't you take us?"

"Dear—not this morning."

"Are you going far, then, Uncle Dick?"

"Yes, very far," I answered, glancing uneasily from the Imp's drooping figure to Lisbeth.

"I wonder where?"

"Oh—well—er—down the river," I stammered, quite at a loss.

"Y-e-s, but where?" presisted Dorothy.

"Well, to—er—to—"

"To the 'Land of Heart's Delight,'" Lisbeth put in, "and you may come with us, after all, if Uncle Dick will take you."

"To be sure he will, if your auntie wishes it," I cried, "so step aboard, my hearties, and lively!" In a moment the Imp's hand was in mine, and he was smiling up at me with wet lashes.

"I knew 'Timothy Bone' could never be a—a—'mutinous rogue,'" he said, and turned to aid Dorothy aboard with the air of an admiral on his flagship.

And now, all being ready, he unhitched the painter, or, as he said, "slipped our cable," and we glided out into midstream.

"A ship," he said thoughtfully, "always has a name. What shall we call this one? Last time we were 'pirates' and she was the 'Black Death'—"

"Never mind last time, Imp," I broke in; "to-day she is the Joyful Hope."

"That doesn't sound very 'pirate-y', somehow," he responded with a disparaging shake of the head, "but I s'pose it will have to do."

And so, upon that summer morning, the good ship "Joyful Hope" set sail for the "Land of Heart's Delight," and surely no vessel of her size ever carried quite such a cargo of happiness before or since.

(*To be concluded in our next issue*)

THE GAY OLD DOG

(*Continued from page 47*)

away and unimportant, like something forgotten. I think he did not even hear it with his conscious ear. But it rang and rang insistently. Jo liked to answer his telephone when at home.

"Hello!" He knew instantly the voice at the other end.

"That you, Jo?" it said.

"Yes."

"How's my boy?"

"I'm—all right."

"Listen, Jo. The crowd's coming over to-night. I've fixed up a little poker game for you. Just eight of us."

"I can't come to-night, Gert."

"Can't! Why not?"

"I'm not feeling so good."

"You just said you were all right."

"I *am* all right. Just kind of tired."

The voice took on a cooing note. "Is my Joey tired? Then he shall be all comfy on the sofa, and he doesn't need to play if he don't want to. No, sir."

Jo stood staring at the black mouthpiece of the telephone. He was seeing a procession go marching by. Boys, hundreds of boys, in khaki.

"Hello! Hello!" the voice took on an anxious note. "Are you there?"

"Yes," wearily.

"Jo, there's something the matter. You're sick. I'm coming right over."

"No!"

"Why not? You sound as if you'd been sleeping. Look here—"

"Leave me alone!" cried Jo, suddenly, and the receiver clacked on to the hook. "Leave me alone. Leave me alone—" long after the connection had been broken.

He stood staring at the instrument with unseeing eyes. Then he turned and walked into the front room. All the light had gone out of it. Dusk had come on. All the light had gone out of everything. The zest had gone out of life. The game was over—the game he had been playing against loneliness and disappointment. And he was just a tired old man. A lonely, tired old man in a ridiculous, rose-coloured room that had grown, all of a sudden, drab.

ROSE
BRAND
HAM
THE CORRECT FLAVOR
BUY IT

MATTHEWS-BLACKWELL LIMITED

Canada Food Board License No. 13-85

Everyb

The following
new members in

35c Each, C

1. How Shall
2. Letting in
3. No Dange
4. Facts for
5. The Ro
o
6. The W
7. Playin
8. The
9. Life'
10. Mo
11. Ro
12. Fo

$1.1

13.
14.
15
16
1

Great Scot! Do I Look Like That?
Guess I better change some of my habits
among them tea and coffee, and try

INSTANT POSTUM

"There's a Reason"